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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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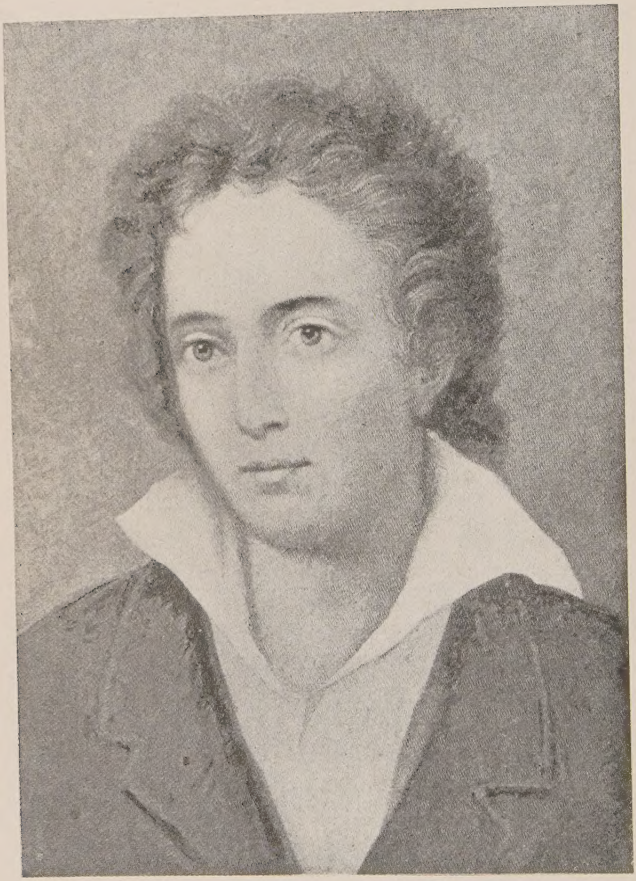

From the Curran Portrait

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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SHELLEY—AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

BY J. V. NASH

THE fact that Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in the year 1792, during the height of the French Revolution, furnishes a key to much of his philosophy. It was more than a coincidence that in this same year Thomas Paine published his *Rights of Man*, fled England to avoid arrest, and reached Paris, where he took a seat in the Revolutionary Convention as a delegate for Calais. There he was soon to begin writing his *Age of Reason*. Both of these books, the one political and the other religious, no doubt exercised a marked influence upon young Shelley's restless spirit.

The seeds of revolt, too, scattered in the air by the winds of the Revolution, crossed the channel and at an early date fell upon fertile ground in the soul of Shelley, for he was by nature highly imaginative, receptive to novel ideas, and rebellious toward all forms of outer authority and tradition. The radicalism let loose by the Revolution impregnated his mind during the most susceptible years of youth, when it was in the most plastic state. These influences greatly strengthened the natural bent of his character. The motto of the Revolution—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—became his social creed.

Already at Eton School, which he entered at the age of twelve, he had acquired a reputation as a radical. He was dubbed an *Atheist*, a title which he adopted and gloried in. When he went up to Oxford in 1810, he fell in with congenial companions who encouraged and applauded his revolutionary tendencies. While at Oxford, Shelley published anonymously a pamphlet "On the Necessity of Atheism," attacking the Bible and Revelation, copies of which he sent to all the leading bishops and officials, challenging them to a discussion of the subject.

This pamphlet naturally horrified those into whose hands it fell, and the college authorities quickly identified Shelley as the author. The story is told that he was called into the presence of the principal

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of his college, who, in stern tones, delivered an ultimatum to the rash young iconoclast: "Mr. Shelley," said he, "unless you provide yourself with a God of some kind before Monday morning I must ask you to leave Oxford." Monday morning came, but Shelley had no deity to display to the outraged principal; so he left Oxford.

Shelley's defiance of authority and convention we see exhibited in his private life as well as in his writings. The former, the details of which it is impossible to go into here, was a continued protest against the long-established conventionalities and tabus of the social system into which he was born. Among the most spirited of his prose writings is his defense of freedom of the press, in the letter to Lord Ellenborough, a terrific philippic denouncing the imprisonment of the bookseller Eaton, who had been thrown into jail for selling copies of Paine's *Age of Reason.*

"Whence," he asks, "is any right derived, but that which power confers, for persecution? Do you think to convert Mr. Eaton to your religion by embittering his existence? You might force him by torture to profess your tenets, but he could not believe them, except you should make them credible, which perhaps exceeds your power. Do you think to please the God you worship by this exhibition of your zeal? If so, the demon to whom some nations offer human hecatombs is less barbarous than the deity of civilized society. . . . When the Apostles went abroad to convert the nations, were they enjoined to stab and poison all who disbelieved the divinity of Christ's mission?

"The time," he went on to say, "is rapidly approaching—I hope that you, my Lord, may live to behold its arrival—when the Mahometan, the Jew, the Christian, the Deist, and the Atheist will live together in one community, equally sharing the benefits which arise from its association, and united in the bonds of charity and brotherly love."

In his poetry, Shelley catches more truly than any other poet the spirit of the new age which was ushered in by the French Revolution,—the era of free inquiry and untrammeled criticism which has continued down to our own day. He was the incarnation of the Romantic spirit. As the herald of the modern world of thought, such a distinguished literary critic as W. M. Rossetti ranks Shelley higher than Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, or even Victor Hugo, who he thinks comes next to Shelley in this respect. He says that Shelley excels all the others in his idealism, in the music of his poetry, and in the force of his message—its grip upon the reader, its passion, and the permanence of its impression.

In 1817 Shelley published *The Revolt of Islam.* In this work

he displays a passionate devotion to mankind, crushed under the weight of custom, oppression, and superstition, and he preaches a bloodless revolution.

Two years later, when only twenty-seven, he produced his great masterpiece, *Prometheus Unbound,* which was written amid the ruins of ancient Rome. In Prometheus he represents the human mind bound to a deity which it has itself created, and to which it has given up its own sovereign powers. This god of heaven chains and torments Prometheus and enslaves mankind. Prometheus protests against the tyranny of the heavenly oppressor, and finally Jupiter is annihilated by Demogorgon (Eternity). Prometheus is unbound, rejoins his companion, Nature, and goes on to progress and perfection.

The age in which Shelley lived furnished much fuel, certainly, for the fire of his denunciation. As Mather says:

"He hated shams with 'the hate of hates,' and his eye was as quick to discern, and his heart to despise, as his tongue was to scathe them. Looking at the religion of his age, he saw its hypocrisies: priests whose lives traversed their creed, and professors who damned others for disbelieving what they themselves believed in only by rote. Looking at the political life of his age, he saw its corruptness and cruelty; statesmen who retained power by lies and craft, and used it for their own selfish ends. Looking at the social life of his age, he saw its artificiality and insincerity: men and women, married by law, hating one another, and, while true to the bond of the altar, false, awfully false to the bond of devotion and love. All this maddened Shelley, and prompted him to the utterance of much which stung and embittered the smug insincerity of his age."

And so, it is not surprising to find Shelley denouncing the established religion of his day in such fiery lines as these:

"They have three words—God, Hell, and Heaven.
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for his rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood;
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes;
And heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power."

And then he cries:

"Religion! . . . prolific fiend,
Who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!"

Far in advance of his age, and long before social reform or socialism had become questions of the hour, Shelley attacked the existing economic order:

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

"Wherefore feed and clothe and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

. . . . .

"The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.

"Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defense to bear."

Shelley's religion—for he had one—centered round the ideas of humanity, nature, and freedom. Man was his deity, and nature was the bride of man, while the goal he sought was freedom—illimitable freedom for self-realization in every form.

Although he scorned and despised all the established religions of his day, his soul was filled with a deep yearning for the Infinite. "After the revolt of his youth, and when the wild fires had burned down to steady flame, he turned from the chaos and contradiction of the world without to the complex heart in his own breast."

He looked out upon Nature, and sought to personify her forces, just as did the early Greeks, but with a difference. He has been described as "the Pilgrim of Nature," forever wandering in search of a secret shrine, in the recesses of some forest, in the ocean depths, or in the heart of some distant star, where beauty found itself perfectly imaged. In the poem "Alastor," we find expression of this intense spiritual yearning.

"No one can read his poems with any degree of intelligence, without wondering at the strange beings—demigods and personified creatures—with which he fills his world; and no one can read his life without discovering that these demigods and personified creatures were not so much beings in whom he believed, as creations of his ever-changing feelings after someone, or some thing, in whom he would fain believe."

All through his poetry, in fact, we find ourselves in an enchanted realm, filled with presences suggested by objects of our world, but which have higher and mystic meanings. Take, for instance, the following passages:

"Through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there.
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair; they all
Sweep onward.

. . . . .

"These are the immortal hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee."

The mystic meaning of such passages is not difficult to discern. We see the charioteers of two kinds, some looking backward in dread, and others eagerly looking forward, as they rush onward with burning eyes and hair streaming like a comet's tail. "There are the immortal hours,"—immortal hours bearing man ever onward to his destiny. The charioteers looking backward are in dread of the evil past, the wicked deeds which would overtake them, while those looking forward symbolize Hope in pursuit of its heavenly prize.

In personifying the powers of Nature, it might be thought that Shelley was simply paganizing them—an old trick; but the truth is that Shelley's personifications are not fleshy men and women like the pagan gods and goddesses but ethereal abstractions in which he imprisoned for the moment his elusive spiritual visions.

In his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," he feels the presence of a great Unseen Power in the world:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen, among us, visiting
This various world with his inconsistent wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower."

May there not lie concealed in these lines the possible germ of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven?*

Many students of Shelley classify him as a pantheist, and the pantheistic note certainly sounds clearly in the long paean of his

verse. But pantheism did not satisfy the inner craving of his nature, any more than did sheer paganism. There is another chord, strung to the minor key of yearning, upon which Apollo's finger now and again trembles. He was searching for a great Spirit with which he fain would have communion, a Spirit which knew his inmost heart, and in which he could see the perfect fulfillment of every ideal and every aspiration.

Shelley, although he died at the early age of thirty, and at the time of his death had but few readers (Stopford Brooke believes that there were scarcely fifty) was destined tremendously to affect the thought, not only of England, but of all English speaking lands. A "Shelley Society" came into being to spread his teachings, and to thousands today his philosophy is a source of true religious inspiration. Already he is ranked by many as second only to Shakespeare among the greatest of our poets.

Even Francis Thompson, orthodox Roman Catholic that he was, must needs ransack the resources of human speech in which to hymn the praises of his poetic deity. His *Essay on Shelley,* is generally conceded to be the most marvelous tribute ever paid by one poet to another. It is one of the extraordinary ironies of history that the Essay should have seen the light of day through the columns of that most papal of Roman Catholic journals, *The Dublin Review.*

As a Catholic, Thompson naturally felt constrained to indite an apologia for his idol's heterodoxy. May not Shelley's yearnings for the Infinite, he asks, have been a blind groping toward the True Faith? Let those answer who can.[1]

In Shelley, Thompson sees an "enchanted child," a child such as the present effete, self-conscious, and blasé age could not engender. "An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children," he laments, "cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child."

Surely there was never a more truly inspired interpretation of an immortal poet than that which shines forth in these glorious lines of Thompson's "Essay":

"He dabbles his fingers in the dayfall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases

[1] Father Carroll, in the preface to his Gaelic translation of the Rubaiyat, makes a somewhat similar claim on behalf of Omar. Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll may yet find places in the calendar of saints.

the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred willful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

"This it was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley to be the poet of Prometheus Unbound, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. This childlike quality assimilated him to the childlike peoples among whom mythologies have their rise. Those Nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. The lark that is the gossip of heaven, the winds that pluck the grey from the beards of the billows, the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostril, all the elemental spirits of Nature, take from his verse perpetual incarnation and reincarnation, pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery."

To Thompson, Shelley was, in a deeper and truer sense than even Wordsworth, "the veritable poet of Nature."

All lifeless and prosaic things were changed to glowing beauty in the magic alembic of his genius.

"The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Aeson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Shelley's whole philosophy was at heart a spiritual one. He was the prophet of the free and untrammeled spirit. He demanded that all men and women should have true opportunity for the realization and expression of the highest possibilities of their natures, and to attain this goal they must be released from crippling and paralyzing bonds, whether political, economic, or religious.

Over the gulf of one hundred years, his message comes thrilling to us with all the freshness and vigor of immortal youth,—a challenge to dare, to do, and to become, with faces turned to the Dawn.

NODIER'S FANTASTICISM

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN

FRENCH Romanticism is indebted to its schoolmaster for its fantastic element. The group of young men who gathered around Charles Nodier (1780-1844) Sunday evenings in his salon at the Arsenal (1824-7) to carry out under his leadership the literary revolution called Romanticism followed their host to his holding in the country of fantasy.[1] This writer fathered the Fantastic in French fiction. Nodier was a fanatic *fantaisiste*. He was obsessed with the phantasmagoric world. Reality was to him, as to Hoffmann, but a pretext for the flight of his imagination. This cultivated and learned man of letters, this editor and librarian, this bibliographer and lexicographer, this grammarian and historian, this botanist and entomologist, this traveler and man of affairs lived in a world of dreams. Nodier had a very complex character. He was at once sceptical and superstitious, heretic and mystic, revolutionary and royalist. This investigator and innovator felt an affinity for the frantic and fantastic.[2] He had an infatuation for the accidental and exceptional, for the fabulous and monstrous, for the mysterious and miraculous. Our writer was passionately fond of fairy-tales and ghost-stories, of Eastern legends and Western myths. As a boy he read fantastic stories with such relish that he was willing, as he tells us himself, to give ten years of his life for the Fantastic.

Nodier's first novel, *le Peintre de Saltzbourg* (1803), already showed its author's preoccupation with the supernatural and suprasensual. His introduction to Taylor's collection of prints, *les Voyages pittoresques et romantiques dans l'ancienne France* (1820ff.), expressed the enthusiasm for national antiquities to which Nodier gradually rose. This marked the beginning of our writer's patriotic piety for the historic past of his country. His patriotism found a very beautiful expression in his story, *la Neuvaine de la chandeleur*

[1] Cf. M. Schenk, *la Part de Charles Nodier dans la formation des idées romantiques de V. Hugo jusqu'à la Préface de Cromwell* (1914), p. 104.

[2] Cf. Michel Salomon, *Charles Nodier et le groupe romantique d'après des documents inédits* (1908), p. 276.

(1839). Nodier may with right be considered the pioneer of French folk-lorists. He was an untiring collector of medieval legends and popular beliefs. Nodier may be credited, together with Chateaubriand, with the restoration of medievalism in modern arts and letters. His essay, *Du fantastic en littérature* (1830), is an apotheosis of the Middle Ages, which he calls the Golden Age of the Fantastic.

In this essay, our writer sketches the progress of the Fantastic through the ages. According to his point of view, it is the fantastic element which has been at all times the highest inspiration of the poet. Nodier fully realizes the difficulty of restoring this element in the literature of a period which has long ago abandoned its belief in the Supernatural. As a necessary condition for the resurrection of the Fantastic in the literature of his sceptical contemporaries, he therefore demands a suspension of disbelief on the part of both the writer and the reader. In order to obtain the reader's momentary suspension of incredulity, the writer must tell his story in such a way as not to arouse any doubt as to his own belief in its truth.

Nodier was *naïf* enough to think that he could reawaken in modern times the medieval faith in the marvellous and miraculous. Nevertheless, this *merveilleux naïf* was a step further than Chateaubriand's *merveilleux chrétien* toward the resurrection of the Supernatural in modern arts and letters. In contrast to Chateaubriand, our writer fully understood that the Supernatural was not merely material for stylistic embellishment. The aim of the supernatural element in art was to call forth in the reader that sort of emotion which could not be imparted by the world of realities.

Nodier's fantasticism may be defined as *le merveilleux germanique et celtique.* It comprises the lives of the saints, medieval traditions, popular superstitions, Germanic myths and Celtic legends. It embraces all the inhabitants of the extra-human realm: angels and saints, demons and ghosts, dragons and dwarfs, fairies and elves, sylphs and salamanders, goblins and griffins, vampires and valkyrs. Nodier himself, with his kind heart, delighted mostly in elfland and fairyland. Our author loved especially to tell stories of benevolent spirits but his appeal to the popular belief in angels and saints could easily be extended to the malevolent spirits. This is just what has happened, and diabolism has become an integral part of Nodier's fantasticism. As a matter of fact, the temptations of the devils surpass in number the interventions of the saints. Diabolical legends will be found even in the works of Nodier himself. A few of his stories deal with apparitions, sorcerers and devils.

Nodier's *Tablettes romantiques* (1823) contain the legend of Mont Saint-Michel. This mountain on the Norman coast is the eternal monument to the victorious leader of the hosts of Heaven in the war against the rebel angel. In his *Légendes populaires de la France*, collected and published in 1842, our writer included the legend, "le Château de Robert le Diable."[3] Now Robert the Devil, the son of a duke and duchess of Normandy, was born, according to the confession of his mother, in answer to prayers addressed to the Devil. In another version of the story, the devil himself was Robert's father. However, when Robert learned of his diabolical descent, he turned from his father to God. During his courageous defense of Rome against the besieging Saracens, an angel bestowed upon our penitent celestial weapons with which he was given power to rout his enemies. Richard sans Peur, about whom this book also contains a legend, was another son of Satan. He, too, joined the cause of the good God upon learning of his infernal origin.

Nodier was among the contributors to *le Tiroir du Diable* (c. 1842) and *le Diable à Paris* (1845-6), collections of *tableaux parisiennes*. Our writer is also credited with the story, *le Violon du Diable* (1849), but its authorship is very doubtful. His *Infernalia* (1822) is wholly a diabolical book, as the title well implies. It contains anecdotes, brief novels, novelettes and short stories on ghosts, specters, demons and vampires.[4]

Nodier repeatedly occupied himself with vampirism. The belief that a departed spirit returns to earth to feed on the blood of the living is very current among the Slavonic peoples. The word "vampire" itself is of Russian origin.[5] In 1820 Nodier published a novel,

[3] The story first appeared in *la Foudre* for the year 1821. On the legend of Robert the Devil see Edelstand Du Méril, "De lalégende de Robert-le-Diable," in *Revue contemporaine*, t. XIV (1854), pp. 25-61 (also in *Etudes sur quelques points d'archéologie et d'histoire littéraire*, Paris, 1862); Karl Borinski, "Eine ältere deutsche Bearbeitung von Robert le Diable," in *Germania*, Bd. XXXVII (1892) and "Zur Legende von Robert dem Teufel," in *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie und Sprachwissenschaft*, Bd. XIX (1899), S. 77-87; E. Benezé, *Orendel, Wilhelm von Orense und Robert der Teufel*, Halle, 1897; H. Tardel, *Die Sage von Robert der Teufel in neueren deutschen Dichtungen und in Meyerbeers Oper.*, Berlin, 1900.

[4] Nodier's authorship of this book is very doubtful. It is not listed in the bibliography of this writer, as it appears in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* for 1844, pp. 809-29. *Infernalia* has not been within the reach of the present writer.

[5] On vampirism the reader is referred to the following books: Wilhelm Mannhardt, "Ueber Vampirism," *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, Bd. IV (1857); Dudley Wright, *Vampires and Vampirism*, London, 1914; Stefan Hoch, *Die Vampyrensagen und ihre Verwertung in deutscher Literaturgeschichte*, Berlin, 1900.

Lord Ruthwen, ou les Vampires, and a melodrama, *le Vampire,* which is an adaptation of the novel.[6]

Vampirism also forms the subject of *Smarra, ou les démons de la nuit,* published the following year, the most admired and the most characteristic of Nodier's stories. This tale of Thessalonian superstition, written in the manner of the sorceries and diableries of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, swarms with demons of all sorts. The night, according to the belief of the early Christian poets, is full of demons. Smarra, a ghoul, who drinks men's blood, is the familiar spirit of a witch, who delights in filching men's hearts. On their nocturnal revels, the evil spirit and his mistress are accompanied by a thousand demons of the night: "stunted women with a drunken look in their eyes; red and violet serpents with fire-spitting mouths; lizards, who, from out of a lake of mud and blood show faces similar to those of living human beings; heads recently detached from the trunk by the soldier's axe but fixing their eyes upon me and running away skipping on reptilian feet."

Nodier aimed at a reconciliation of Classicism with Romanticism in *Smarra,* as may be seen from the famous verse by Chénier, which our writer placed as a motto at the head of the story. He also wished to pour new wine in old bottles. But in this book a new influence is already making itself felt. Nodier has now fallen under the fatal fascination of Germany. In his essay, *Du fantastic en littérature,* our writer hails Germany as the last retreat of the fantastic element in modern times. "Germany," he asserts, "is richer in this form of creations than any other country in the world." It is in his opinion "the favorite domain of the Fantastic." Nodier is chiefly responsible for the advent of Germanism in French Romanticism.[7] He acquired

[6] Nodier's authorship of the novel, which is an adaptation of Byron's story, is doubtful. The son of our author protested to the publisher for putting his father's name on the title-page and maintained that his father had brought out the novel without writing it.

[7] For a discussion of the German influence on French Romanticism, cf. E. Falconet, "De l'influence de la littérature allemande sur la littérature française," *Revue du Midi,* t. VI (1834); H. Leuthold, "Einfluss der deutschen Literatur auf die neuere französische Lyrik," *Süddeutsche Zeitung* of 14-15 October, 1859; J. Breitinger, *Die Vermittler des deutschen Geistes in Frankreich,* Zürich, 1876; Stephan Born, *Die romantische Schule in Deutschland und in Frankreich, Heidelberg,* 1879 (= *Sammlung von Vorträgen,* II, 4, S. 97-124); O. Weddigen, *Geischichte der Einwirkungen der deutschen Literatur auf die Literaturen der übrigen europäischen Kulturvölker,* Leipzig, 1882; Raoul Rosières, "la littérature allemande en France de 1750 à 1880," *Revue politique et littéraire,* 3 série, 3e année (1883), No. 11, pp. 328-34 (also in *Recherches sur la poésie contemporaine,* Paris, 1896); Th. Süpfle, *Geschichte des deutschen Kultureinflusses auf Frankreich,* Gotta, 1886-90; F. Meissner, *Der Einfluss des deutschen Geistes auf die französische Literatur des* 19 *Jahrhunderts bis* 1870, Leipzig, 1893; Virgile Rossel, *Histoire des relations littéraires entre la France et*

his admiration for Germany through his personal contact with Mme. de Staël. German folk-lore and legend appealed strongly to our writer's fantastic spirit. Fantastic supernaturalism was the main characteristic of Romanticism in Germany; and it is from this country that it was imported into France. But it did not long remain a foreign importation. We must always bear in mind that whatever was introduced in France from abroad during the Romantic period received the national imprint of that country.

Nodier was especially attracted to a kindred spirit among the Romantic writers of Germany, Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann (1776-1822). Our writer was a fervent admirer of this genial German author whom he resembled in his expression of fantastic revery, psychologic mystery, and eery enchantment. Hoffmann, more than any other German author, had fervent followers and devoted disciples in France. His influence on French Romanticism far exceeded even that of Goethe. Hoffmann had a special attraction for the French Romantics. He obtained the admiration of such men as Balzac, Gautier, Nerval and Musset. His stories were repeatedly rendered into French during the second quarter of the past century[8] and greatly affected the fiction of that period. It is no exaggeration to say that Hoffmann directed French Romanticism during the thirties.[9] To get an idea of the effects produced by this German

l'Allemagne, Paris, 1897; Joseph Texte, "Influence allemande dans le romantisme français," *Revue des deux mondes,* t. CCCLVI (1897), pp. 607-33 (also in *Etudes de littérature européenne,* Paris, 1898) and "les Origines de l'influence allemande dans la littérature française du XIXe siècle," in *Revue de l'histoire littéraire de France,* t. V (1898), pp. 1-53; Marcellin Pradels, *le Romantisme français et le romantisme allemand,* Biarritz, 1907; Auguste Dupouy, *France et Allemagne,* Paris, 1913; L. Reynaud, *l'Influence allemande en France au XVIIIe et au XIXe siècle,* Paris, 1922.

[8] Translations of Hoffmann appeared in France by Delatouche (1823), Caben (1829), Loève-Veimars (1829-37), Toussenel (1830), Egmont (1834), Christian (1842), Marmier (1843), Champfleury (1856), and La Bedollière (1861). A complete list of French translations of Hoffmann's tales will be found in Antoine Laporte's *Bibliographie contemporaine,* t. VII (1890).

[9] An excellent study on Hoffmann's influence in France has been written by Marcel Breuillac, "Hoffmann en France. Etude de littérature comparée," in *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France,* t. XIII (1906), pp. 427-57 and t. XIV (1907), pp. 74-105. See also Gustave Thurau, "E. T. A. Hoffmann's Erzählungen in Frankreich," in *Festschrift zum 70. Geburtstage Oskar Schades* (Königsberg, 1896) and "Ein deutscher Fantastiker in Frankreich" in *Europa* for the year 1874, S. 522-3. J. H. Retinger, in his Paris dissertation, *le Conte phantastique dans le Romantisme* (1908), also stresses Hoffmann's influence on the French Romantic School. But in influencing the literature of France, Hoffmann was but repaying his debt to that country. He himself owed much to Jacques Cazotte's *le Diable amoureux* (1772); cf. Georg Ellinger, *E. Th. A. Hoffmann* (1894), p. 36; Louis P. Betz, *Studien z. vgl. Literaturgeschichte d. neueren Zeit* (1902), S. 38; *Revue d'histoire litt. de la France,* t. XIII (1906), p. 451; Dupouy, *France et Allemagne* (1913), p. 101. H. Matthey, *Essai sur le merveilleux dans la littérature française* (1915), p. 245 note. On the Super-

writer on the Romantic School in France, it suffices to read Jules Janin's preface to his *Contes fantastiques et contes littéraires* (1832) or Gautier's preface to Marmier's translation of Hoffmann (1843). The French Romantics called him "the most original, the most passionate, but the most bizarre genius of our epoch." Bizarre, indeed, he was, this Hoffmann, this architect, engraver, painter, musician, actor and novelist, who turned night into day, consumed an enormous quantity of tobacco and alcohol and composed some of the strangest stories to be found in the literature of the world. He was considered by his contemporaries as a descendant of the Devil and is known to this day as "Devil-Hoffmann." Through this German writer, Romanticism sold itself to Satan in other countries as well as in his own. Hoffmann held a firm belief in Beelzebub. "The Devil," he would often say, "will put his hoof into everything, how good soever it is in the outset." He so feared the fiend that he would often awaken his wife in the night and ask her to keep watch with him. This influence of Hoffmann on our author, already evident in *Smarra,* becomes much greater in his later works.

Goethe was next to Hoffmann the German writer who most deeply affected the writings of Nodier. It is beyond our scope to show in this paper the influence of *Werther* on *le Peintre de Saltzbourg.* What concerns us in this connection is the effect produced by *Faust* on our writer. This poem, especially in its diabolical aspect, strongly influenced French imagination.[10] Nodier also admired *Faust,* and prepared in 1828, in collaboration with Antony Béraud, a prose adaptation of the poem for the stage. In his essay, *Des types en littérature* (1830), he mentions Faust and Mephistopheles among the admirable characters in literature.

L'AMOUR ET LE GRIMOIRE (1832)

This story, originally called *le Nouveau Faust et la Nouvelle Marguerite, ou Comment je me suis donné au Diable,* is a burlesque of *Faust.* In it, Nodier brings down Goethe's lofty poem to the level of a very ordinary bourgeois affair. It is a pseudo-supernatural story and belongs to what is generally called explained Supernatural-

natural in Hoffmann's writings the reader is referred to J. Havemann's essay, "Das Wunderbare in E. Th. A. Hoffmanns Dichtungen" in *Deutsche Heimat, Blätter f. Litteratur und Volkstum,* 6 Jg. (1903), I. Tl. Heft 3 S. 65-74, to Margis's aritcle on our writer in *Zeitschrift f. angewandte Psychologie* for the year 1911, and to Olga Raydt's dissertation, *Das Dämonische als Stilform in den lit. Werken E. Th. A. Hoffmanns* (1912).

[10]On Goethe's influence in France, cf. F. Baldensperger, *Goethe en France: étude de littérature comparée* (Paris, 1904, 2e éd., 1920).

ism. This type of the Supernatural was the main characteristic of the English Gothic Novel at the end of the eighteenth century.

Maxime, who tells the story in the first person, summons Satan and offers his soul to the Devil on condition that the latter bring to his room at midnight a certain Marguerite to whom the young man has taken a passing fancy. Satan, however, turns a deaf ear and refuses to submit to the beck and call of a mere school-boy who has by chance gotten hold of a grimoire (book of conjurations). By a curious coincidence, the girl appears in his room without the aid of the Devil. A friend of our young man, who has succeeded in persuading Marguerite to elope with him, has sent her up to the room of her would-be seducer there to await in hiding the morning mail-coach. Maxime's anxiety not to betray a trusting friend shows that he is too good a man to sell his soul to Satan.

LE COMBE DE L'HOMME MORT (1840)

In this story, based on a sixteenth century legend of a bargain with Beelzebub, Goethe's influence is less significant. On the eve of All Saint's Day in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-one, the Devil seized a man riding along the road and bore him off thirty leagues to a narrow valley in the Jura mountains. This man had murdered an old hermit in order to obtain his wealth, after having won his confidence through hypocritical piety, and when trapped by the villagers and threatened with death, he sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for a thirty years' respite. The contract was written in Satan's scrawl on a slip of paper stained with blood and marked with five big black finger nails like a royal seal.

The man was as eager for knowledge as for wealth. After having escaped punishment through the aid of the Devil, he studied at the Universities of Metz and Strasbourg, sat at the feet of the famous sorcerer Cornelius and obtained his doctorate in four faculties. His reputation as a scholar spread far and wide and he was called to fill a chair at the University of Heidelberg. Men and women came from the four corners of the continent to study under this professor. Satan himself, attracted by this scholar's reputation, enrolled as one of his students. Our professor soon was elected rector of the celebrated university. He possessed fame and fortune and never thought of his pact with the Devil. But Satan has a better memory than even the rector of the University of Heidelberg. At the expiration of the term, the Devil was at hand to claim fulfill-

ment of the terms of the contract. As the rector rode along the highway, pleased with himself and the world, the Devil appeared, snatched him up and brought him to the spot of the murder. When the rector ascertained his whereabouts, he was assailed by unpleasant memories. An old woman, urged on by the Evil One, helped along the poor professor's memory by a full and detailed recital of the events which had occurred thirty years before and which gave the valley its name—the Valley of the Dead Man. As he finally rushed out, anxious to disappear in the dark of the night, the Devil followed him and wrung his neck.

The Devil cannot kill a man unless the latter has entered into a pact with him and has forsworn God, as may be inferred from the counsel given to Job by his well-meaning wife. The Devil has no interest in a man's body. If he kills a man, it is only to obtain his soul. "When the term [of a devil-pact] is over," Victor Hugo tells us in *Notre-Dame de Paris* (1831), "the Devil destroys the body in taking the soul, just as a monkey cracks the shell to eat the nut."

The conception of Satan as a university student is reminiscent of Wilhelm Hauff's *Mémoirs des Satan* (1828).[11]

The Devil retains in this story some elements of his former avatar as a hearth spirit. He is described as small of stature, with thick locks of flaming red hair, which almost cover his face, a face pale and yellow like the wax of an old candle and furrowed by wrinkled lines, little red eyes, more sparkling than red-hot coals, a huge mouth with innumerable teeth as pointed as pins and as white as ivory, and with hands long and lean, so transparent that the flame, over which he warms them, shines through them as if they were of horn. The Devil is dressed in a doublet and breeches of scarlet red and wears on the top of his head a woolen cap of the same color. It is this conventional costume that our Devil has in common with Goethe's Mephistopheles.

[11] One of the most interesting episodes of this book has been included, in an English translation, in the present writer's *Devil Stories* (New York, 1921).

FEAR

BY DR. A. CORALNIK

ALL unexpected and quite accidentally, we came upon an old, an eternal wall. We have been striking this wall from time to time ever since we are here, as far back as human memory can reach. This wall is: fear. No other feeling do we try so hard to ignore, to hide, to deny—and no other emotion is so overwhelming, as fear. We do not want to admit it—but everyone can see it, hear it. Gather together all our courage as we may—there is still a quivering gleam in our eyes, an imperceptible trembling around the lips—It is fear. An American physician, Doctor Rusby, has discovered somewhere in the wilds of South America, among the Indian tribes, a certain herb which banishes fear. The herb is prepared with much ceremonial. No women are allowed to be present. And the man who drinks the preparation is first seized with a great horror, but a little later he acquires such power, so much courage, that he is free from all fear, all sense of danger leaves him. He throws himself into battle like a lion. He loses fear, and falls into a deep sleep. He awakes and again fear is upon him.

It is possible that somebody will bring to us this herb; will make it attainable to the whole world. Druggists will cook herbs, people will drink it, drink and lose their fear.

And then?

Among Anderson's fairy-tales there is one about a man who lost his heart. He cut from his breast the piece of quivering heart and put into its place a heart of crystal. And he was content. He felt nothing, feared nothing, and hoped for nothing. He grew rich and powerful, because he was stronger than the rest. In a world of hearts—beating, trembling and sensitive—the only one without a heart. Only—he felt cold. He missed the beating, the hammering, the restlessness, that "Merriment unlimited, and sadness unto death." He lacked the sense of craving after something. It is good to be

on a mountain. The view is wide, the air pure, you see so much—you are away from the rest of the world. There is wisdom on the mountain, but it is cold and lonesome. See? What is there to see? Look from the Eifel Tower upon the seething, beautiful, enchanting Paris—and all you will see is lines, black dashes, and tiny ants moving between them. What good is such a Paris? Wisdom? Of what use is wisdom in a world where all is made clear? The more transparent a lense is, the less can be seen through it. The most beautiful world is seen through a ray-breaking crystal. The best picture is a false one.

It would afford a wonderful theme for a new Anderson: the man who lost fear. Through an herb like that of the Indians in South America, or through some other, less pharmacal means: through philosophy. Do we not have such a philosophic herb? For thousands of years we have had it. Everyone can obtain it—as much as he wants. It is the Stoic philosophy, which teaches, "Fear nothing, no harm can befall you. The worst of all is death—and death is not terrible. The most dreaded thing is pain, but pain has no power on the human spirit." This was the teaching of Zeno, thus Epictetus, the Greek slave, the suffering, limping, beaten, comforted himself and his fellow creatures, comforted us, the future generaations.

There is comfort in religion. "Are you afraid, say your prayers" mothers tell their children. This simple advice contains a deep philosophy. The mention of God, the thought of Him, this leaning against a world mystery—this alone drives away fear, and quiets, comforts, soothes.

We have all these, and yet, it avails us not. I do not know what is fear, nobody knows. The psychologists who tried to solve this problem, only describe it, they do not explain it. Darwin, Angelo Mosso, William James, and all the other investigators of the fear emotion, have tried to trace it to purely physiological causes, or to heredity. One turns pale, is covered with a cold sweat—when one is afraid. That is, says Darwin, because primitive man, or the beasts, threw themselves into battle with bowed head. The bowing of the head, the quick motion, have driven the blood from the head, and that is why we, the grandchildren, who no longer fight, still turn pale and tremble.

It is only an hypothesis, and that a questionable one. But one thing is true: all fear is connected with a desire to run, to escape somewhere, away from the danger to a place of safety. Take a man

lying alone on his bed at night. Something pains him. He does not know what it is, but he imagines: it might be a dangerous disease. He might have to undergo an operation, maybe he will have to suffer pain, perhaps death is lurking in wait for him. And he tosses about on his bed, sits up, has a desire to run away somewhere —and falls back hopeless. He knows there is no place for him to run, cannot escape. And that is the real agony, the bitter cup of fear. Let some one come at that moment and tell this man: This or that is your ailment, and so and so will cure you—and immediately fear leaves him. The man knows—he is no longer afraid. Nobody fears that which is, what he can see; it is that which is not, either not yet or no longer, which frightens us. The dead are stronger than the living, that which is to be, more powerful than that which is. In the numerous books issued during the war, one finds almost invariably the same motive: the soldier loses all fear when he stands face to face with the enemy. Only a moment ago he shook like a leaf, could not face the common danger: tomorrow it will happen; tomorrow he will go on to the field of battle; tomorrow he may be blown to pieces by a bomb; a bullet may pierce his heart, a bayonet may cut into his flesh, and a deathly horror takes possession of him. He would flee were he not afraid of being caught and courtmartialed. But here is the next day: He stands on the field of battle, bombs explode all around him, the cannons thunder, a command is heard: To the Bayonets!—and the same soldier forgets fear and makes for the enemy falling or conquering. A moment ago—he was a mere worm that curled and wriggled with fear; a moment later he is again afraid—of that which he himself has just done—but between these two moments he is a lion. He has stood before reality. And reality is never terrible.

And in this lies the whole secret of the creative power of fear. It creates the place to which to escape. It seeks a refuge, and thereby extends the boundaries of being (existence). "Fear has created the Gods," said Lucrecius Carus, the poet philosopher of Rome. The religious thinkers of Christendom have contested this interpretation of the religious sentiment. Religion is not fear—said they—religion is love. God is the creature of love, not of fright.

But in this, as in many other things, the Christian thinkers shut their eyes in order not to see the truth, surrendered under the hypnotism of the word—rejecting what is beyond the word. They did not realize that the great fear, "the Awe of God"—in whatever form—is the first wisdom—the beginning of all thought. He who

fears nothing cannot think, because he does not know that anything exists beyond the present, the passing moment. Fear is the bond between the darkness and the light, between yesterday and today—and tomorrow. Fear means, conquering what is here and seeking what is beyond. Primitive man fears the animals and he runs to where he thinks they cannot get him. Or, if he cannot run away, he makes peace with them, conquers them, uses them for his own purposes. Man fears pain, he tries to find a way to avoid it, and science comes into being. He fears the unknown—and the result is poetry.

Swinburne once said of William Blake, that under the cloak of every phenomenon he felt the tremor of secret powers, and often he saw the cloak rent by thunder and lightning. Everyone familiar with the poetry of Blake, whoever remembers the peculiar pictures he painted around his poems, knows the poetry of fear. But he also knows the world of fancy. Cool people, peacefully constituted, have no imagination, and their life is poor, without beauty. Only he who sees and feels infinities knows fear. "The immensity of the infinite frightens me," complained Pascal—and this is what has made Pascal one of the profoundest thinkers, both scientifically and morally, that Europe has produced.

And the further civilization advances, the deeper grows the fear sentiment emotion. Primitive man has little to lose. The Buddhist, who has renounced everything, who seeks suffering and pain, is anxious to lose, because he craves Nirvana. Only he who has given to his life a meaning and a purpose, knows there is cause for fear. And here is where the two extremes meet: primitive man and the new, super-civilized being. In both the instinct for life is keen and powerful; the difference between the two is only in the consciousness. Primitive man fears and does not know what or how to overcome it; civilized man knows where fear is lurking—and the way of escape. It is easy to renounce it—that is what the Stoics did—but that does not bring one very far. One may renounce pain—attempt to conquer it with will-power. Balzac somewhere describes a man who tried to conquer pain—by going out to meet it. He put a drill into his tooth. He did conquer pain—but life along with it. He died with the drill in his mouth. The world has not accepted the no-fear doctrine, either in the form of Stoicism or in the Christian form of non-resistance. The healthy life instinct has rejected it. The only philosophy it has accepted, consciously or unconsciously, is that of the Ecclesiasts: "We cannot add anything nor take away from those things which God has created that He may be feared."

The ethical world,—not merely that of man to man, but also the one of man to himself—rests on fear, for that is the only incentive for action, for activity, for energy, for seeking after something. Fear of pain, fear of solitude, of crowding, of distance—all forms of culture spring from it.

And I question whether the world, intoxicated by the South American herb and free from all fear, would be any happier. Life would perhaps be easier—but it would also be more monotonous, poor, less beautiful. The gates would close on heaven and on hell—there would be only black lines and ants . . . a world without gods—and without the will to wander, to run away, to rescue or be rescued. A transparent world—without colors and without illusions.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

CHAPTER I

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

TO MOST good Vishnuites, the Bhagavad Gītā is what the New Testament is to good Christians. It is their chief devotional book. In it many millions of Hindus have for centuries found their principal source of religious inspiration.

In form, it consists mainly of a long dialog, which is almost a monolog. The principal speaker is Krishna, who in his human aspect is merely one of the secondary heroes of the Mahābhārata, the great Hindu epic. But, according to the Gītā itself, he is in truth a manifestation of the Supreme Deity in human form. Hence the name—the Song (*gītā*) of the Blessed One or the Lord (*Bhagavad*). The other speaker in the dialog is Arjuna, one of the five sons of Pāndu who are the principal heroes of the Mahābhārata. The conversation between Arjuna and Krishna is supposed to take place just before the battle which is the main theme of the great epic. Krishna is acting as Arjuna's charioteer. Arjuna sees in the ranks of the opposing army a large number of his own kinsmen and intimate friends. He is horror-stricken at the thought of fighting against them, and forthwith lays down his weapons, saying he would rather be killed than kill them. Krishna replies, justifying the fight on various grounds, the chief of which is that man's real self or soul is immortal and independent of the body; it "neither kills nor is killed"; it has no part in either the actions or the sufferings of the body. In response to further questions by Arjuna, he gradually develops views of life and destiny as a whole, which it is the purpose of this book to explain. In the course of the exposition he declares himself to be the Supreme Godhead, and reveals to Arjuna, as a special act of grace, a vision of his mystic supernal form. All this appar-

ently goes on while the two armies stand drawn up in battle array, waiting to attack each other. This dramatic absurdity need not concern us seriously. It is clear that the Bhagavad Gītā was not a part of the original epic narrative. It was probably composed, and certainly inserted in its present position, by a later interpolator.[1] To be sure, he must have had in mind the dramatic situation in which he has placed the Gītā, for he repeatedly makes reference to it. But these references are purely formal and external; they do not concern the essentials of the work. We must think of the Gītā primarily as a unit, complete in itself, without reference to its surroundings. Its author, or whoever placed it in its present position, was interested chiefly in the religious doctrines to be set forth, not in external dramatic forms.

This is not to say that the author was lacking in artistic power. He was, on the contrary, a poet of no mean capacity. Indeed, we must think of his work as a poem: a religious, devotional poem. Its appeal is to the emotions rather than to the intellect. It follows that in order to understand the Gītā one must have a certain capacity for understanding its poetic, emotional point of view. One must be able and willing to adopt the poet's attitude: to feel with him. I say, to feel with him: not necessarily to think with him. It is possible to understand and enjoy sympathetically a poetic expression of an emotional attitude without sharing the poet's intellectual opinions. Philosophically speaking, the attitude of the Gītā is mystical. A mystic would probably prefer to say that it appeals to the mystic intuition, rather than to the emotions, as I put it. That is a question of terms, or perhaps better of philosophic outlook. My mystic critic would at any rate agree that it does not appeal to the reasoning faculty of the mind. The "opinions" which it presupposes or sets forth are not so much "opinions" in the intellectual sense as emotional—or, let us say if you like, intuitional—points of view. They are not supported by logic; they are simply proclaimed, as immediately perceived by the soul, or revealed by the grace of God. It is not my purpose to discuss their validity. That would indeed be futile. To the mystic they are above reason, to the rationalist below

[1] Such interpolations are numerous in the Mahābhārata; so numerous that we may fairly regard them as a regular habit. The great epic early attained such prestige among the Hindus that later authors were eager to win immortality for their works by framing them in so distinguished a setting. The author of the Bhagavad Gītā merely followed a custom which was not only common, but seemed to the Hindu mind entirely natural and innocent. The Hindus of ancient times had little notion of what we consider the rights of authorship. To their minds any literary composition belonged to the world, not to its author.

it; to both they are disconnected with it. Either you accept them immediately, without argument, or you do not. Argument will not move you in either case. But even a convinced rationalist, if he has some power of poetic appreciation, can follow much of the Gītā's presentation with sympathy, the sort of sympathy which would be inspired in him by any exalted poetry. The Gītā is poetic not only in formal expression, but in the ideas expressed. In both respects it may claim the attention of all but those who are so dominated by their opinions that they cannot appreciate noble ideas nobly expressed when they have a different intellectual background.

The poetic inspiration found in many of the Gītā's thoughts[2] can hardly be fully appreciated unless they are presented in a poetic form. We are fortunate in having a beautiful English rendering by Sir Edwin Arnold, from which those who cannot read Sanskrit may get, on the whole, a good idea of the living spirit of the poem. It takes a poet to reproduce poetry. Arnold was a poet, and a very gifted one. My own function is that of an analytic commentator; a more humble function, but one which has its uses, particularly in the case of a work that was produced in a place and at a time so remote from us.

This remoteness in time and scene makes exceptionally important one of the critic's duties: that of making clear the historical setting of his author. As every author, even the most inspired of poets and prophets, is a product of his environment, so we cannot understand the Bhagavad Gītā without knowing something of the ideas which flourished in its native land, during and before its time. It was composed in India, in Sanskrit, the ancient sacred and literary language of Brahmanic civilization. We do not know its author's name (indeed, almost all the early literature of India is anonymous). Nor can we date it with any accuracy; all that we can say is that it was probably composed before the beginning of our era, but not more than a few centuries before it. We do know this: it was preceded by a long literary and intellectual activity, covering perhaps a thousand years, and reaching back to the hymns of the Rig Veda itself, the oldest monument of Hindu literature. And the Gītā's thoughts are rooted in those of this older literature. It was born out of the same intellectual environment; it expresses largely the same ideas, often in the same or similar language. It quotes from older works a number of stanzas and parts of stanzas. There are few important

[2] Not all of them; it must be confessed that the Gītā is frequently commonplace in both thought and expression.

ideas expressed in the Gītā which cannot be paralleled from more ancient works. Its originality of thought consists mainly in a difference of emphasis, in a fuller development of some inherited ideas, and in some significant omissions of ideas which were found in its sources.

It is equally true, though less important for our purposes, that the Bhagavad Gītā itself has had an enormous influence on later Hindu religious literature. It has even had some influence on European and American literature of the last century, during which it became known to the western world. To mention one instance: a verse found in the Gītā was imitated by Emerson in the first verse of his poem on "Brahma":

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Compare Bhagavad Gītā 2, 19 (Arnold's translation):

He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!

To be sure, this stanza is not original with the Gītā; it is quoted from the Katha Upanishad. It is more likely, however, that Emerson got it from the Gītā than from the less well-known Upanishad text. But the later influence of the Gītā lies outside the scope of this volume. I shall content myself with setting forth the thoughts of the Gītā and their origins.

Especially close is the connection between the Bhagavad Gītā and the class of works called Upanishads. These are the earliest extensive treatises dealing with philosophical subjects in India. About a dozen of them, at least, are older than the Gītā, whose author knew and quoted several. The Gītā itself is sometimes regarded as an Upanishad, and has quite as good a right to the title as many later works that are so called.[3] All the works properly called Upanishads have this, and only this, in common, that they contain mainly speculations on some or all of the following topics: the nature of the universe, its origin, purpose, and guiding principle; the nature of man, his physical and mental and spiritual constitution, his duty,

[3] The word *upanishad* may be translated "secret, mystic doctrine"; it is a title that is often claimed by all sorts of works, some of which hardly deserve to be called philosophical in any sense.

his destiny, and his relation to the rest of the universe, particularly to the guiding principle thereof, whether conceived personally or impersonally. Now, these are precisely the questions with which the Bhagavad Gītā is concerned. The answers attempted vary greatly, not only in different Upanishads, but often in adjoining parts of the same Upanishad. This also is true of the Gītā, and is eminently characteristic of the literature to which it and the Upanishads belong. We often hear of a "system" of the Upanishads. In my opinion there is no such thing. Nor is there "system" of thought in the Bhagavad Gītā, in the sense of a unitary, logically coherent, and exclusive structure of philosophic thought. He who looks for such a thing in any work of this period will be disappointed. Or, worse yet, he may be tempted to apply Procrustean methods, and by excisions or strained interpretations to force into a unified mold the thoughts of a writer who never dreamed of the necessity or desirability of such unity. The Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gītā contain starts toward various *systems;* but none of them contains a single *system*, except possibly in the sense that one idea may be made more prominent than its rivals in an individual work or part of a work. Still less can we speak of a single system as taught by the Upanishads as a whole.

The very concept of a philosophic "system" did not exist in India in the time of the early Upanishads and the Gītā. In later times the Hindus produced various systems of philosophy, which are quite comparable with what we are accustomed to understand by that term. These systems all grew, at least in large measure, out of the older ideas found in the Upanishads. Each of the later thinkers chose out of the richness of Upanishadic thought such elements as pleased him, and constructed his logically coherent system on that basis. Thus, the Upanishads, broadly speaking, are the prime source of all the rival philosophies of later India. But they themselves are more modest. They do not claim to have succeeded in bringing under one rubric the absolute and complete truth about man and the universe. If they seem at times to make such claims, these statements are to be understood as tentative, not final; and often they are contradicted by an adjoining passage in which a very different view-point finds expression. This may seem to us naive. But I think it would be truer, as well as more charitable, to regard it as a sign of intellectual modesty, combined with an honest and burning eagerness for truth. Again and again an Upanishadic thinker arrives at an intellectual *aperçu* so lofty, so noble, that we might

well forgive him for resting content with it. Instead, he abandons it, as it seems without hesitation and without regret, and straightway tries another approach to the same eternal problems. Some ideas recur more frequently than others; but no formula ever gives entire and permanent satisfaction to these restless thinkers. Is this to their discredit?

Thus there grew up in Upanishadic circles not one but a group of attempts to solve the "riddles of the universe." The Bhagavad Gītā, we have seen, belongs to these circles intellectually, and many, if not most, of its ideas are derived from the older Upanishads. More important than this is the fact that it shares with them the trait of intellectual fluidity or tentativeness to which I have just referred. Unlike most of the later Hindu philosophic works, which also derive from the Upanishads but which select and systematize their materials, the Gītā is content to present various rival formulas, admitting at least a provisional validity to them all. To be sure, it has its favorites. But we can usually find in its own text expressions which, in strict logic, contradict its most cardinal doctrines. From the non-logical, mystical view-point of the Gītā this is no particular disadvantage. Rationalistic logic simply does not apply to its problems.

In one other respect there is an important difference of fundamental attitude between the Bhagavad Gītā and most western philosophic thought. All Hindu philosophy has a practical aim. It seeks the truth, but not the truth for its own sake. It is truth as a means of human salvation that is its object. In other words, all Hindu philosophy is religious in basis. To the Hindu mind, "the truth shall make you free." Otherwise there is no virtue in it. This is quite as true of the later systems as of the early and less systematic speculations. To all of them knowledge is a means to an end. This attitude has its roots in a still more primitive conception, which appears clearly in the beginnings of Vedic philosophy and is still very much alive in the early Upanishads: the conception of the magic power of knowledge. To the early Hindus, as to mankind in early stages of development the world over, "knowledge is power" in a very direct sense. Whatever you know you control, directly, and by virtue of your knowledge. The primitive magician gets his neighbors, animal, human, or supernatural, into his power, by acquiring knowledge of them. So the early Vedic thinkers sought to control the most fundamental and universal powers by *knowing* them. This idea most Hindus of classical times never quite outgrew. The

Sanskrit word *vidyā*, "knowledge," means also "magic." Let westerners not be scornful of this. Down to quite modern times the same idea prevailed in Europe. In Robert Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, produced in England at the end of the sixteenth century, we find it in full force. Roger Bacon, the greatest of medieval English Scholars, is there represented simply as a mighty magician, and a contest of scholarship between him and a rival German scholar resolves itself into a mere test of their powers in necromancy. In short, knowledge meant primarily magic power. No doubt Roger Bacon himself knew better. But he was an exceptional man, intellectually far in advance of his time. The more advanced Hindu thinkers, also, kept their speculations free from magic, at least in its cruder forms. Even such a comparatively early work as the Bhagavad Gītā has no traces of the magical use of knowledge for the attainment of trivial, wordly ends, though many such traces are still found in the Upanishads, its immediate predecessors. To this extent it marks an advance over them, and stands on essentially the same footing with the best of the later systematic philosophies. But the Bhagavad Gītā and the later systems agree with the early Upanishadic thinkers in their practical attitude towards speculation. They all seek the truth, not because of its abstract interest, but because in some sense or other they think that a realization of the truth about man's place in the universe and his destiny will solve all man's problems; free him from all the troubles of life; in short, bring him to the *summum bonum*, whatever they conceive that to be. Just as different thinkers differ as to what that truth is, so they also differ in their definitions of salvation or of the *summum bonum*, and of the best practical means of attaining it. Indeed, as we have seen, the early thinkers, including the author of the Gītā, frequently differ with themselves on such points. But they all agree in this fundamental attitude towards the objects of speculation. They are primarily religious rather than philosophical. And the historic origin of their attitude, in primitive ideas about the magic power of knowledge, has left a trace which I think was never fully effaced, although it was undoubtedly transcended and transfigured.

CHAPTER II

The Origins of Hindu Speculation

The records of Hindu religious thought, as of Hindu literature in general, begin with the Rig Veda. This is a collection consisting mostly of hymns of praise and prayer to a group of deities who are primarily personified powers of nature—sun, fire, wind, sky, and the like—with the addition of some gods whose original nature is obscure. The religion represented by the Rig Veda, however, is by no means a simple or primitive nature-worship. Before the dawn of history it had developed into a ritualistic cult, a complicated system of sacrifices, the performance of which was the class privilege of a guild of priests. In the hands of this priestly class the sacrificial cult became more and more elaborate, and occupied more and more the center of the stage. At first merely a means of gratification and propitiation of the gods, the sacrifice gradually became an end in itself, and finally, in the period succeeding the hymns of the Rig Veda, the gods became supernumeraries. The now all-important sacrifices no longer persuaded, but compelled them to do what the sacrificer desired; or else, at times, the sacrifice produced the desired result immediately, without any participation whatsoever on the part of the gods. The gods are even spoken of themselves as offering sacrifices; and it is said that they owe their divine position, or their very existence, to the sacrifice. This extreme glorification of the ritual performance appears in the period of the Brāhmanas, theological text-books whose purpose is to expound the mystic meaning of the various rites. They are later in date than the Rig-Vedic hymns; and their religion, a pure and quasi-magical ritualism, is the apotheosis, or the *reductio ad absurdum*, of the ritualistic nature-worship of the hymns.

Even in Rig-Vedic times the priestly ritual was so elaborate, and so expensive, that in the nature of things only rich men, mainly princes, could engage in it. It was therefore not only a hieratic but an aristocratic cult. The real religion of the great mass of the people was different. We find it portrayed best in the Atharva Veda. This is a collection of hymns, or rather magic charms, in-

tended to accompany a vast mass of simpler rites and ceremonies which were not connected with the hieratic cult of the Rig Veda. Almost every conceivable human need and aspiration is represented by these popular performances. Their religious basis may be described as primitive animism, and their method of operation as simple magic. That is, they conceive all creatures, things, powers, and even abstract principles, as animated by "spirits," which they seek to control by incantations and magic rites. They know also the higher gods of the Rig Vedic pantheon, and likewise other gods which perhaps belonged at the start to aboriginal, non-"Aryan" tribes ("Aryan" is the name which the Vedic Hindus apply to themselves). But they invoke these gods after the manner of magic-mongers, much as medieval European incantations invoke the persons of the Trinity and Christian saints in connection with magic practices to heal a broken bone or to bring rain for the crops.

Later Hindu thought developed primarily out of the hieratic, Rig-Vedic religion; but it contains also quite a dash of lower, more popular beliefs. The separation of the two elements is by no means always easy. The truth seems to be that the speculations out of which the later forms of thought developed were carried on mainly by priests, adherents of the hieratic ritual religion. Almost all the intellectual leaders of the community belonged to the priestly class. But they were naturally—almost inevitably—influenced more or less by the popular religion which surrounded them. Indeed, there was no opposition between the two types of religion, nor such a sharp cleavage as our description may suggest. The followers of the hieratic cult also engaged in many practices that belonged to the more popular religion. This accounts for the constant infiltration of ideas from the "lower" sphere into the "higher," which we see going on at all periods. At times it is hard to decide whether a given new development is due to the intrusion of popular ideas, or to internal evolution within the sphere of the priestly religion itself.

For we can clearly see the growth of certain new ideas within the Rig Veda itself. Out of the older ritualistic nature-worship, with its indefinite plurality of gods, arises in many Rig-Vedic hymns a new attitude, a sort of mitigated polytheism, to which has been given the name of *henotheism.* By this is meant a religious point of view which, when dealing for the moment with any particular god, seems to feel it as an insult to his dignity to admit the competition of other deities. And so, either the particular god of the moment is made to absorb all the others, who are declared to be

manifestations of him; or else, he is given attributes which in strict logic could only be given to a sole monotheistic deity. Thus various Vedic gods are each at different times declared to be the creator, preserver, and animator of the universe, the sole ruler of all creatures, human and divine, and so on. Such hymns, considered separately, seem clearly to imply monotheism; but all that they really imply is a ritualistic henotheism. As each god comes upon the stage in the procession of rites, he is impartially granted this increasingly extravagant praise, until everything that could be said of all the gods collectively is said of each of them in turn, individually. We see that Vedic henotheism is rooted in the hieratic ritual, without which so strange a religious attitude could hardly have developed.

Indeed, it was not long before some advanced thinkers saw that such things as the creation of the world and the rulership over it could really be predicated only of one Personality. The question then arose, how to name and define that One? We might have expected that some one of the old gods would be erected into a truly monotheistic deity. But, perhaps because none of them seemed sufficiently superior to his fellows, perhaps for some other reason, this was not done. Instead, in a few late hymns of the Rig Veda we find various tentative efforts to establish a new deity in this supreme position. Different names are given to him: "the Lord of Creatures" (Prajāpati), "the All-maker" (Vishvakarman), and the like. As these names show, the new concept is rather abstract, and no longer ritualistic. Yet it is still personal. It is a *God* who creates, supports, and rules the world; a kind of Yahweh or Allah; not an impersonal First Cause. It is an attempt at monotheism, not yet monism.

These starts toward monotheism remained abortive, in the sense that they did not, at least directly, result in the establishment of a monotheistic religion comparable to that of the Hebrew people. Many centuries were to pass before such religions gained any strong foothold in India; and the connection between them and these early suggestions is very remote and tenuous. The later religions owe their strength largely to other elements of more popular origin. Yet sporadic and more or less tentative suggestions of the sort continued to be made.

More striking, and more significant for the later development of Hindu philosophy, is a movement towards *monism* which appears, along with the monotheistic movement, even in the Rig Veda itself, though only tentatively and very rarely. One or two Rig-Vedic hymns attempt to formulate the One in strictly impersonal, non-

theistic terms. Among these I must mention the one hundred and twenty-ninth hymn of the tenth book of the Rig Veda, which to my mind is a very remarkable production, considering its time and place. This "hymn" (for so we can hardly help calling it, since it is found in the "hymn-book" of the Rig Veda) also seeks to explain the universe as evolving out of One; but its One is no longer a god. It knows no Yahweh or Allah, any more than the ritualistic Indra or Varuna. It definitely brushes aside all gods, not indeed denying their existence, but declaring that they are all of late and secondary origin; they know nothing of the beginnings of things. The First Principle of this hymn is "That One" (*tad ekam*). It is of neuter gender, as it were lest some theologian should get hold of it and insist on falling down and worshiping it. It is not only impersonal and non-theistic, but absolutely uncharacterizable and indescribable, without qualities or attributes, even negative ones. It was "neither existent nor non-existent." To seek to know it is hopeless; in the last two verses of the hymn (there are only seven in all) the author relapses into a philosophic scepticism which remains characteristic of Hindu higher thought in certain moods. While the later Upanishads often try to describe the One all-inclusively, by saying that it is *everything*, that it contains all possible and conceivable characteristics; still in their deepest moments they too prefer the negative statement *neti, neti*[4]—"it is not (this), it is not (that)." To apply to it any description is to limit and bound that which is limitless and boundless. It cannot be conceived; it cannot be known.

But the ancient Hindu thinkers could never resign themselves to this scepticism. Even if cold reason showed them at times that they could not, in the nature of things, know the Unknowable, still their restless speculation kept returning to the struggle again and again, from ever varied points of attack. In the Rig Veda itself, in one of its latest hymns (10.90), appears the first trace of a strain of monistic thought which is of the greatest importance for later Hindu philosophy: the universe is conceived as parallel in nature to the human personality. The First Principle in this hymn is called Purusha, that is, "Man" or "Person." From the several parts of this cosmic Person are derived, by a still rather crude process of evolution, all existing things. The significance of this lies in its anticipation of the Upanishadic idea of the identity of the human soul (later called *ātman,* literally "self," as a rule) with the universal principle.

[4] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad 3.9.26, and in other places.

Other, later Vedic texts, especially the Atharva Veda, also contain speculative materials. They are extremely varied in character; they testify to the restlessness and tentativeness which we have seen as a characteristic of all early Hindu thought. At times they seem monotheistic in tendency. The "Lord of Creatures," Prajāpati, of the Rig Veda, appears again and again, as a kind of demiurge; and other names are invented for the same or a similar figure, such as the "Establisher," Dhātar, or the "Arranger," Vidhātar, or "He that is in the Highest," Parameshthin. But never does such a figure attain anything like the definite dignity which we associate with a genuine monotheistic deity. And more often the thought centers around less personal, more abstract entities, either physical or metaphysical, or more or less both at once. The sun, especially under the mystic name of Rohita, "the Ruddy One," enjoys a momentary glory in several Atharva-Vedic charms, which invest him with the functions of a cosmic principle. Or the world is developed out of water; we are reminded of Thales, the first of the Greek philosophers. The wind, conceived as the most subtle of physical elements and as the "life-breath" (*prāna*) of the universe, plays at times a like role, and by being compared with man's life-breath it contributes to the development of the cosmic "Person" (Purusha) of the Rig Veda into the later Atman or Soul (of man) as the Supreme One. The word *ātman* itself seems actually to be used in this way in one or two late verses of the Atharva Veda.[5] The power of Time (*kāla*), or of Desire (*kāma*)—a sort of cosmic Will, reminding us of Schopenhauer—is elsewhere conceived as the force behind the evolution of the universe. Or, still more abstractly, the world-all is derived from a hardly defined "Support," that is, a "Fundamental Principle" (*skambha*), on which everything rests. These and other shadowy figures flit across the stage of later Vedic speculation. Individually, few of them have enough definiteness or importance to merit much attention. But in the mass they are of the greatest value for one who would follow the development of Hindu thought as a whole.

Especially important is the eminently *practical* spirit which animates all this speculation. As we saw in the first chapter, metaphysical truth *per se* and for its own sake is not its object. Earnest and often profound though these thinkers are, they never lose sight for long of their practical aim, which is to control, by virtue of their superior knowledge, the cosmic forces which they study. That, I think, is why so many of their speculations are imbedded in the

[5] 10.8.43, 44.

Atharva Veda, a book of magic spells, which to our minds would seem the most inappropriate place possible.

It might seem to follow from this that the speculative activity of this period belonged to the popular sphere represented by the religion of the Atharva Veda, more than to the ritualistic cult that was the heir of the Rig Veda. But I think there is evidence to the contrary. However appropriate to the spirit of the popular religion it seemed in some respects, this activity was carried on mainly by the priests of the hieratic ritual. And this fact, which for various reasons seems to me indubitable, finds a striking concrete expression in a philosophic concept produced in this period which deserves special consideration.

Among all the varied formulations of the First and Supreme Principle, none recurs more constantly throughout the later Vedic texts than the *brahman*. The oldest meaning of this word seems to be "sacred utterance," or concretely "hymn" or "incantation." It is applied both to the ritual hymns of the Rig Veda and to the magic charms of the Atharva Veda. Any holy, mystic utterance is *brahman*. This is the regular, if not the exclusive, meaning which the word has in the Rig Veda. But from the point of view of those times, this definition implies far more than it would suggest to our minds. The spoken word had a mysterious, supernatural power; it contained within itself the essence of the thing expressed. To "know the *name*" of anything was to control a thing. The *word* means wisdom, knowledge; and knowledge, as we have seen, was (magic) power. So *brahman*, the "holy word," soon came to mean the mystic power inherent in the holy word.

But to the later Vedic ritualists, this holy word was the direct expression and embodiment of the ritual religion, and as such a cosmic power of the first magnitude. The ritual religion, and hence its verbal expression, the *brahman*, was omnipotent. All human desires and aspirations were accessible to him who mastered it. All other cosmic forces, even the greatest of natural and supernatural powers, were dependent upon it. The gods themselves, originally the beneficiaries of the cult, became its helpless mechanical agents, or were left out of account altogether as useless middlemen. The cult was the direct controlling force of the universe. And the *brahman* was the spirit, the expression, of the cult; nay, it *was* the cult, mystically speaking, because the word and the thing were one; he who knew the word, knew and controlled the thing. Therefore, he who knew the *brahman* knew and controlled the whole universe.

It is no wonder, then, that in the later Vedic texts (not yet in the Rig Veda) we find the *brahman* frequently mentioned as the primal principle[6] and as the ruling and guiding spirit of the universe. It is a thoroughly ritualistic concept, inconceivable except as an outgrowth of the theories of the ritualistic cult, but very simple and as it were self-evident from the point of view of the ritualists. The overwhelming prominence and importance of the *brahman* in later Vedic speculation seems, therefore, a striking proof of the fact that this speculation was at least in large part a product of ritualistic, priestly circles. If it shows a magic tinge suggestive of the popular rites and incantations, this simply means that the priests were also men, children of their times, and imbued with the ideas which prevailed among their people.

Not content with attempts to identify the One, the Vedic thinkers also try to define His, or Its, relation to the empiric world. Here again their suggestions are many and varied. Often the One is a sort of demiurge, a Creator, Father, First Cause. Such theistic expressions may be used of impersonal, monistic names for the One as well as of more personal, quasi-monotheistic ones. The One is compared to a carpenter or a smith; he joins or smelts the world into being. Or his act is like an act of generation; he begets all beings. Still more interestingly, his creative activity is compared to a sacrifice, a ritual performance, or to prayer, or religious fervor (*dhī, tapas*). This obviously ritualistic imagery appears even in the Rig Veda itself, in several of its philosophic hymns. In the Purusha hymn, already referred to, the universe is derived from the sacrifice of the cosmic Person, the Purusha; the figure is of the dismemberment of a sacrificial animal; from each of the members of the cosmic Purusha evolved a part of the existing world. The performers of this cosmogonic sacrifice are "the gods,"—inconsistently, of course, for the gods have already been declared to be secondary to the Purusha, who transcends all existing things. In later Vedic times we repeatedly meet with expressions suggesting such ritualistic lines of thought. They confirm our feeling that we are moving in hieratic circles.

We see from what has just been said of the Purusha hymn that the One—here the Purusha, the cosmic "Person" or "Man"—may be thought of as the material source (*causa materialis*) as well as the creator (*causa efficiens*) of the world. All evolves out of it, or

[6] "There is nothing more ancient or higher than this *brahman*," Shatapatha Brāhmana, 10.3.5.11.

is a part of it; but frequently, as in the Purusha hymn, it is more than all empiric existence; it transcends all things, which form, or derive from, but a part of it. Again, it is often spoken of as the ruler, controller, or lord of all. Or, it is the foundation, fundament, upon which all is based, which supports all. Still more significant are passages which speak of the One as subtly pervading all, as air or ether or space (*ākāsha*) pervades the physical universe, and animating all, as the breath of life (*prāna*) is thought of as both pervading and animating the human body.

Such ideas as the last mentioned lead to a deepening and spiritualizing of the concept of a parallelism between man, the microcosm, and the universe, the macrocosm, which as we have seen dates from late Rig-Vedic times. In the Purusha hymn of the Rig Veda we find a crude evolution of various parts of the physical universe from the parts of the physical body of the cosmic "Man." But in the later Vedic texts the feeling grows that man's nature is not accounted for by dissecting his physical body—and, correspondingly, that there must be something more in the universe than the sum total of its physical elements. What is that "something more" in man? Is it the "life-breath" or "life-breaths" (*prāna*), which seem to be in and through various parts of the human body and to be the principle of man's life (since they leave the body at death)? So many Vedic thinkers believed. What, then, is the corresponding "life-breath" of the universe? Obviously the wind, say some. Others think of it as the *ākāsha*, "ether," or "space." But even these are too physical, too material. On the human side, too, it begins to be evident that the "life-breath," like its cosmic counterpart the wind, is in reality physical. Surely the essential Man must be something else. What, then? Flittingly, here and there, it is suggested that it may be man's "desire" or "will" (*kāma*), or his "mind" (*manas*), or something else of a more or less psychological nature. But already in the Atharva Veda, and with increasing frequency later, we find as an expression for the real, essential part of Man the word *ātman* used. *Atman* means simply "self"; it is used familiarly as a reflective pronoun, like the German *sich*. One could hardly get a more abstract term for that which is left when everything unessential is deducted from man, and which is at the same time the principle of his life, the living soul that pervades his being. And, carrying on the parallelism, we presently find mention of the *ātman*, self or soul, of the universe. The texts do not content themselves with that; they continue to speculate as to what that "soul" of the universe is. But

these speculations tend to become more and more free from purely physical elements. Increasing partiality is shown for such metaphysical expressions as "the existent," or "that which is" (*sat*),[7] or again "the non-existent" (*asat*); in the Rig-Vedic hymn 10.129 we were told that in the beginning there was "neither existent nor non-existent," but later we find both "the existent" and "the non-existent" used as expressions for the first principle. But perhaps the favorite formula in later Vedic times for the soul of the universe is the originally ritualistic one of the *brahman.*

This parallelism between the "self" of man and the "self" of the universe is still only a parallelism, not yet an identity. But we are now on the eve of the last and the boldest step, which it remained for the thinkers of the early Upanishads to take: that of declaring that the soul of man *is* the soul of the universe.

[7] Compare the Greek τὸ ὄν or τὸ ὄντως ὄν, "that which (really) is," and, for a less exact parallel, the Kantian *Ding an sich.*

COLERIDGE, OPIUM, AND THEOLOGY

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

THE geographical distribution of religions has been expounded by more than one writer, whilst a physical basis, resulting from health or illness of individuals, has not escaped attention. In the instance of Coleridge, there is an example of the last category, combined with an illustration of the influence of drugs.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge presumably adopted Unitarian or Socinian views when a student at Cambridge. The by-laws of Christ's Hospital, which he entered in 1782, the same year as Charles Lamb, although Lamb's senior by three years, demanded baptized membership of the Church of England as a passport for admission, as did the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, or, in the case of the Universities, subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, which amounted to practically the same condition. We know from a letter which the father of Charles Lloyd wrote to his son, Robert, that Coleridge was educated "for a clergyman, but for conscience sake declined that office." In May, 1793, William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, was tried in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for having given utterance to Liberal views in politics and Unitarian opinions in theology. Coleridge, then an undergraduate, and, in everything but mathematics, the earnest disciple of Frend, made himself dangerously conspicuous at that trial. Gunning, in his *Reminiscences,* relates an incident in connection therewith which does not show Coleridge in a very favorable light. The Senior Proctor had marked a man in the front row of the gallery who was particularly distinguishing himself by applauding. This was Coleridge, who, perceiving that the Proctor had noticed him and was making his way towards the gallery, turned round to the person who was standing behind him and made an offer of changing places, which was gladly accepted by the unsuspecting man. Coleridge immediately withdrew and, mixing with the crowd, escaped suspicion. Although the other

man was enabled to prove his innocence, this conduct on the part of Coleridge was severely censured by the undergraduates, as it was quite clear that, to escape punishment himself, he would have subjected an innocent man to rustication or expulsion. Gunning, however, omits to mention that Coleridge afterwards made confession to the Proctor and was forgiven.

Coleridge left Cambridge in 1794, without proceeding to a degree and, in the following year, he delivered a course of theological lectures at Bristol on "Revealed Religion, its Corruptions and its Political Views," which proved very successful. Whether, and how far, he was influenced by Priestley's *Discourses on Revealed Religion*, published in 1794, cannot be ascertained, but the following is the prospectus of Coleridge's course:

> These Lectures are intended for two classes of men—Christians and Infidels: for the former that they may be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them; for the latter that they may not determine against Christianity, or arguments applicable to its corruptions only.
>
> The subjects of the first lecture are: The Origin of Evil. The Necessity of Revelation deduced from the Nature of Man. An Examination and Defence of the Mosaic Dispensation.
>
> Second: The Sects of Philosophy and the Popular Superstitions of the Gentile World, from the earliest times to the birth of Christ.
>
> Third: Concerning the time of the appearance of Christ. Internal Evidences of Christianity. External Evidences of Christianity.
>
> Fourth: The External Evidences of Christianity continued. Answers to Popular and Philosophical Objections.
>
> Fifth: The Corruptions of Christianity not dangerous. Political application.
>
> Sixth: The grand political views of Christianity—far beyond every Religion and even Sects of Philosophy. The friend of Civil Freedom. The probable state of Societies and Government if all men were Christians.
>
> Tickets to be had at Mr. Cottle, Bookseller.

It was certainly a very bold syllabus and, apart from the cursory treatment necessitated by the limited duration of public lectures, it seems hardly possible for justice to have been done to such important questions by a student fresh from the University and of only twenty-two years of age. Emboldened by the success which attended this effort, Coleridge gave a course of lectures on political subjects in Bristol later on in the same year.

About this time, Coleridge seems to have made the acquaintance of Dr. J. Prior Estlin, a renowned Unitarian minister at Bristol, who is believed to have exercised considerable influence over Coleridge. A correspondence between the twain began in January, 1796, and continued until April, 1814, when an estrangement took place. This severance of friendship could not have been the outcome of any change in Coleridge's theological views, which, as will be seen, had taken place some years previously, but, in all probability, was, as Henry A. Bright (who collated and published the letters through the Philo-Biblon Society), suggests, "owing less to divergence in their opinions than to the fact that Coleridge's growing habit of opium taking, joined to an absolute recklessness in incurring debts and in failing to fulfil his obligations had, at this time, entirely alienated Doctor Estlin's sympathy and respect."

From the platform Coleridge went to the pulpit, and, although afterwards more successful, his first attempts at preaching do not appear to have been very brilliant. Cottle heard his first and second sermons and has left on record a very vivid description of them in his *Reminiscences*. Coleridge had no chance of a pulpit in Bristol, in consequence of his very pronounced political utterances at the lectures he had delivered, but an invitation was sent to him to preach a trial sermon at Bath, where a vacancy was about to occur. Coleridge, however, caused annoyance at the outset by refusing to don the customary pulpit gown and he appeared before the congregation wearing a blue coat and a white waistcoat. There were only a very few people in the congregation and the number diminished considerably before the discourse, which was on the iniquity of the Corn Laws, was brought to a conclusion. It was practically the same lecture he had delivered not long before at Bristol, and which had caused much debate and contention. He preached again in the afternoon, selecting again a political subject—the Hair Powder Tax, and this also was a repetition of a Bristol lecture. There were seventeen people in the chapel when he began, but only two or three had the patience to remain throughout the discourse. When he had lectured on this subject only a few days previously he kept the audience in good feeling by the happy combination of wit, humor, and argument. Cottle came to the conclusion that Coleridge had mistaken his calling and he says that his personal regard for him was too genuine to entertain the wish of ever again seeing him in the pulpit. Coleridge, however, seems quickly to have become an acceptable preacher and Hazlitt gives an interesting account of his extraordi-

nary powers of extempore speech in the pulpit and, shortly after the incident just recorded, Coleridge wrote to Dr. Prior Estlin:

> I preached yesterday morning from Hebrews iv. 1 and 2. 'Twas my *chef d'oeuvre*. I think of writing it down and publishing it with two other sermons, one on the character of Christ, and another on his universal reign, from Isaiah xlv. 22, 3. I should like you to hear me preach them. I lament that my political notoriety prevents me relieving you occasionally at Bristol.

Apparently the Unitarian views of Coleridge were not deep-rooted, for Cottle says that, in February, 1798, he "held, though loosely, the doctrines of Socinus." But when, about this time, Mr. Rowe, the Unitarian minister of Shrewsbury, settled in Bristol, Coleridge was strongly recommended to offer himself for the vacant pastorate. He had preached at Nottingham, Taunton, and elsewhere, and had met with a very favorable reception. He accordingly decided to become a candidate for the Shrewsbury vacancy and went there on probation. There he met William Hazlitt, with whose parents he lodged during his stay in the Salopian capital. Shortly before this, however, Thomas Poole had introduced Coleridge to the Wedgwoods and the two brothers, Thomas and Josiah, had formed a high opinion of his talents and assumed an interest in his welfare. They came to the conclusion that if Coleridge accepted the Shrewsbury appointment, which was offered definitely to him, and which his Bristol and Shrewsbury friends were urging him to accept, his services to literature would be lost. They, therefore, offered him instead an allowance of £100 a year. After a short consideration, Coleridge declined the brothers' offer, but when they increased that offer to £150 he immediately accepted it, giving his reasons in detail in a letter to Dr. Prior Estlin. He seems, however, almost immediately to have regretted his decision or to have retained a hankering after the pulpit, for on 18th February, 1798, he wrote, in a postscript to Cottle:

> This week I purpose offering myself to the Bridgewater Socinian congregation as assistant minister without any salary, directly or indirectly; but of this say not a word to anyone, unless you see Mr. Estlin.

In the same month, a letter was written by Theophilus Lindsey to a friend at Shrewsbury, in which occurs the passage:

> You cannot well conceive how much you have raised my opinion of Mr. Coleridge by your account of him. Such shining lights, so virtuous and disinterested, will contribute to redeem the age we live in from being so destitute of apostolic zeal.

Coleridge was always of a restless disposition, but the year 1803 marks the beginning of a distinct deterioration in his character. It was in that year he became addicted to the use of a quack medicine known as the "Kendal Black Drop," into the constitution of which opium or laudanum seems to have entered. The use of the concoction seems to have produced a temporary relief from suffering, but it was, in reality, the beginning of a slavery. E. H. Coleridge thinks he must have resorted occasionally to opiates, before 1796 even, at the latter end of which year he wrote to Poole that he was taking twenty-five drops of laudanum every five hours. In an unpublished letter to his brother George, dated 21st November, 1791, he says: "Opium never used to have any disagreeable effects on me," but by the spring of 1801 he had become more or less a regular drug-taker. In 1802 he justified or found excuses for the habit in a letter to his wife and, according to this letter, he indulged in the habit with the knowledge and approval of T. Wedgwood. For a time, however, he substituted ether for opium and laudanum, though he regarded opium as less pernicious than beer, wine, spirits, or any fermented liquor. At a much later date, he, in his own words, recalled "with a bitter smile, a laugh of gall and bitterness, this period of unsuspecting delusion." Nor was he able to escape from the maelstrom until a time when, he said, "the current was already beyond my strength to stem." It was only with the assistance of others that some measure of liberation from the servitude was gained and the effect upon his mental and moral powers was as inimical as upon the physical. His conduct previously had been somewhat erratic, but not inconsistent with genius, and, whatever changes or development might be observable, could be traced to his reading and the application, after consideration, more or less mature. As, however, his passion for drugs developed into an obsession, the more violent became the changes in his opinions and expressions until they culminated in the most extravagant Evangelicalism, and that of an unfavorable type, because it is invariably, as it was in the case of Coleridge, accompanied by intolerance. He seems also to have become destitute, save for occasional lucid intervals, of the qualities of affection and courtesy, often towards his friends, all of whom, with the exception, perhaps, of his brother-in-law, Southey, were willing and anxious to remain in that category. The story of his decline and fall has been told in detail in the many biographies that have been written. It was related at a later period in deep shame and penitence by Coleridge himself.

The turn of the tide is first observed, so far as published documents are concerned, in December, 1802, in a letter written to Dr. Prior Estlin, where he describes the Quakers and the Unitarians as the only Christians, altogether pure from idolatry, although he goes on to doubt whether the Unitarians are entirely free from guilt in that respect, since "even the worship of the one God becomes idolatry, in my convictions, when, instead of the Eternal and Omnipresent, in whom we live and move and have our being, we set up a distinct Jehovah, tricked out in anthropomorphic attributes of time." But, although he approved entirely and accepted the *religion* of the Quakers, he denounced the *sect* and their own notions of their own religion.

His slavery to opium and laudanum became more and more a reality and, in 1807, he conveyed, in a personal interview, the impression that he had given up all hope of ever liberating himself from the bondage. He condemned the publication by De Quincey of his *Confessions of an Opium Eater,* urging that he had never aggravated the act of indulgence by publication of the fact.

It was in the same year that Coleridge told Cottle that "he had renounced all his Unitarian sentiments, that he considered Unitarianism as a heresy of the worst description, attempting in vain to reconcile sin and holiness, the world and heaven, opposing the whole spirit of the Bible, and subversive of all that truly constituted Christianity." At that interview, says Cottle, he professed his deepest conviction of the truth of Revelation, of the Fall of Man, of the Divinity (presumably he meant Deity) of Christ, and of redemption alone through his blood. Cottle, who was himself a pronounced Evangelical, said that to hear those sentiments so explicitly avowed gave him unspeakable pleasure and formed a new, unexpected, and stronger bond of union. At that time, however, Cottle did not know of Coleridge's addiction to opium. He did not learn the fact until seven years later, which is somewhat strange, seeing that it was known to all the other friends of Coleridge, and Cottle was intimate with him from 1795 to 1796, and again in 1807, as stated above. In a letter to Cottle, also in 1807, Coleridge wrote that Socinianism, which was misnamed Unitarianism, was not only not Christianity, since it did not *religiate*, or bind anew, and he rejoiced to have escaped from its sophistries.

Coleridge's change of opinions does not seem to have improved his manners, according to an incident which is better given in Cottle's own words:

> At this time I was invited to meet Mr. Coleridge with a zealous Unitarian minister. It was natural to conclude that such uncongenial, and, at the same time, such inflammable materials would soon ignite. The subject of Unitarianism having been introduced soon after dinner, the minister avowed his sentiments, in language that was construed into a challenge, when Mr. Coleridge advanced to the charge by saying, "Sir, you give up so much that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." We looked in vain for a reply. After a manifest internal conflict, the Unitarian minister prudently allowed the gauntlet to remain undisturbed. Wine, he thought more pleasant than controversy.

Such conduct on the part of Coleridge would be considered by many as a breach of good manners. Later, he behaved in a similar way to Emerson. When the great American essayist visited him in 1833, Coleridge at once burst into a declaration on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism and its high unreasonableness, nor was he the least perturbed when Emerson felt bound to tell him that he was born and bred a Unitarian, a fact that was, of course, known to Coleridge. De Quincey tells us that Coleridge said it had cost him a painful effort, but not a moment's hesitation, to abjure his Unitarianism, from the circumstance that he had among the Unitarians many friends, to some of whom he was greatly indebted for great kindness. In particular, he mentioned Dr. Prior Estlin of Bristol. The cleavage in his relationships with Doctor Estlin did not take place until seven years after Coleridge had publicly abjured Unitarianism.

It must be related, to the credit of Coleridge, that he made many attempts, though with varying and always temporary success, to escape from the thraldom of drug-taking. On 3rd December, 1808, he wrote to Doctor Estlin detailing the attempts he had made to break off the habit and stating that he had reduced the dose to one-sixth part of what formerly he took. Then he continued:

> I have no immediate motive to detail to you the tenets in which we differ. Indeed, the difference is not so great as you have been led to suppose and is rather philosophical than theological. I believe the Father of all to be the only object of adoration or prayer. The Calvinistic tenet of a *vicarious* satisfaction I reject not without some horror and though I believe that the redemption by Christ implies more than what the Unitarians understand by the phrase, yet I use it rather as a X, Y, Z, an unknown quantity, than as words to which I pretend to annex clear notions. I believe that in the salvation of man a spiritual process *sui generis* is required, a spiritual aid and agency, the

> nature of which I am wholly ignorant of, as a *cause*, and only perfectly apprehend it from its necessity and its facts.

This letter read in conjunction with his communication to Cottle and his intercourse with the unnamed Unitarian minister causes one to wonder whether, after all, the assertion of some of his biographers that Coleridge was "all things to all men," was not correct.

In 1810, Coleridge again succumbed to the domination of opium. He joined his wife and children at Keswick, remaining there for about five months, with a resultant restoration, said his wife, of good health, spirits, and humor. Relapse followed relapse, however, until 1813, by which time he had fallen into a deplorable mental, physical, and financial condition, which lasted until 1816, when he placed himself voluntarily under the care of Doctor Gillman at Highgate.

The break with Doctor Estlin came in 1813 and was directly the outcome of a lecture Coleridge delivered at Bristol at a time when his health was utterly broken and his nerves shattered. A numerous audience attended the lecture, in the course of which, Coleridge, in a reference to *Paradise Regained*, said that Milton had clearly represented Satan as a "sceptical Socinian." The offence was aggravated in a letter to Cottle when he said that Satan's faith somewhat exceeded that of the Socinians.

Remorse and despondency followed, as happen invariably after severe indulgence in opium, and, in December, 1813, Coleridge wrote to Joseph Wade of Bristol, asking him to request the prayers of Mr. Roberts, a Nonconformist minister of the same city, " for my infirm and wicked heart; that Christ may mediate to the Father to lead me to Christ, and give me a *living* instead of a *reasoning* faith." His last letter, written in an apologetic strain, to Doctor Estlin, is dated 9th April, 1814. Whether answered or not is unknown, but there does not appear to have been any resumption of friendship or communication, and three years later Doctor Estlin passed away. In the same year (1814, 26th June), Coleridge wrote to Joseph Wade:

> In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! *and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt for my repeated promises—breach, nay, too often actual falsehood.

Coleridge maintained his bitter invective against Unitarianism to the end. Writing in March, 1832, two years before the final scene in his life, to Miss Lawrence, he described God, as imagined by the

Unitarians, to be a sort of law-giving God of gravitation, to whom prayer would be as idle as to the law of gravity. Yet in a letter to Doctor Estlin on 7th December, 1802, he rejoiced in the numerous congregations of Deists, whom he had heard, existed in America, for, he said, "surely religious Deism is infinitely nearer the religion of our Savior than the gross idolatory of Popery, or the more decorous, but not less genuine idolatry of a vast number of Protestants."

There is much to be said in extenuation of Coleridge's addiction to opium, from which he was never wholly emancipated. Neither idleness nor sensual indulgence, but disease, drove him to the habit. The post-mortem examination of his remains revealed the fact that he suffered from a complaint which, as was afterwards demonstrated in an article in the *Lancet,* explained both his indolence and opium habit, and his enfeeblement of will may be attributed to this physical defect.

CRIMINALITY AMONG THE JEWISH YOUTH

BY HAROLD BERMAN

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago, certain, if not most all, sections of the city of New York, were infested by gangs. The lower East Side, at about the time when the Russo-Polish immigrants came to settle in it in considerable numbers, as well as some other sections of the city—mostly of the water-front outposts or their vicinage—bristled with gangs of roughs, aggregations of youths of varying degrees of criminality and evil behavior, their misdeeds varying from the mere petty acts of hoodlumism and rowdiness, the disturbance of the peace—especially around the time of political campaigns and election days—to acts of robbery and occasional, if more or less rare, murder. Each section of the big city at the time spoken of boasted its own gangs; gangs that were characteristically its own, each one boasting a more-or-less locally or city-wide renowned leader, known for some distinctive characteristic or for certain acts of violence committed by him at some time or other in his career, either previous or subsequent to his assumption of the crown of leadership.

These gangs were exclusively Irish in their composition, both as to leadership as well as to their rank and file. To any one who is at all conversant with the city of New York, as it was constituted in those not so distant days, or to the one who will take the trouble of looking up the records of the police and the higher courts of the period with their rosters of arraignments and convictions, or who will glance through the files of New York City's newspapers of the same period, this contention will become a self-evident fact.

The very thought of looking for Jewish names in the ranks of the professional rowdy and the criminal of that day was as ludicrous as the thought of Antediluvian monsters stalking the sidewalks of Twentieth Century Broadway. For one thing, the Jew, whether of

the older or the younger generation, was but a recent arrival to these shores. He had just come, in his greatest numbers that is, from the teeming Ghettoes of the great Empire of the Czars, and was thoroughly docile and tractable, law-abiding and glad enough to be left alone. He still carried deeply craven in his inner being, and seared into his very soul, the memories of the persecutions that he and his had been subject to in his old home and hence was glad enough to be left alone. Indeed, he greatly feared these gangs and gangsters whether they operated individually or collectively, and the terror that their proximity struck into his heart was not the least one of the trials that he was called upon to endure during the early days of his sojourn in a strange land, adding not a little to the terrors of his already sorely tried existence.

Of late days, however, we are witnessing a phenomenon that is not only new and surprising as far as it appertains to the Jew's comparatively recent sojourn in this land, but marks a new departure in the race's entire millenial history. The reference here is to the outbreak of gangsterism in New York's Ghetto, as has been so sadly and repeatedly exemplified within very recent years. This is indeed a phenomenon that is not to be accounted for on the ordinary and hackneyed grounds upon which we usually base our theories and draw our deductions as to youthful delinquency and moral lapses.

A deeper probing into the soul of the people affected by this new evil, a painstaking study into its innate psychology, as well as the tragedy, or rather, the series of tragedies, through which it passed within recent years; the flames that have seared its flesh and tested its stamina—all these are the indispensable pre-requisites of him who would sit in judgment upon a people at a most critical period in its history.

For, to understand the full and tragic significance of this new evil—and that it is new no one can gainsay—it is but necessary to recall the fact that but a brief while ago, as history is reckoned, the premeditated murder of a human being was an act utterly inconceivable to the Jewish mind. The Ghettoes of the world, real and metaphorical, were singularly free from deeds of violence. As a matter of course, we are treating here of deeds of violence that have their origin and are prompted by individual and subjective motives, and not of those that are the product of organized, commercialized and impersonal traffic such as we behold so recurrently and shockingly in our city of New York at the present day with its organized murder-gangs that murder for hire or a fee stipulated in advance. This

latter species of misdeed was even beyond the comprehension of the Jewish youth at any time in the nation's history. Crimes like these were entirely foreign to the Jewish structure of mind, to the Jew's innate moral sentiments, to his psychology, his inbred habits, his outlooks and racial characteristics.

It shall also be remarked that, while we note a pronounced deleterious change in a certain, small fraction of the Jewish people—the criminal fraction—a change is at the same time also noticeable in the greater bulk of the people. This change consists of the fact that the acts of the criminal are no longer received with that wide-eyed and staggering feeling of surprise and astonishment of the earlier days, but rather with a certain amount of complacent matter-of-factness and fatalism, though not with any less of reprobation. In brief, it is accepted now as but one of the many—albeit the most deplorable—routine details of our common life and its environment; as something inherent, and quite inseparable from it, and as one of the concommitant adjuncts of life in this Land of the Free!

Now, as it is apparent that here must have been some dynamic and elemental force, operating relentlessly and thoroughly within the life of the people, strong enough to bring about this utter and sudden change in the psychology of a people numbering several millions of souls; this complete right-about-face in a people's habits, modes of thought and practice to which it clung so tenaciously for thousands of years; to uproot and almost completely destroy all of this within the brief space of a few years. Indeed, to the student of folk psychology and the social sciences this sad fact would provide a problem of the first magnitude, a puzzle hard indeed to solve.

Superficially, it would seem but an easy matter to invoke the theory of Heredity and, by the mumbling of a few threadbare phrases so dear to the heart of the Empiricist and the Generalizer, discover the underlying cause of this sad phenomenon. Working thus along hackneyed lines and with time-worn tools, it becomes an entirely simple matter. These outcasts, one would say, were simply the inheritors of a baleful tradition. They came of a tainted stock. Their fathers, and their fathers before them, had been afflicted with a criminal Psychosis; and these men have simply inherited the criminal tendencies of their degenerate, criminally-inclined fathers.

This would indeed offer a thoroughly efficacious solution of the phenomenon and dispose of it in easy style were it not for the countering facts in the case. For, as already stated, acts of violence of any kind, and murder in particular, where phenomena practically

unknown among Jews all through their long history—especially so since their dispersion among the nations nearly 2,000 years ago—hence, there could not possibly be any talk of heredity in these instances. Besides, it has been found that almost in all cases, and with very few exceptions, these professional criminals came out of good homes wherein the prevailing atmostphere was anything but criminal. The home in which the most of them spent their childhood and youth—in other words, the most impressionable and character-forming periods of their life—was one that was permeated by a spirit of old-fashioned and simple piety and honesty of living. It was a virtuous, if not always an intellectual atmosphere, and such as usually is found to be conducive to an honest and upright living. And there is no one more shocked and even puzzled by the tragic, and to them inexplicable, denouement in the life of their offspring than these very fathers and mothers who themselves are of undisputed as well as untarnished respectability!

We must search the generalities of the Jewish life in the big cities of America in order to find the genesis of this particular, and unique, phenomenon in the Jew's experience. We must probe the depths of our social, economic and religious life before we can uncover the source of this evil. And this is what one will find as the result of his labors.

Jewish life in America differs radically, if not organically, from the Jewish life the world-over. For, whereas Jewish life in all European and Asiatic lands is indigenous and native, in America it is extraneous and overwhelmingly exotic. While in the old world it is homogenous, bears a certain and well-defined physiognomy, has had time, for centuries past, to strike roots into the soil, has had time to organize itself, to create certain norms and standards, Jewish life in America is yet a thing amorphous, quite formless and entirely chaotic. It is yet in a state of flux and adaptability. It is a plant that had been violently torn up by the roots from the soil of its nativity and transplanted hurriedly to a new soil and climate; and, as is usual in all such cases where the plant and soil have not yet become entirely and inextricably identified with one another, it suffers overmuch from the caprices of the unkind elements.

We see in this instance the tragic exemplification of the age-long and recurrent battle between civilizations; the eternal spectacle of weaker and stronger cultures—strength sometimes denoting mere numbers—come to grips. These have occurred quite often in human history, and, mostly, with tragic results for the weaker race. An

individual being, or even a small group, may come face to face with a strange civilization and, by the innate power of adaption inherent in all of us, not only be no loser by the encounter but actually become the gainer in many ways through the ready adoption of the practices that are the product of other people's wisdom and experience. But it is different with entire nations or considerable bodies of people, and especially so in those instances where the contact, or penetration, has not been voluntary, nor a deliberate or gradual one.

The overthrow and submergence of the highly-civilized Greek State by the mere might of Roman Arms; the overthrow of the Saxon culture by the Normans, the intellectually rich Moorish Kingdom by the Spaniards—and the consequent degeneracy of the Moorish race—the demoralization of the American Indians following upon the abrupt and violent infiltration of the Whites are but a few, though poignant, examples of the workings of this law. Everywhere, the weaker has to yield to the strong not only physically but also culturally, and ere the day of final amalgamation arrives, the day when a synthesis of what is good in the teachings and practices of both peoples is made, there is bound to be a period of demoralization, as well as deterioration, among the members of the weaker race, and the weakest ones morally will suffer the most.

If one will go back a scant fifty years or so, he will find that the number of Jewish residents of the United States was entirely insignificant as compared to the total number of people living in the land. There were then a few thousand of the descendants of the Portuguese Jews, who arrived here in the days of Peter Stuyvesant and his Dutch and English Colonial successors, as well as the small number of the later-arriving German Jews. Their number was small as compared to the aggregate total of the population of the land. And they had had ample time and leisure, during the many years of their residence in the land to organize themselves in the social, economic as well as the religious sense. Their life, in all its variegated and diversified phases, functioned properly and normally, and they had no problems to cope with other than those faced by any other sect or faction of their fellow-Americans. They were already sufficiently and thoroughly acclimated, and the battles, if any, had been fought out in the long ago by their ancestors. Even these, were fortunate in that they had come into a society that was yet in the making and they were moulded with it, the forces that were acting upon the people at large also exerting their benign or other influence over them.

The real problem, however, developed at a much later day. The disturbances in Russia following the accession to the Throne of Alexander III in 1881, followed, in their turn, by the successive cruel edicts of his reign of fourteen years, brought the first great wave of Jews to these shores. The even more savage repressive policies of his successor, Nicholas II, and more especially the bloody pogroms of Jews that took place simultaneously in one hundred and thirty communities towards the end of 1905, following the grant of the so-called mock constitution, caused hundreds of thousands of Jews to rush pell-mell for safety, to flee to the only land that held out the prospect of physical safety, and the chance to earn an honest livelihood unmolested by any one.

This new settlement has not as yet struck its roots deep enough into the soil. It could not have done so in such a brief while, by all the laws governing human society, though what has been accomplished in the way of adaptation is nothing short of the marvelous. The mass of the people is still, ethically and sometimes also economically, hanging in the air. It is trying desperately to adapt itself to its new milieu. Into this effort of adaptation there obtrudes the inevitable and tragic break in the organism; the sad rift in harmony's lute and the occasional snapping of the strings.

Within the great Pale of Settlement of Russia and Poland of old, the Millenium-old Patriarchal order of life has prevailed to this very day, though in a more or less modified form. The bulk of the people were as yet entirely unaffected by the modern industrial system in vogue in most other European lands, and but very little more by the much-different mode of life of their non-Jewish neighbors. Their religious, social and political outlooks, were regulated by a three-thousand-year-old faith and social philosophy, in the exercise of which their temporal rulers interfered but little.

When these men and women—the fathers and mothers of the present generation, came to America they most naturally tried their utmost to continue their own traditional life; the life to which they have been accustomed since their own early childhood and the one that has been the heritage of their people since days immemorial. Their children, on the other hand, quickly become Americanized in thought, manners and action. This, no one will dispute, is a characteristic of the Jew widely noted and not infrequently marveled at. His adaptability is proverbial and almost magical. In a very few years, these children become overwhelmingly the product of the American public school, the American business world and absorb the

American social and economic usages. They go through the great leveling machine, or the great grinding hopper, to emerge as thoroughly different beings, for better or for worse. And then, the gulf, that had separated the two all along, becomes a chasm and is practically unbridgeable! The difference between parents and children in immigrant Jewish families is thus not that of the normal and entirely expected difference between the two generations observed in every other family—representing, in the main, a healthy process of evolution—but rather predicates a break; a violent wrenching and disruption. Hence, all the many cases of juvenile delinquency among the Jewish youth of the city of New York, the running of the gamut all the way from mere truancy and the infraction of minor laws, to that of assault, robbery and forgery and even sodomy and rape, as one can easily find by perusing the records of the Children's Courts of the city of New York, and doubtless the same holds true of many other big cities.[1]

Practically every immigrant Jewish home during its years of adjustment harbors a tragedy in miniature. When it is not a tragedy in the physical and the more elemental sense, it is yet a tragedy in the moral, or social, sense. The children generally look upon their elders as upon inferior beings. (It is significant that of the Jewish children committed to institutions in the city of New York, by far the greatest number are the native born children of foreign parentage.) As the children grow older, they display a certain amount of tolerance in their attitude towards their parents; an attitude of tolerance towards their supposed weaknesses. It is an attitude that speaks of stooping patronage towards a lower being, but seldom is one of genuine respect and honor. Every word uttered by the young, every one of their actions and deeds speaks loudly of this deep-seated sentiment. Zangwill, when writing of the London Ghetto—which is in many essentials, though on a much smaller scale, the exact double of its more robust New York sister—has correctly limned this type. The erstwhile Levi Jacobs, son of *Reb Shemuel*, becomes metamorphosed over night into Leonard James and boasts that he "has become a regular Englishman" because he has thrown away his Phylacteries and "breakfasts on bacon regularly." This

[1] It is interesting to note here that out of a total arraignment of 9,215 in the Children's Courts of the Greater City in 1922, 2,094 were Jewish, or 22 07 per cent. and of these. 60 were charged with assault, 7 with sodomy and rape, 47 with burglary, 3 with robbery, 35 with grand larceny, 49 with petty larceny 200 with disorderly conduct, while 3 were charged with the carrying or discharging of weapons. The geater number of these culprits were under nine years of age and native born, though of foreign-born parentage.

is the sign manual of the true Englishman to him; and so it is to most of the youth of the Ghetto.

Under such circumstances there cannot be much room for parental authority. At most, there can be mutual tolerance and but a vague sense of obedience on the part of the young towards their elders. And where there is a certain minimum amount of it rendered, it is done but perfunctorily and grudgingly.

Where there is no home life in its deeper and more significant connotation; where a family is practically headless and leaderless, the only result that we can anticipate is anarchy and mobism; a state of affairs that must inevitably lead to most tragic results. The marvel is not that there is so much lawlessness among the young Jews of America, but rather that there is so little of it.

In the final analysis, the gangster evil really belongs to the roster of the latter day Jewish persecutions in the benighted lands abroad and the sudden mass-precipitation of a people into a new Milieu. Its origin is to be found in the mediæval policies of the late rules of Russia and Roumania; policies that resulted in the precipitate uprooting of thousands of families, the disruption of a centuries-old life and its institutions, and the resultant hurtling of great numbers of refugees into a strange environment and among a strange people. Given time to acclimate and grow into the soil, this evil will disappear from their midst. It will be sloughed off even as many other native as well as acquired customs and habits have been sloughed off by them.

THE NATURE OF MAN

BY JOHN EDMOND HEARN

WHAT do we know about the nature of man? Very little, and mainly because man can not know himself. "We are unknown, we knowers, ourselves to ourselves," says Nietzsche, and he compares us to one who, "sunken in the seas of his own soul, in whose ear the clock has just thundered with all its force its twelve strokes of noon, suddenly wakes up, and asks himself, 'What has in point of fact just struck?' So do we at times rub afterward, as it were, our puzzled ears, and ask in complete astonishment and complete embarrassment, 'Through what have we in point of fact just lived?' further, 'Who are we in point of fact?' and count, *after they have struck,* all the twelve throbbing beats of the clock of our experience, of our life, of our being—ah!—and count wrong."

But where direct knowledge is denied us, we may make the best of indirect. No one ever saw a vitamin, but we do not deny the existence of the accessory food substance on that account. And really we know a great deal about them without knowing them. It is possible even, by appropriate manipulation, to secure vitamins in a fair state of purity; how far it is impossible to say, because there is no standard of comparison. Apart from a few of their physiological properties, our knowledge of them is largely negative. We may examine a mass of material and may find that it does not contain certain chemical elements although it contains vitamins. Then we conclude that vitamins do not contain the certain elements. But when we find that the mass does contain a certain element, we can not conclude that vitamins do contain it, for it may be present as an impurity, in the matter surrounding the vitamin but not in the vitamin.

It is not possible to apply chemical manipulation to man. We can not secure him in even a fair state of purity. And when certain things are alleged about man, it may be that they are true not of

man himself, not of pure man, but of impurities which cling to him.

But if it is impossible to develop a technique for purifying the creature, we may at any rate question some of the allegations about him and try to decide whether they apply really to him himself.

"To the eye of vulgar Logic," says Carlyle, "what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears breeches."

Is he omnivorous? The best diet for an animal of any species is that to which he is naturally adapted. His natural diet is that to which he was earliest accustomed, provided he has not passed through any evolutionary changes which make such a diet unsuitable at the present time.

Ovid, in describing the Golden Age of the Greeks, says that men fed on fruit, without meat.

As to man's ancestors, Elliot of Oxford, in his recent work on "Prehistoric Man," declares that "there was not, so far as we are aware, any carnivorous creature in the Eocene period."

Genus homo belongs to the order of Primates, which includes men, monkeys, and lemurs, and his natural or primitive diet is the same as that of his order—fruits, nuts, tender shoots and bulbs, which were found in the primitive home, the forest. It was after leaving the forest, according to United States Forester Graves, that man began to prey upon the animals of the plains.

Is man a biped? No; there is no room for doubt that primitive man walked on all fours, and many anatomists believe that he changed prematurely from the horizontal to the vertical position. Dr. J. K. Thompson says that the upright position causes the gravitation of the blood and waste products in the circulation to the abdomen and the lower limbs, this congestion bringing on disorders of various kinds. Most people, he thinks, would benefit by walking quadruped-fashion part of the time and by exercising in the horizontal position.

We need not discuss the bifurcated garments that most men wear, except to remark that Carlyle's definition rules out some men and most women, and we had thought that he used the term man in the generic sense.

But Carlyle, as you will remember, does not stop with his materialistic definition but gives a metaphysical one also: "To the eye of pure reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition."

This is not very enlightening. It is the identification of something we little know with something we know not at all.

It is a curious fact that men are offended at the correct definition of man. Man is an animal, but he sometimes hates to acknowledge it. "Every member and organ of his body has its counterpart or analog in the bodies of other animals," says W. H. Thompson. "The brain of the chimpanzee, as far as structure goes, presents us with not only every lobe but with every convolution of the human brain."

Korzybski, the author of "The Manhood of Humanity," seems to think that men are not animals. He divides life into three parts: plants, the chemistry-binders; animals, the space-binders; men, the time-binders. No one doubts that men have some qualities that lower animals lack, but to make a separate classification of men because they can fuse, in their minds, the past, present, and future into an eternal present tense seems hardly necessary, especially as it is not known whether an intelligent dog can perform that feat.

Doctor Crile's exceedingly useful description of man as an adaptive mechanism, as a sensitive being immersed in a hostile environment, applies not exclusively to man.

Paul Lafargue has shown that man can not be distinguished from other animals by the ability to entertain abstract ideas. The idea of number is the abstract idea par excellence, and a pigeon, if robbed of the second egg she lays, will lay a third, and a fourth and fifth if the eggs are taken as fast as she lays them. She will sit upon two eggs, not more nor less. She shares with man the abstract idea of number.

Of all the definitions of man, perhaps the Nietzschean characterization of him as the animal that can promise is the best: whence it may be said to follow that the ignoblest member of the species is the man who repudiates or forgets his promises.

The bare possession of the social sense does not distinguish man from the other animals. Even earthworms are social. And there are men who are not much more social than earthworms. On the higher levels, sociability becomes an esthetic affair; but even there the difference is in degree rather than in kind—a quantitative, not a qualitative, difference.

It is generally conceded that the possession of intelligence roughly divides mankind from the beasts, although a two-year-old dog is more intelligent than a two-year-old child. Recent experiments with scopolamin have shown that the intellect may be put to sleep without interfering with the speech center. A subject in this so-called twilight sleep may talk, but, when the drug works to suit the operator, the subject can not tell a lie. The reason for this is that the

intellect is necessary for deception. If man is the only intelligent creature, then he is the only liar. But even insects can play dead to deceive their enemies.

It is a peculiarly human idiosyncrasy that one man while listening to a recital of the woes of another has his attention focused on his own troubles and his friend's woes are seen dimly at the outer range of his vision. This has been observed so often of humans, and never of non-humans, that the probability is that it is a trait at least predominantly human.

Man is narrow-minded, but for all we know not more so than other animals. Among the various ways in which this narrow-mindedness is manifested is in the inability of a man to appreciate the worth of another man's work and interests. I was speaking to a friend about a fundamental problem in philosophy and of William James's contribution toward its solution. After listening quietly for a moment, my friend, smiling engagingly, said: "Which is about as important as the distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee."

Man is a religious animal. It is probable that pigs neither pray nor swear. Swearing is the expression, hardly of religion, but at any rate of religiosity.

Reverence for something greater than himself is a universal property of man. He may blaspheme God, he may despise intellect, but there is always something greater than himself which he reverences. Sometimes this shows in his complaints. He may complain that there is no justice in the world. Thereby he shows his deep reverence for justice. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps there is no justice in the world—in his world, which is made up of a grasping landlord, a penny-saving employer, and himself.

Schopenhauer admonished his students, when they met with any disagreeable trait in human nature, merely to make a note of it. It may not be true that all knowledge is useful: one's attitude toward knowledge is the important thing. The student of insects finds interest in every insect trait. The student of man should find interest in every human trait.

These traits, pleasant and unpleasant, may be divided into those of instinct and those of intelligence. But instinct is a sort of intelligence, and perhaps the differentiation should be between the traits which are under the control of the subconscious mind and those controlled by the conscious mind.

An act which has been repeated so often as to become a matter of unconscious habit may at first have been harmless to any one

and yet later it may become offensive. A man who smokes in the presence of those who dislike tobacco smoke (if such people still exist) may not realize that he is doing anything reprehensible; but he should get into communication with his conscious mind.

The observer of the traits of men will soon see that many men live a sort of automatic life, made up mostly of habit. It is the exceptional man who orders his own life, changing his habits at will, knowing that even a fairly good habit may become bad by losing connection with conscious intelligence.

It is presumably in the interest of the unexceptional that reformers of the present day are endeavoring to make self-control superfluous. It is conceivable that paternalism may go so far as to endanger the supremacy of man over the lower animals rather than to exalt the monofanatics to the position of missing link between man and superman. For "end on" evolution has been discredited. There is, according to modern ideas, to quote Dr. F. Wood Jones of the University of London, "no march of progress to perfection along a single line." It seems logical to presume, with Professor Dendy, that the successor of man will arise from "some unspecialized offshoot of the human race," rather than from a group of highly specialized reformers who constitute the very pinnacle of perfected humanity.

Aside from the question of man's successor, the improvement of the race will probably depend rather on the leading of the people to an appreciation of the inexorability of the natural laws applicable to all animal life, including our own, than on legislation.

Man's origin, from the point of view of biology, was lowly; but his destiny may be greater than we of the present dream. His origin, from the non-physical point of view, many people think was not lowly. They regard him as an emanation from the Most High (but evil itself is an emanation from God if the Plotinian doctrine is carried to its logical end), and think that his destiny can not be less great than his origin; that his progress is determined by his own aspiration, volition, and imagination; that he must visualize himself as a god in order to achieve his ineffable destiny.

Whatever the destiny of the human race, it will not have existed in vain if from it arises a greater than itself. And that greater one may be able to pass judgment on the nature of man.

THE SPHINX

BY SMITH W. CARPENTER

THE duty assigned by my club was a paper on the Message of the Sphinx. All day I had delved in books, seeking harmony with the spirit of that age. Late, I prepared to retire; I turned out the light; then, wooed by a blaze on the hearth, resumed my place before the fire. The flare lit up the pictures of old Egypt grouped around me: Thebes, Karnak, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx. I had read Aristotle's description of her unmutilated glory, and, as the embers died, I gazed upon the etching before me, and seemed to gain insight to the spirit of her conception.

No longer was I in my library. I stood in the moonlight on the velvety plain, undevastated by desert sand, in the presence of the Majesty of the Sphinx. The face was benign, full of peace and restfulness, expressive of eternity, impersonal, not man nor woman, yet both.

As I gazed, a voice out of the vastness spoke to me:

"Know thou, O son of an effete and mimic age, that I am Horus.

"Here, sixty centuries ago, was I worshiped by that race of intellectual giants at whose tombs and temples you gape in wondrous awe.

"This monument was their concept of my divine Self.

"This leonine body signified my strength, this face my beauty and beneficence.

"Centuries passed, as you reckon time; my priests became rich, themselves they served, me they forgot.

"Charms and indulgences they sold. Vice and selfishness distinguished their acts.

"The seal of My approval they set upon the oppressor of the widow and orphan. The poor were enslaved in My name.

"Then I withdrew my favor from them, and Egypt became a vagabond and outcast nation.

"Christian and Moslem vandals came and wrecked this, My image, and laughed.

"They knew not that I am the One Eternal God, their God, and the God of their fathers.

"All temples, all shrines, in all lands, at all times are Mine.

"All worship is Mine.

"My likeness I have hung in the sky.

"Mine laws I have writ in their innermost parts.

"Though they take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, I am there.

"I am Amen-Ra, the Eternal One, the Solar Orb, the All-Wise, the All-Seeing, the All-Powerful.

"I dwell not in images made by hands.

"I am Num-Ra, the Father Almighty, the Alpha and the Omega.

"Infinite are my attributes, and as these have one by one been distinguished, men have named them, and out of this verbal distinguishment has come theological speculation and wrangling.

"Heaven was peopled with gods, and Hell was created for the perverted concepts of My power.

"And now, O weakling, behold man's viril concept of My glory, the pageant of his proudest worship.

"And learn that there is no new thing under the sun. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and evermore shall be."

The Voice has ceased, and I am conscious of vast numbers of people around, all prostrate upon the ground. Hundreds of priests and neophites, their loins covered with sackcloth bound with hair rope, and with ashes upon their heads, surround the altar in front of the great Sphinx. Beating their breasts and tearing their hair, they prostrate themselves before the altar, and mourn the death of their Lord and Savior.

Their wailings are taken up by the people, and agonized groans rend the air. The moan of the assemblage swells and dies in thunderous roars. I distinguish dancers upon the altar platform; I am conscious of a rhythmic cadence in those bursts of sound that grow into an agony of tune.

The dance of Death is being enacted.

Horns and instruments of percussion add to the volume of sound; each pulsating sound grows in awful terror until voice and instrument have achieved their ultimate. Doors are opened that the voices of infuriated animals may add to the melody of torture.

The central figure of all this orchestration of death is he who impersonates Osirus upon the cross. Many mirrors from afar illumine Him with reflected moonbeams. From the wounds in His hands and feet the blood is dripping. His face depicts the ecstacy of anguish, the agony of a dying god.

The God is dead. His body is removed from the cross, placed in a tomb, and the door is closed by a great stone.

A dancer now holds my fascinated attention as, with the poetry of motion, she portrays the death of her Son, the Savior of men. The despair, the hopeless agony of a world rest upon her.

Imperceptibly the music loses its terror; its motif changes. With the first dimming of the stars Hope returns. Wondrous love gleams from the face of the Mother of God.

She dances the dance of the Virgin Mother-expectant.

A faint glow is now in the east. Jeweled vestments have replaced the garb of mourning. Reed and stringed instruments have succeeded those of more strident tone. Swinging censors pour forth incense. A choir of boys now joins in rapturous symphony, and from a thousand feathered throats comes the lilt of morn.

As the sun's first ray illumines the gilded orb on the head of the Sphinx, the stone rolls away; the God comes forth; He kneels to greet His mother whose love is so vast that she wills to give her life for him. In that ecstacy of love she quaffs the lethal draught, and sinks at the feet of her risen Lord. The worshipers are sprinkled with the waters of redemption; they sign the cross upon their foreheads. A hymn to Isis, Mother of God, is faintly intoned.

A hush, and the voice of the High Priest proclaims:

"Rejoice, O sacred initiates! Rejoice, O people! His pains, His sufferings, His death have worked your salvation! Rejoice, O rejoice! Your Savior is risen!"

The shout of salutation passes from one to all, "Rejoice, O rejoice! Our Savior is risen!"

Baskets of wafers are brought before the Risen One. His hand is raised in blessing: "Take thou, and eat. This is My body broken for you."

He blesses the wine that is poured: "Take thou, and drink. This is My blood, shed for the remission of sin."

Between the verses caroled by a surpliced choir a voice intones:

"I believe in Ra, the Shining, Exalted, Omnipotent One; God of Gods, the Father Almighty, Creator and Ruler of Heaven and Earth.

"Divine Monad, First Principle, whence all things come.

"I believe in Osirus, his Only Begotten Son, our Lord, coeternal, coextensive, cosubstantial; who ever was, and is, and shall be.

"Divine Dyad whence all things come.

"Who was immaculately conceived, and born unto the Virgin Isis.

"Although born in a manger, He was of royal lineage, and His birth was foretold by many prodigies.

"Over the Evil One he triumphed, and in exile grew to man's estate.

"Many miracles proclaimed His divinity. The sick He healed, devils He cast out, the dead He raised.

"The eucharist He ordained, the rite of baptism He established, the Sacred Trinity He proclaimed.

"Innocent of transgression, He took our sins upon Him, was crucified and died upon the celestial cross.

"His body was mutilated and buried.

"The third day He arose from the dead.

"He ascended into Heaven, where he reigns all glorious.

"Before His judgment seat we must all appear when He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Spirit, divine Triad, First Principle, whence all things come.

"I believe in the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."

BOOK REVIEW

SINCE LEAVING HOME. By *Albert Wehde.* 575 pages; 54 illustrations from photographs. Chicago: Tremonia Publishing Company. $3.00.

Albert Wehde wrote his autobiography in prison. He was then fifty-three years old, and though his life had been highly adventurous, it had never before occurred to him that he had a story to tell the world. But in prison he found time to think, to get a perspective on his past, in its relation to the evolution of society as a whole, and to the United States, which had revealed itself to him as a nation vastly different from that extolled in the school books.

Military bands had played in the Chicago streets while Wehde was tried in Judge Landis' court; and Landis had sent Wehde to Leavenworth, a sacrifice to appease the mob. Though long an American citizen, Wehde was German-born, and he had endeavored in Asiatic waters to transport arms to East Indian revolutionists. All this was before the United States entered the war; yet Wehde was convicted.

There is no such thing as hard labor in prison, this man declares; prisoners suffer bodily and mentally for lack of tangible occupation; but Wehde kept fit, did not wreck himself with brooding. Because of his skill in photography, the officials placed him in the photographic laboratory, where pictures and fingerprints of convicted men are developed. Laboratory work encourages introspection, and Wehde found zest in reliving his early days, in reweighing values.

In his cell at night, he began writing of his venturings. Thus was born the book, *Since Leaving Home,* an undeniable contribution to our social history. At first glance, the volume is deceiving; the chapter heads breathe romance. And romance is in the narrative; but the text is sound, honest, and informative; the style artless, but glowing.

Wehde emigrated to the United States at sixteen, knowing no trade, blissfully confident that anybody willing to work could make a living anywhere. In St. Louis a stern grand-uncle turned him into the street, and he fell among thieves, but was saved from them. Then, while employed as translator for a newspaper at three dollars a week, he inspired the writing of the song, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" subsequently sung from coast to coast.

He and a cousin started down the Mississippi in a rowboat. Terrible days and nights followed, with mosquitoes, hunger and malaria scourging them. Near Arkansas City the cousin took the rowboat and deserted. Unconscious from fever, young Wehde was picked up by kindly Samaritans, and nursed back to health. In Texas he fought a duel with a bad man, and killed him. He acted

in medicine shows, rode freight trains, was imperilled by mobs, and finally stowed away on a steamer for Central America.

Years of wandering, danger, and hardship ensued. Wehde hunted gold and found it; was menaced by savages; became lost in the jungle and was haunted by the specter of another who had gone mad in a similar plight; was near death when his boat sank under him in shark-infested waters; fought in revolutions, was sentenced to die, and escaped.

When his people came to the States twenty-five years ago, Wehde joined them in Milwaukee, and settled down; attended school, qualified as a jewelry engraver, won art prizes. War's opening found him with a studio in Chicago. The call of the blood sounded, and he volunteered to serve the German cause. He was sent to the Far East, where he chartered a 100-ton schooner for munition-running to India, which under international law was then legal.

Here Wehde became the quarry of Allied ships, faced innumerable dangers, and at every turn was hampered by United States consular officers, who manifestly were favoring the British. Once when held in a harbor by a Japanese man-of-war, Wehde borrowed gasoline from that vessel (in exchange for a promise of vegetables), and made a 500-mile dash in a small motorboat to Manila, to obtain parts for the schooner's engine.

He will excite many a laugh with his recital of blunders by the Allies, especially the British and Japanese. In Japan, when buying transportation, he displayed a preposterous passport—signed by King Cole the First of the Kingdom of Missouri, and countersigned by Fiddlersthree, Secretary of State. This was accepted as an adequate voucher for Wehde's integrity.

One fine touch in Wehde's book is the dedication: "There were men I met along the way, in the jungle, on the rivers and the seas, who gave more than I can tell. They asked nothing for themselves except the chance to serve. They ventured into the uncharted places for a shining dream, and few came back. To them, and to those who follow them, this book is dedicated."

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Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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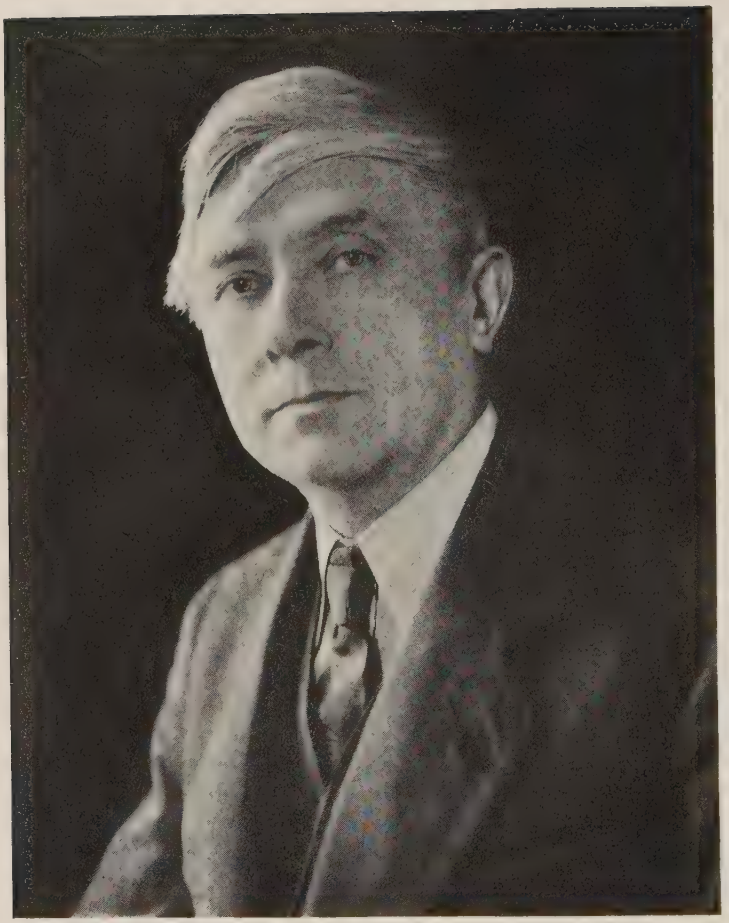

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MAETERLINCK AND THE SPIRIT OF ROMANTICISM[1]

BY GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

THE life of Nature seems to be rhythmic and periodic: spring, summer, autumn, winter — childhood, youth, manhood, age — seed, bud, blossom, fruit — fallowness, production — rest, motion.

Thus the pendulum of culture and civilization swings back and forth between the rational and the emotional comprehension of the world; between the philosophic and the artistic, i. e., between rationalism and mysticism, classicism and romanticism. Such movements ebb and flow in the history of the spirit as well as on the strand of the sea. A mighty wave of intellect flows over a whole generation, reaches high tide, then gives way to a wave of feeling which has the same career and the same fate. Some men are logical and feel themselves at home only in a world of proof. Others are mystical; they are not convinced but persuaded, not instructed but edified; in a word, they do not know, but believe.

Thus it is with whole generations. Classicism, as science, has to do with the universal, the abiding, the constant, the necessary,— in short, with genus. Romanticism, as art, has to do with the individual. This world-historical conflict is the Cross of all philosophy,— the problem of the universal, the tragic relation between unity and multiplicity, the individual and society, anarchy and absolutism, the exemplar and the genus.

Mysticism and logic, these are the two poles of the spirit: *feeling,* with its organ, religion—*reason,* with its organ, philosophy; *fantasy,* with art as its organ—*science,* with the understanding as its organ. The rational spirit seeks as its portion the typical, the repeatable, the interchangeable, the universal. The romantic spirit seeks as its portion the individual, the unrepeatable, the unchangeably personal.

[1] This manuscript was edited by J. V. Nash from unpublished manuscript notes left by Dr. Foster at his death.

Reason and understanding, with philosophy and science as organs, originate order. Feeling and fantasy, with religion and art as organs, have as their content the unclassifiable, the irreplaceable, the intimately personal.

If there are to be science and philosophy, there must be investigators and thinkers with trained intellects. If there are to be religion and art, there must be prophets, redeemers, saints, heroes, geniuses, in whom feeling, will, fantasy predominate: Euclid and Isaiah—Euclid, naturally cool, objective, practical, passionless,—in a word, the classicist; Isaiah, temperamental, impressionistic, enthusiastic, eminently personal. Classicism wants eternal truth; Romanticism, intimations, interpretations of what is coming, unraveling the fate of peoples, admonition and edification.

Classicism expresses itself in the Church as orthodoxy, in politics as conservatism; romanticism, as radicalism in both. The caricature of classicism is Nirvana; the caricature of romanticism is Utopia. Classicism ossifies; romanticism volatilizes. In extreme classicism the waters are dammed back to an unruffled pool in which the miasma of rottenness and decay are at home. In extreme romanticism, the waters swell to a wild torrent which tears down all the dams of historical tradition, and overflows all the walls of convention and legality, rule and law, right and custom, religion and morality, asset and institution, in order to bury everything historical underneath the debris.

This is the eternal theme of the history of the world,—this never-ending conflict between personality, for which romanticism stands, and race, for which classicism stands; between self-preservation and race-preservation; between human precept and natural order of the world; between instinct and ideal; between anarchism and socialism; in a word, between motion, for which romanticism stands, and rest, for which classicism stands; between Messiah and Nirvana; between the wintry peace of the old church-yard, and the awakening life of springtime. Classicism—like geometry, which has to do with fixed figures in space, according to unchangeable laws; Romanticism—like biology, which has to do with the cell that lives and grows; co-existence and succession, order and progress; stationariness on the one hand, rhythm and periodicity on the other. Thus the everlasting tick-tock of the clock of history and of personal life goes on.

After a century, romanticism is triumphant again. Who are exponents of romanticism and mysticism, rather than of classicism

and rationalism? Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Morris, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, Huysmans and Maurice Maeterlinck. The latter is the present philosopher of romantic mysticism.

The old romanticism, certainly on its religious side, was best represented by Novalis, the poet of the fanatic love for Christ. The hymn, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," is characteristic of him. But he composed hymns to Mary, intimate and tender as a Catholic could wish, though himself not a Catholic. He knew well the weak points in Luther's position, he said that Luther's Bible-religion was poor, pedantic, empty, scanty, and he paved the way for freer and fairer appreciation of the wealth and worth of Catholicism.

Novalis was neither a Bible-believing Protestant, nor a Church-believing Catholic. He was the poet of the devout human heart, of an immediate religious experience of one's very own. But he was abnormal—pathological in mind and body—as is seen in his hymn to Night after tragic love affairs of his youth. He turned from light to darkness. Daylight was glaring and cruel, hiding his beloved from him. Therefore he fled into the arms of Night, to be embraced with their inexpressible, mysterious darkness. In that darkness the sun of his love shone. He could raptuously embrace and marry the form that the day snatched from him. Night was life to him; day was death.

Fantasy against the understanding, you see. Dream against reality awake. Fantasy creates a life which the understanding denies,—forms, dream images which dwell in the wishland of the soul. But the understanding destroys these images and this land as illusion and unreality. "How beautiful and lovely and dear!" cries the man of fantasy. "Yes, but it is not true, not real!" sneers the man of intellect.

And yet, does not the romanticist help one side of life into its rights—a side that would wither and decay under the sole supremacy of pure reason? Still fantasy, divorced from intellect, becomes lawless, unbridled. It puts forward its dream constructions as realities and would obligate us to the unreal. In order to be able to live in the kingdom of dreams, it bids farewell to the penetrating, critical understanding.

To be sure, ecclesiastical piety has not done this entirely. Indeed, calumniating reason, it uses reason though limiting it. Even when the Church says, "believe because it is absurd," reason is active, because it is reason that is expected to determine what it is that is

absurd. The Catholic mystic also remains rational in his mysticism. What he wants is a higher reason, a purer light.

The Protestant romanticist, however, would like to put out every light, that nothing might disturb fantasy as it lingers in the world of dreams. This is pathological; it manifests itself in clairvoyance, spiritualism, and the like. This folly produces an over-heating and over-stimulating of fantasy. Sunlight and tasks of daytime become pain and burden. In the name of Faith, spook forms are sought after, which are the creations of one's own diseases. These are sense images which fantasy produces, but sense only in color and form, without flesh and blood, without genuine, living sensuousness.

Therefore, the soul of the romanticist is consumed in this torturing contradiction of a sensibly felt love, which yet lacks an object tangible to the senses. Perhaps the Christ whom the soul loves cannot be apprehended and sung more sensibly than was the case with Novalis. The poet sees his Christ corporeally by his side, or walking before him. The contact of the sacramental bread with his lips is a kiss of Christ, the beloved.

Thus Novalis writes: "The Christian religion is the religion of bliss, of voluptuousness even; sin is the greatest stimulus to love the Deity. The more sinful a man feels, the more Christian he is." The poet thinks that everything that is best begins with disease. Half disease is an evil; whole disease is blissful and higher pleasure. He says again: "The value of perfect health is merely scientifically interesting. Disease individualizes us. Disease distinguishes man from animals. Suffering belongs to man. The more helpless a man is, the more receptive he is for morality and religion." And thus a conception of life began here which did not fight disease as exceptional. Pathological natures were supposed to be of a higher and finer organization, more spiritual than were the robust and healthy. Thus the decadent, the neurotic, the erotic, was the higher type of man.

Feeling—feeling: that is everything. No clear thought, no strong, firm will; only feeling—feeling that revels in itself; no worth but feeling—feeling that incites to erotic love, to the stormy desire of an unsatisfied, insatiable sensuality.

This Novalis called *die blaue Blume,* the blue flower, which he and his hero went out to seek—the *wunder Blume* which satisfied his insatiable longing; not the strong yearning of the will which longed for deeds, but the impotent yearning of the feeling; after every new feeling a yearning which artificially stings itself, in order

to be intoxicated with the fragrance of the blue flower—with its own self; and, drunk in such yearning, flees the world of reality.

It is easy to see that there is something wrong with this old romanticism,—a heavy, close atmosphere in which we cannot breathe freely. But what is it that is wrong? There is immediacy and inwardness, fineness and depth, attractive as against our hard and external practicality. That is in its favor. Our theologians have excogitated a faith in which there is no mystery, no unfathomable deep,—a faith in which everything is proved, made clear by sacred letter and formula.

In romanticism faith turns back into the world of the heart. In romanticism faith seeks union again with original life, with the soul's capacity for intuition and intimation. Faith needs picture and parable, the language of poesy, and would make peace with the senses. Therefore Novalis said: "The history of Christ is as much poesy as history, and only that history can be history at all which can also be fable."

Yet romanticism is, at best, a half truth. Feeling sunders the union with the understanding and the will, whereas it is only all together that make the human spirit. Romanticism is like an organism that would nourish only one organ—the heart—at the expense of all the other organs, and on that very account even the heart itself would deteriorate.

The new romanticism, of which Maeterlinck is the great exponent, is separated, however, from the old by more than two generations, a period of deep significance for all civilization. The French Revolution and our American War of Independence, two catastrophes from which the new world was born, assigned new tasks and set new goals to national life everywhere. Political society henceforth has to safeguard and nourish freedom; has to be germinative and formative of freedom.

Still, ideas clashed: the Bastille was stormed for the sake of freedom; yet freedom, at the same time, created the foundation on which the imperial throne of the Corsican was erected. Then freedom fled from the political world, in which it was outlawed, into that other world of poesy; it remembered the kingdom of dreams over which no Corsican or Czar ruled, where fantasy swayed the sceptre.

In this world, man still felt that he was a glorious being on his own account. As poet, he felt that he had the capacity to escape all limits of earthly requirements, and to mock all the forces that would coerce him. But this fantasy still came from a world of unfreedom

and still lived on the memory of its origin. Therefore, its poetic forms wore the garb of slavery, from which men still sought release, —the garb of the mediaeval past, the garb of the romanticism in whose golden light all sacred and secular citadels were asylums of light and freedom.

And when now the growing reactionary spirit, the spirit of darkness, desired a garment of light in which it could be clothed, romanticism offered it what it needed,—the shimmering splendor and iris-hued veil, under which the true nature of a rule by might, throttling freedom, might be concealed.

The spirit of freedom, however, created new forms, walked new paths which ran counter to all romanticism, apparently to all life of freedom as well. This was no romanticism,—to fight on barricades, and hunger and perish in dungeons. And what remained of this freedom, even of the romantic spirit itself, was entirely lost to men, children and grand-children. They saw that there were powers by which every stress and impulse of the soul to freedom was destroyed. And the man who still sang his song of freedom so proudly, preached to the world the new gospel that there was no freedom at all, that the individual, down to the most hidden stirrings of his soul, was bound under law, the laws of nature and society; that even his thought and his will were totally dependent, an effect of causes, from whose inviolable order there was no escape for man.

Even art made peace with this gospel of dependence and restriction. It was articulated in the bony structure of nature and society and upborne by their forces. Art became materialistic, realistic, and thereby stripped of the last shimmer of the old romanticism. Art did not seem art any longer to all those who did not know art without romanticism. Instead of the world of fairy tales, raw reality!—the world where the clatter and hammer of machines, the smoke of chimney stacks, banished all romantic ideas, where hard class-war, struggle for existence, awoke man from all his romantic dreaming.

Now, however, freedom begins to stir in man again. He seeks the freedom in the inner life which is denied him in the outer. A new romanticism begins. It opposes another world, the world of the heart, over against the world given in nature and naturalistically apprehended. This new romanticism is convinced that the world of the feelings is truer and more real than the outer alien world, that in the inevitable conflict of the two worlds one's own inner world must win the victory over the outer and alien world.

In this new romanticism religion wears a different countenance.

Religion turns back into the inner world of man again, speaks once more the language of fantasy and feeling. Yet naturalism has not lived and worked in vain for it. At the present time romantic religion can no longer escape the weight of naturalistic religion. The two begin to seek each other, reciprocally to deepen and fertilize each other.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Flemish poet, is the most conspicuous representative of this religion of the new romanticism. Like the old romanticists, Maeterlinck at first lived entirely in his own soul. The people that appear in his plays are people of the inner mystic life. Their corporealness is mere seeming, a mere veil of the soul. That is the old romantic way. Fantasy lends personal form to the feelings of the soul, and straightway forgets what reality belongs to these forms on account of their origin.

Maeterlinck seeks to describe the drama of the soul, the drama of the innermost man, to whom all outer acts are incidental, because not the act, but the feeling, the inner experience, ought to be the main thing for man. Hence the figures of Maeterlinck's earlier dramas have only pseudo-bodies; they are not flesh and blood, but only shadowy beings,— souls encased in bodies.

Yet these souls are not bound to corporeity, to the limits of time and space. They have presentiments of what goes on behind closed doors. They have powers of telepathy; they see the future as already present. It is not the senses that mediate truth, but the immediate connection of soul with soul, where soul works upon soul. Truth is not in speech, but in silence. Men who are silent in each other's presence understand each other better, more correctly, than those who are constantly expressing their thoughts in words. There is always an error cleaving to the language which conscious life creates, —an estrangement of souls, because consciousness itself separates men from each other, and man from his own self. Man is only himself wholly in silence, where the unconscious is living in him and works its mysterious works.

In this unconscious background, or underground, of the soul, are all the elementary forces which shape human beings, including great hate and great love; and what afterward breaks forth in man as word and deed has previously taken shape in the hidden deep of the soul. Therefore, the more important events in human life are not those which are sensibly perceived, but the still, silent experiences which no one can see nor hear. And the true wealth of man is that he has his treasures within himself,— the treasures of the poor by

which they are richer than the rich. It is the sight of the blind, which thereby becomes sharper than their brothers' with sound eyes; the knowledge of those who do not know, to whom more is thereby given than all the scholarship of the world.

It is the *world of instinct* which is the only true world to the poet, and these instincts, these emotional and impulsive forces of the soul, present themselves to the poet as personal shapes. The mysterious twilight stress in man becomes man himself: everything else in man is nothing but accessories. All this is poetically thought and felt; it is the dream-life of fantasy, which makes itself master here of the inner world of man and shapes that world after its own image. But our poet believes in his dream-forms and in the wish-land of his soul. He does not believe in it with the tacit reservation that he is himself the one who creates and animates these soul-pictures, but with the vacillating feeling that his world of the heart is also the world of Nature, that the poetic interpretation which he gives his psychic experiences must satisfy the demands of a consideration of reality also.

Such is Maeterlinck. It is with the new romanticism as it is with the old, as it is with everybody who lives only in himself, lives with everything only in himself, seeks to interpret his own self only in the world of his own heart. He subtly introspects himself, until he only knows the riddle of life which is ever before him as eternal death; he feels in his own heart-world the iron limits which are imposed upon him, death which penetrates to him from all sides, and puts its mark on him, the living.

Therefore, at bottom, it is ever only a feeling which pulses in all the figures of the poet, a feeling by which all his forms are animated —the horror of death, this uncanny guest ever slipping upon him, ever announcing itself, unbidden, making its arrival so plain to the presentiments of the soul. It is the incarnate presentiment of death which Maeterlinck puts upon the stage in most manifold forms. It is the death that the blind see, that those who do not know, know; that slumbers in every love, and oppresses every silent soul. Death is the truest reality; its mystery is the most transparent meaning of life, which lurks behind every experience of life.

This is the same disease of which the old romanticist was a victim. It is the mediaeval spirit which celebrates its orgy. A feeling of death animates the play of fantasy; the breath of death fans all the flames of life and fills the whole being and life of the soul with its magic power. Therefore, it is night air which we breathe

in the first series of Maeterlinck's works; it is a world of spooks in which we live.

A mighty time of development, however, lies between the new and the old romanticist. The man of the nineteenth century has learned to see Nature with sharp eyes. His attention has been diverted from the tumultous, unclear impressions of his own soul to what is going on in the outside world. And this outside world becomes a new revelation to him, not of death, but of life.

Maeterlinck also has been affected by the forces of his age, called from introspection to research. As poet, he now lovingly broods over the world of Nature. Of course, what he sees and what he hears from now on, is apprehended by his poet-soul, whether he tells of a dog, the faithful companion of man, or of the life of bees, which live under a constitutional government of their own. All these are humanized mirrors in which the poet-soul rediscovers its own self.

Yet perhaps only he who truly loves Nature knows Nature, as perhaps we do not know anybody if we do not love him. Everything which we call Nature, illumined by colors which our eyes give to it, everything is but the child born in the wedlock of that which we are with that which we are not.

Therefore, we cannot dispense with a genuine and true understanding of the nature of the poet's spirit, which binds together all the fragments of our observation and scientific enquiry into a living whole and breathes into that whole the breath of the life of his own spirit. Therefore, what we call natural science, exact inquiry, is the only path to a higher goal, to the vivification and animation of Nature, to the profoundest feeling of Nature. Thus we rediscover Maeterlinck, the poet of the soul, once again, as the poet of Nature. And we see how he began to walk this new path of the life of his spirit.

It was precisely the horror of the death which he found in himself, so long as he lingered over himself alone, that impelled him beyond himself. He sought redemption from the ghosts of night that held him imprisoned. He fled to daytime, to the sunlight of reality, to life. He sought to lay hold of the world there where it promised him redemption and convalescence from his horror, there where death spoke to him of a higher order of life, even in the civil state of the bees, in this wonderful articulation of the individual in the whole, in this necessity of a great massive dying that the whole may live and be rejuvenated. Here, now, is Maeterlinck's crisis; yet not his alone,—the crisis of all romantic brooders, the crisis

THE JESUS OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL

BY EDWARD DAY

LONG AGO, many of our scholars were forced to conclude that the Fourth Gospel is an imaginative narrative of the life and thought of Jesus, belonging somewhere about 140 A.D., written by an Alexandrian Christian Jew who had become thoroughly imbued with the Neo-Platonic thought. It is no longer considered necessary, as it was fifty years ago when Dr. E. A. Abbott wrote his exceptionally fine paper for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* to assume that it was the work of some disciple of John of Ephesus who handled idealistically the material which came to him through that apostle. We can now see that it is so thoroughly Neo-Platonic in its thought that it must be regarded as having been written by one who by reason of his time and his personal idiosyncrasies was entirely independent of apostolic support, though he made some slight use of oral gospel tradition if not of the synoptic narratives. Our interest in the many problems this gospel forces upon us today lies in its conception of the person of Jesus and its presentation of his work and words. True, the abandon with which its narrative moves on is not to be ignored. There appears to be perfect freedom not only in its imaginative portions but also in its choice of material found in the other gospels. It passes over the legends having to do with the birth and infancy of Jesus as unessential to its purpose. Jesus is always alluded to as the Nazarene and as the son of Joseph. There is no slightest trace of his birth of a virgin, and though his ministry, as here set forth, centers almost wholly in Jerusalem, which really could have seen little of him until near the close of his earthly life, Bethlehem is not mentioned. Only two of the miracles attributed to him in the Synoptic Gospels are here narrated and these apparently because they were stupendous nature marvels which fit admirably into his scheme. Luke in giving us the story of

Jesus' Perean ministry tells us that he came upon two sisters in that region whose differences attracted his attention, one winning his commendation because of her meditative life, while the other is mildly rebuked for her absorption in domestic affairs. Apparently early gospel tradition knew nothing more of these sisters. But the writer of the Fourth Gospel was pleased to place them in a comfortably circumstanced home in Bethany near Jerusalem where they frequently entertained Jesus, to give them a brother intimate with Jesus, and to make them all figure prominently in the life of the Nazarene. The narrative of the sickness, death and resurrection of Lazarus is made to play a singular and crucial part in the events which led up to his crucifixion. Mary is also identified with the woman who is said by two gospel narratives to have anointed Jesus during his Galilean ministry. Here she comes forward again as one who anoints the Master, this time toward the close of his earthly life as a preparation for his death and burial. In these and a few other instances, the early gospel narratives are handled freely with no effort to conform to fact. But to us the fundamental point of departure from early gospel tradition is in the writer's depiction of the person, work, and teaching of Jesus.

The Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels is wondrously human and most inspiringly humane. In his utter freedom from self-consciousness, in his noble simplicity of life, in his sanity and helpfulness of thought, in his passion to serve, and in his repugnance and hostility to all insincerity and artificiality of faith and life, he stands forth the greatest religious leader and reformer of the past and as one, and this is most marvelous of all, who is best fitted to lead as the Pioneer of Religious Liberty today. About the simple narrative of his inspiring life there seem to have grown accounts of certain nature miracles that had some symbolic significance, though they were foreign to him if indeed they were not utterly beyond his power. Into the narratives of his simple assertions concerning his hopes and aims there may have been incorporated statements that reflect the eagerness of his followers after his departure to show how his life and work were a realization of the Zionistic hopes and dreams (Messianic, many say) of the prophets of their past.

And the feeling on the part of his followers after his departure that his death was redemptive may have led them to represent him as so referring to his death, something many now feel he could not have done. Scholars have been slow to see that the statement, "and to give his life a ransom for many," was an apostolic appendix to

that fine and thoroughly characteristic utterance of his: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." And they have also been slow to discover that the reference to his bloodshed for many unto the remission of sins at the last supper reveals most conclusively the influence of Paul who changed the drunken debauch of the Corinthian Church into a symbolic rite of tender significance. The author knows of but one American scholar who has endeavored to show how foreign all allusions to his death as redemptive is to the general tenor of Jesus' thought.

Then, too, in his methods of presenting his thought as a teacher the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels is most winsome and effective. By sententious sayings, by suggestive exhortations, by parables of rare beauty, and by pregnant illustrations taken from nature and life he reached the masses and made himself widely understood and appreciated so that the fact was noted that the multitudes heard him gladly. But even more significant is the fact that he throughout these gospels appears as the friend of the needy, the overborne, and the sinful. He seems to have regarded his call to this work most distinctive; and he seems to have been ready upon all occasions to leave the upright and the comfortably circumstanced in order to minister to the lost and burdened of the House of Israel. But beyond this is the fact that he was so tender and pitiful as a man that he simply could not ignore such. We often read that "he was moved with compassion" in the presence of suffering and need. This side of the Man of Nazareth cannot be ignored in any attempt to get at the real man and the secret of his wonderful power; for these simple gospel narratives touch the heart of him who reads them today. Taken with the fact that Jesus speaks as he does of God as a loving Heavenly Father they give us suggestions for a theodicy that admirably supplements and modifies that which modern evolutionary science offers us.

Turning now to the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel we find we come upon a radically and irreconcilably different person. It pleased the author to declare that this One was the Logos who had been with God and was divine, who had been the active agent in the creation of the world, and who had been incarnated as the Life and Light of men. He was able to make those who received him sons of God and to impart to them his grace and truth. He was a great thaumaturgist and wrought miracles oft; but he was himself the Supreme Miracle, the Greatest Wonder of all. Jesus' conception of himself is in harmony with this thought. The author leaves us in no doubt

just here. He is thoroughly consistent in making everything Jesus says and does harmonize with his assertions concerning him. Indeed, this is one of the marvels of this gospel, that not once does the author forget himself and drop down to the level of the other gospels in his portraiture of Jesus which has seven more pages of the Greek text than the Gospel of Mark. He keeps the Philonic mystical tone throughout, never employing the language, or vocabulary, peculiar phrases, and idioms of the other narratives which seem to have become somewhat stereotyped before the present gospels were written. This is noteworthy. There are but a few of the simple remarks of Jesus found in the Synoptists which reapper here and these are embedded in narratives of miracles and in related incidents, the very wording of which was largely changed to suit the purposes of the author, so that the narratives themselves are hardly recognizable.[1]

Here then we find Jesus is one who is supremely interested in himself as a unique and supernatural personage who is in no real sense a man and makes little pretense of being one. His *ego* occurs in this gospel over two hundred times and his *me* and *my* conjointly nearly as many times. He declares himself to have lived in heaven prior to his earthly life. He had existed not only before Abraham's day but had dwelt in heaven long prior thereto. He there as God's son had seen, known, and lived with him in perfect unity and harmony, though as a lesser being than he. From heaven as his home he had come to earth, given of God and consecrated and sent of him, and after bestowing eternal life upon as many as would receive him not as judge of the world but as Saviour thereof, was to return whence he had come and get ready a place for his own whom he had won out of the hostile, devil-dominated world. True, there is a note of universality here and there, none of the narrow exclusiveness that we encounter elsewhere. The writer never represents the Nazarene as confining his labors to the Aramic speaking Jews as the Synoptists do, presumably the only people he was linguistically able to address. But while the Jesus of this gospel has a mission for the world, while he comes to save the world and to make himself known in order to save it, his teaching throughout is a proclamation of himself as a stupendous personage, the Light of the World, the Bread of Heaven, the Way, the Truth, the Life, sent to bear witness of his Father and to do his will. He is to save by his exaltation. He

[1] Certain scholars have come to feel that this gospel is wanting in unity and that the work of late editors can easily be traced. Even if we grant this to be true, we must insist that however much they break the course of the narrative they are not untrue to its main trend.

is to lay down his life; but the cross is not so much something he is to suffer upon as something he is to be elevated to, to be lifted upon. His death, therefore, is not something he is forced to undergo but something he takes upon himself. In harmony with this thought there is in the story of the crucifixion here no record of his having prayed: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"; nor is there of his crying out in agony in the words of a psalmist: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me."

In order to represent his Jesus as a Neo-Platonic teacher the author must keep him in or near Jerusalem most of the time where he would come in contact with the cultured classes. He allows him to run up into Galilee often in order to escape the hostile Jewish leaders who are ever curiously enough plotting his death, something they are mysteriously kept till the end from accomplishing; but he no sooner gets him to Galilee before he finds occasion for bringing him back. There is usually some feast that he must attend, so that three years pass instead of the one year of the other gospels as the length of his ministry. And as teacher in harmony with his Neo-Platonic thought he represents him not as simple, direct, stimulating, helpful and convincing, but as mystical, illogical, contradictory, and consequently perplexing. His disciples make little pretense of understanding him. Only the cultured Jews will listen to him and they are utterly unable to grasp his mystical thought. His assertion that he is the Bread of Heaven that must be eaten by men if they are to live and that they must partake of his flesh and drink of his blood or have no part in him who is able to impart eternal life, are but samples of the mystical nature of his teaching in this gospel. Then, too, his mystical statements often are illogical and contradictory. There is here naught of the sweet serenity and limpid purity of the teacher we encounter in the other gospels. Nowhere, as in the Synoptic Gospels where the emphasis is upon life and character, is there here intimation that these are supremely necessary. Here the path to life is through faith in him as the Exalted One, the Eternal Son of the Father. It is creed rather than character upon which one must put emphasis, belief in him as the sent of God rather than the living of the Christ life. This indeed he does not expect of us for he is too far removed from us to become an inspirational example. And here the essential thing is acceptance of him as Anointed Son of God; and those who accept him as such are made to do so upon the slightest evidence, evidence that could not be expected deeply to change the life. Nathaniel was convinced that he

was the Son of God and King of Israel because, according to the narrative, he revealed some clairvoyant power; and the woman of Samaria accepted him as Christ because he read a little chapter of her corrupt life. These ae typical instances revealing the fact that here the way of faith that leads to eternal life is vastly different from the straight and narrow way of the earlier gospel tradition.

And finally we note that the most tragic thing about the Jesus of this gospel is that there is slight trace of humanitarianism. Not once is there any allusion to his compassion. He is tender only among his few disciples near the close of his life; and here it seems to be the thought of his unfinished work which is to burden them and their weakness that moves him. Throughout the narrative he appears as one uninterested in the poor. But once is he made to speak of them and then his allusion is in the story of the anointing in words, taken from another anointing, that the author appeared to think admirably suited to his general neglect of such: "The poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always." As the only allusion to his poor in this gospel this is terrific; but it is not so in Matthew from which gospel it is literally taken. And it is noteworthy that the clause found in Mark was not used: "And whenever ye may do them good," an omission that but adds to the terrificness of this as the only mention of the poor by the Christ in this gospel, enough of itself to discredit this as a picture of the lowly and pitifully disposed Nazarene. Jesus is made to allude to sin but never to sinners. The poor woman who was a sinner, mentioned in Luke's gospel, finds no mention here; Jesus does not go to be a guest of a man who was a sinner; there is no trace of the poor publican who prayed: "God be merciful to me a sinner"; and the heaven which Jesus knows is not one which thrills with joy over the repentance of one solitary sinner. The narrative of the woman taken in adultery is not now recognized as belonging to this gospel, for as a late and questionable story it seems to have been inserted long after the author's time.

And his miracles of which we have eight here recorded with allusions to "many signs" as narrated were wrought to manifest his power, not as deeds of mercy. They are spectacular and the stories of them bear marks of conscious purpose, even when it is not directly asserted that they were wrought by him to reveal his supernatural power. The only slight humanitarian touch is in the case of the supposed resurrection of Lazarus where Jesus is said to have groaned and wept, apparently with the thought on the part of the author that he realized that his calling forth of this friend from his

tomb would turn these weeping Jews from a state of indifference to him into one of hostile enmity and so would lead to the tragic close of his earthly career. In the narrative of the turning of water into wine at Cana, too often alluded to in these days as revealing the Master's love of conviviality, there is no evidence of concern for his embarrassed host. The feeding of the five thousand as narrated was prefaced by questions, not found in other accounts, designed to make evident to his disciples the stupendous character of this miracle. The restoration of the impotent man and the man blind from his birth are represented as wrought in such a way as to astound his enemies. They are unemotionally wrought with no least hint of compassion on the part of Jesus. All these narratives of miracles are, as here narrated, on an entirely different plane than the stories of such marvels in the other gospels. Those are so tenderly and lovingly humane, so manifestly wrought under the stress of deep feeling, that a disbeliever in Jesus as a great thaumaturgist would like to be able to accept the stories of them as narratives of fact in keeping with the humanitarian character of his life.

There can be no question as to the serious way in which this gospel is taken by many. They regard it as the *Heart of Christ*, to quote the title of a volume upon it by a Unitarian of the last generation, or the *Cream of the Gospels*, to quote the characterization of a recent biblical lecture. It would seem that because of its mystical nature it especially appeals to cultured people who are disinclined to exercise their critical faculties. Nevertheless, it must be admitted in accord with the data brought to light in this paper that its conception of the person, life, and work of the Mighty Galilean, as the writer prefers to designate him whom he conceives to have been born of humble peasants in Nazareth and to have devoted his public ministry almost wholly to the people of his loved hills and vales, is utterly misleading and that if it had not been for the pictures of a tenderly human and altogether sane and uplifting Jesus found in the Synoptic Gospels there would be far less of that much to be desired commodity in the world, known as "Christianity pure and undefiled," than there now is. If we are to push back of Paulinism and get to the Christ who actually lived in these days when the cry is heard: "Christ not Paul," we must break away from the mystical influence of this gospel; for despite the artificiality which many feel is characteristic of Paul's dominant thought there was on the part of this greatest of all the apostles a loving thoughtfulness and genuine humanitarianism. Instead then of resting in this Alexandrian Neo-

Platonic conception of the Christ we should go back to the Jesus of early gospel tradition; and surely the need of the recovery of this thought of the Nazarene is bound to be increasingly felt as the sad and burdened life of our time presses along its darkened path.

It has been remarked that Neo-Platonism while seeking to perfect ancient philosophy really extinguished it and while attempting to reconstruct the ancient religions really destroyed them. Is this to be the fate of Christianity because of the efforts of a Neo-Platonist to rewrite the story of its beginnings? If we must accept the Fourth Gospel as the authoritative and final word concerning the life, work, and teaching of Jesus we must conclude that its writer is fated to be the destroyer of Christianity. If the inspiring message of the Jesus of the Synoptist Gospels finds its choicest flower and fruitage here then sooner or later Christianity must become a bankrupt faith and in consequence must join other faiths which have passed into limbo as discredited and neglected. The fact that this gospel appeals particularly to cultured people who delight to quote it has little significance. Its mysticism rather than its thought attracts them. Nor need mention of the fact that it has survived the Christian centuries and has seemed to grow in popularity be made; for ours is a searchingly critical age and we who hitherto have been slow to use our critical methods, long employed in Old Testament study, in our handling of the New Testament must now use them in this field or lose our reputation for honesty. It would be a singular commentary on the statement that Neo-Platonism was vanquished by Christianity if it should go down because a second century writer injected his Neo-Platonic thought into his narrative of the life and work of Jesus. That there is a real danger here we must believe, though few of us are likely to take seriously its doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul that seems to have rendered it easy for the writer to conceive of Jesus' supposed pre-existence, few its dualistic opposition of the divine and the earthly and its failure to put a true evaluation upon the latter. We cannot share its contempt for the world of sense; nor can we on the other hand see the necessity for a Logos to reveal the Supreme Being. While we reverence the Great Teacher we believe we have the same ways of approach to the Infinite Spirit which he had. But that there are not a few who cherish this gospel as the very "heart of Christ" we know. Hence modern critics owe it to the Christian world that the real character of its narratives be made widely known.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS

BY S. TAYLOR WEDGE, A.M.

DO YOU believe in dreams? If you do, you are no different from millions of others and your credulity is quite natural; for dreams have been a never-ending source of wonder and doubt, philosophical speculation and ignorant superstition from the very earliest ages of which we have any knowledge. No one, apparently, escapes the experience of this phenomenon. It visits the rudest savages as well as the most cultured of the world of civilization and shows no distinction of color or race. The society matron feels its influence as does the old colored "mammy" with her dream-book, and, perhaps, understands it not a whit more. Powerful kings, in ancient times, kept constantly in their service men who were skilled in dream interpretation—even as the wealthy of today have their psychoanalysts—and the fate of mighty empires often depended upon no more momentous a thing then the nocturnal vision of the sovereign.

What are dreams? From whence do they come? Whither do they go? Of what stuff are they made?

In order to answer these questions intelligently, it will first be necessary to understand something of the nature of the mind and of the manner in which it seems to function. The age-old problem of how to bridge the chasm which perpetually yawns between the physical world of matter on one side and the immaterial, spiritual world of mind on the other is still as knotty as ever. The solution is still unfound. There must be some connecting means whereby the world of matter is transferred and transformed into the world of spirit, but how that change takes place or what means and objects are used in its operation will probably always remain more or less of a mystery. Science, striding with seven-league boots ever onward toward the goal of perfect knowledge, has added considerably to our

understanding of many things; but the human mind, ever a wonder even to itself, still beats its wings impotently against the darkened glass that obscures its view in other directions and but faintly comprehends the mode of operation of its own faculties.

The concensus of opinion at the present day seems to point unmistakably to the conclusion that the mind of man possesses three distinct characteristics—consciousness, unconsciousness, and subconsciousness. It is evident that these are not separate entities but belong to the same entity functioning under different states of being. The ego, the distinctive personality is a unified principle; it remains the same whether in one state or another and its faculties are unchanged. An individual retains his memory, his will, and all his personal characteristics whether conscious or unconscious. He is the same man this morning that he was last night, although in the time intervening he has passed from consciousness to unconsciousness and back again to the former, experiencing all the natural phenomena of both states without in the least suffering any change in his fundamental, essential nature or acquiring any additions to his peculiarly individual personality. In one state of being he experiences realities; in the other state he experiences—dreams.

Now dreams are purely mental phenomena; their habitat is the mind. But their concrete expression—if so it may be termed—is in the unconscious. In this they differ from ideas, judgments, and propositions because the latter have their seat of expression in the conscious. The origin is the same for both forms of mental activity, that is, in things entirely outside the mind, but their internal manifestation takes place in different states of being and appears under different forms.

For all knowledge comes to the mind from without. There is nothing in the mind which is not first either directly or indirectly in the senses. The senses are the media of communication between the two worlds of matter and spirit and may be compared to the carriers bringing various commodities into a great city by wagon, truck, railroad, etc., through its artery-like system of highways. Impressions by the thousands pour into the mind through the senses every day of our lives. Every moment of consciousness is filled with impressions of sight, sound, taste, smell and touch, all of which the mind automatically gathers and stores, co-relates and co-ordinates, properly fitting this impression with that one and otherwise bringing order out of chaos until, by separating and placing these various impressions in their correct relationship with one another,

they finally coincide exactly with the things of matter which exist outside the mind and of which the ideas are complete mental reproductions. In other words, ideas are mental pictures of material objects. When these pictures are exact photographs of the things they are supposed to represent, that is to say, when the process of co-ordination and co-relation is properly carried out, we have *truth.*

Now the question, "What is truth?" has persisted from time immemorial. The philosophers of all ages, from the ancient Chaldeans and Persians down through the Chinese, the Hindus, and more latterly the golden age of the Greeks, have greatly concerned themselves to find a satisfactory answer, and the multiplicity of philosophical systems and schools of thought are the natural results. Some of these systems are still extant and some have long since been forgotten, but the search for truth still continues unabated. It is the object of interest to all mankind and represents the eternal attempt to harmonize theory with fact, and appearance with reality. Briefly defined, it is the *conformity of the mind with the thing existing outside the mind.*

This conformity is accomplished through the mediumship of the senses. When the mind receives a distorted idea of the thing existing outside itself, when the conformity is incomplete, then there can be no adequate concept and hence no truth. This often happens through the imperfect functioning of the physical organism, which accounts, in a measure, for the variable reports sometimes given by a group of observers viewing the same phenomenon. The attention of one individual may be concentrated more upon his sense of sight than upon his sense of hearing, while that of another will be upon his hearing more than upon his sight. Hence, one may see things unnoticed by the other and the latter will hear sounds that are garbled or perhaps missed entirely by the former. The normal person, however, whose senses all function properly and are reliable in their office of transferring impressions to the mind, will be able to acquire more real information of the phenomenon than the other two, and hence will have in his possession more truth. Defects of vision, hearing, etc., may cause distorted ideas, or incorrect mental images, and therefore give rise to erroneous judgments and propositions.

And so it goes. Knowledge is the accumulation of the correct representations of accidents which inhere in objects existing outside the mind; and therefore, the more objects and their properties with which the mind familiarizes itself and comprehends the greater is its fund of knowledge.

But the mind possesses other faculties than that of being, as it were, a mere sponge soaking up and retaining cold facts—it is more than simply a store-house. It also has the ability to take the raw material received through the mediumship of the senses and to make of it mental pictures which have no counterpart in the world of matter, although the elements from which those pictures are composed really exist. By means of the imagination the mind can dissect and analyze this material, can disconnect and resolve it into its component parts and then re-create it into almost any form it desires. Strictly speaking, man can create absolutely nothing. His numerous inventions, which are called the products of his brain, are nothing more than a re-assembling of the bits of knowledge he already has and a re-casting of them into a new mold, thus affecting new combinations of material realities and new relationships between parts so as to achieve a certain definite purpose. He sees stones and trees around him, and by changing their accidental properties assembles them into a house. He finds gold in the mountains and fashions it into a ring for his finger. The mental process is the same in all such cases; and no matter what bizarre or unnatural forms the imagination may choose to conjure up, it must always be limited by the number of ideas which are at its disposal through sense-perception. It may put wings on horses and cause pink alligators to breathe fire and brimstone, but in so doing it is merely affecting new combinations and new relationships of ideas which themselves have their prototypes in reality, and which are indirectly the origin of these unreal phantasms. The imagination can form no single idea, no mental picture of a thing which it has never experienced. An Esquimo, for instance, who never had seen or heard of a palm tree or a warm tropic isle could never in his life image or have even an approximate idea of what those things look like. He might possibly have a vague longing for a land warmer than his own, but if he had never been away from snow and ice, it is doubtful if he could picture such a land.

More important than the imagination, however, is another faculty of the mind called the intellect. Everyone is agreed that the mind has the power to reason, to draw conclusions, to discover from the material presented for its consideration, various underlying laws, principles, and specific causes which are not apparent to any of the senses, no matter how perfect their functioning. Of these things the senses can take no cognizance. Such abstract notions lie entirely beyond their sphere of activity and come under the power of the

intellect alone. They belong exclusively to the supra-sensuous order which is on an entirely different plane of mental activity, but which, nevertheless, is dependent indirectly upon the sensuous. Before the mind can have any knowledge of universals, it must first have a knowledge of particulars. Abstract ideas, like justice, good, evil, unity, loyalty, are formed from the observation of these qualities in particular individuals. The elements from which they spring are first apprehended by the senses and then by the action of the intellect are transformed and taken away from the sensuous order and placed in what we call the supra-sensuous order. This is what is meant by saying that some things in the mind are obtained *indirectly* by the senses.

But what has all this to do with dreams?

If you will remember the distinction made in the beginning of this article—that ideas, judgments, and propositions have their manifestation in the conscious mind and dreams their expression in the unconscious—I think the connection will be readily apparent. It is only by an understanding of what takes place in the one that we are able to gain some insight into what takes place in the other. Through consciousness we try to discover the operations of the mind in unconsciousness. The matter resolves itself, therefore, into the question, "What is consciousness, and what is unconsciousness?"

Consciousness is the state wherein we recognize our actions with ourselves as their subject. "I think," said Descartes, "therefore I am." I see; I hear; I walk down the street; I converse with a friend. I note the kind of material in a building across the way and observe its height, its architecture, and the use to which the building is put. I realize that I receive various impressions of heat, cold, pleasure and pain through my senses. I am in full possession of my faculties and can use them as I need or desire. I recognize my actions and know that I am their subject. It is *I* who eat, walk, feel hot or cold, and not another. In other words, I am *conscious.* My actions are governed by myself, my ego, and I recognize them as operating from and upon my own personality. Such is consciousness. And it is only when I am in this state of consciousness that I can do these things rationally and intelligently—it is only in this state that the intellect can function smoothly, correctly, and effectively. When *un*consciousness occurs; when sleep shuts off communication between the world of matter and the world of mind; when the senses cease to operate and the current of impressions from without is throttled; when I no longer recognize my actions

with myself as their subject, then it is that the intellect deserts its post and reason flees to parts unknown. The field is abandoned to blind, capricious imagination which plays all kinds of tricks with passive unresisting memory in the formation of mental phantasms known as dreams.

Now just why some of the faculties of the mind should be inactive during unconsciousness while others are still active, is not clear. At times all are inactive and under such conditions dreams do not occur; which fact would seem to argue, as some psychologists believe, that mental faculties have their seat in the brain. It is difficult to see, however, how such could be the case unless we deny the existence of a *tertium quid*, an intangible, immaterial thing called the soul. It is difficult to see how anything takes place in the brain except physiological processes of nerve ganglia and minute cerebral cells, the product of which is nothing but purely physical effects, motion, heat, etc. To say that thought depends upon motion in the cortical area, is to state a proposition that can not be proven. Thought is certainly not motion, for motion is the result of physical activity and not its cause. If thought depends upon the latter for its origin and existence, it ought to take place anywhere in the body; for physiological activity is present in every cell in the whole organism and continues at all times, in some degree at least, whether that organism is under the influence of consciousness or unconsciousness. Thought may be the *cause* of cellular motion in the cortical area and there is undoubtedly a very intimate relationship between them, but it can not by any manner of means be its result. Thought depends upon the intellect functioning in the state of consciousness. Motion in the cortical area, as was just said, goes on equally as well during unconsciousness when the intellect is completely quiescent.

The dreamer does not and can not think. The intellect is never constructively active during dreams, and that is why they are generally so hard to remember when consciousness recurs. To the rational the irrational is incomprehensible; and as most of our dreams are hopelessly irrational, they fail to make an impression upon the mind deep enough to register upon the tablet of memory and so are relegated to the abyssmal depths of that mysterious region called the subconscious. However, there are times when fairly reasonable dreams do occur and the dreamer seems to be going through all the processes of logical thought the same as though he were awake. He solves problems and draws conclusions in a most remarkable manner, and to all appearances is in full possession of his facul-

ties. But the appearances are deceitful. As a matter of fact, such dreams are merely a series of properly associated ideas taken bodily from the memory by the imagination without the knowledge of the intellect which is absent from the scene of action and has nothing whatever to do with the matter. In dreams there is no directing intelligence to keep things straight. All the ideas formed from the impressions poured into the mind during the conscious life of the individual are at the complete mercy of the imagination and desire, to be joined together in any way caprice may dictate. Every canon of logic is ruthlessly violated, and the conformity of the idea, or mental picture, to the concrete, material thing which the idea represents and without which there can be no truth, is almost wholly ignored.

The dream is like a picture-puzzle the different pieces of which are wrongly joined together in a hodge-podge manner without regard for order or sense. The mind, under its influence, may be compared to a very naughty boy alone in a school-room and safe from detection. Books and papers, arranged so carefully and methodically by the teacher, are scattered with careless abandon; the waste-basket is used to decorate the noble brow of Julius Caesar or George Washington, and chalk is used profusely upon the blackboards. When little Johnny leaves, all is chaos and confusion. Everything loose has been disarranged and havoc reigns supreme.

And so it is with dreams. The imagination, aided and abetted by desire and a faintly active will, left to its own devices and abandoned by its lamp, reason, riots uproarously with everything poured into the store-house of the mind during moments of consciousness. The thousands of impressions and their accompanying ideas, catalogued and placed either in the memory or buried in the subconscious, are dragged forth and juggled without rhyme or reason. Ideas brought into the mind perhaps years before are ferretted from out their hidden recesses and freakishly connected up with ideas that came into it but yesterday. The picture-puzzle is wrongly put together—the association of ideas is distorted or destroyed.

As an illustration of this, let us suppose a person to be dreaming of an automobile. Now nearly everyone, in this day and age, has a fairly accurate mental picture of what an automobile looks like. He knows where the wheels are placed, what position the engine occupies in relation to the rest of the car, where the driver sits and so on. But what will a dream-picture of an automobile be like? In most cases it will be sadly lacking in conformity to the real thing, and the

various parts which go to make up an automobile will be out of place and not in their correct positions at all. The driver may straddle the hood; the spark-plugs may decorate the windshield; the radiator may spout steam like a locomotive—some of them do, as a matter of fact—the headlights may be on the top, and a steam siren may take the place of the horn. Everything is mixed up and the whole concept is out of joint. And yet, each of the parts which compose this picture; each of the individual ideas from which it is assembled has its counterpart in reality. Spark-plugs really exist; headlights for automobiles really exist; and so on for the rest. But in reality steam sirens do not belong on automobiles and spark-plugs normally are inserted in the top of the engine and not in the windshield. What has taken place in the dream is a wrong association of ideas and this because the intellect was not on hand to direct and govern the connection of materials so as to conform with reality. Yet to the dreamer the thing seems perfectly reasonable. He sees no incongruity and experiences no surprise at the unnatural, impossible monstrosities formed by the imagination, because he is, for the time being, wholly irrational. His state is analogous to that of a person insane. While the body sleeps, the desire and the imagination frolic.

It is this proclivity which gives rise to what Freud calls the "wish-fulfillment" species of dream. Every normal person experiences desires and longings which, because of prohibiting conditions of custom or environment, he is unable to realize and gratify. The only way in which he may obtain any pleasure at all in these things is consciously to allow his imagination full play and by picturing them in his mind, thus partially realize that pleasure which he believes their full possession would bring him. In accordance with our theory, therefore, these conscious mental pictures are subject to the action of the imagination during unconsciousness as well as any other kind of ideas, and hence they also find their expression in dreams. It does not follow, however, that a person may dream at will. No matter how much he may desire to dream of a certain thing, the fulfillment of that wish is wholly beyond his control. He can never be sure when the wish-fulfillment in the dream will take place. It is like every other species of dream in that it is subject to caprice and not to the rational volition of the intellect and only occurs when fancy may dictate. But such dreams undoubtedly take place time and again; and Freud is probably quite right in regard to this particular phase of his subject, although in others he is as probably quite wrong.

Be that as it may, however, it is a fact that seems to be borne out by experience, that every idea acquired by the individual during his entire conscious life is subject to the action of the imagination during dreams; for nothing is lost. This is as true of the spiritual world of mind as it is of the material world of nature. The piece of wood you burn is simply decomposed into its component elements of gases, solids, etc., and there remains as much matter in the universe as there was before you burned it. Matter is indestructible. And it is the same in the world of mind. In some unknown manner every thought, every idea, every picture formed by the imagination is submerged in the subconscious and many of them are known no more. Peculiar circumstances or associations may occasionally cause certain of them to rise to the surface of the conscious and once more be restored to memory. But for the most part, the subconscious mind is hidden chamber whose contents and workings can only be guessed at. It is a region all to itself, a region of mystery which baffles investigation, an uncharted sea, a land unknown the mere existence of which alone is suspected.

From a region such as this comes the stuff of which dreams are made and back to it they go after they have briefly run their course as mere phantasms chasing each other rapidly through the unconscious mind. They depend primarily upon the imagination playing with the elements supplied by the memory; but even though they are phantastic, impossible, and sometimes decidedly unpleasant, they add a charm of interest to the curious and challenge the ingenuity of the philosopher by baffling him with wonder at the mystery of his own wonderful existence, and astonishing him with the depth and capacity of his more than wonderful mind.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

CHAPTER III

The Upanishads, and the Fundamental Doctrines of Later Hindu Thought

THE Upanishads are the earliest Hindu treatises, other than single hymns or brief passages, which deal with philosophic subjects. They are formally parts of the Veda,[8]—the last offshoots of Vedic literature. The dry bones of the Vedic ritual cult rattle about in them in quite a noisy fashion at times, and seriously strain our patience and our charity. But they also contain the apotheosis, the New Testament, of Vedic philosophy. In them the struggling speculations which we have briefly sketched in the last chapter reach their highest development. They do not, be it noted, receive any final, systematic codification. That came much later. They are still tentative, fluid, and, one may fairly say, unstable; they are frequently inconsistent with each other and with themselves. They contain no system, but starts toward various different systems. Later Hindu thought utilized these starts and developed them into the various systematic philosophies of later times—Sānkhya, Vedānta, and the rest. In fact, there are few important ideas of later Hindu philosophical or religious thought which are not at least foreshadowed in the Upanishads. They are the connecting link between the Veda and later Hinduism; the last word of the one, the prime source of the other.

In this chapter, I wish to deal with the Upanishads mostly from the latter point of view: to show how they reveal the early stages of the fundamental postulates of later Hindu thought. While the views reproduced in this chapter are all found in the early Upanishads (except where the contrary is stated), we also find in them

[8] At least the older and more genuine ones are that; we may ignore for our present purpose the numerous late and secondary works which call themselves Upanishads.

expressions of quite different views, which approach much more closely the older Vedic speculations. The relation of the Upanishads to those earlier speculations may, in general, be described by saying that while the Upanishads carry their inquiries along essentially the same lines, and are actuated by the same underlying idea of the mystic, magic power of knowledge, their thoughts become increasingly anthropocentric and less cosmo-physical or ritualistic. Explanations of the cosmic absolute in purely physical terms, and speculations about the esoteric meaning of ritual entities, while they still occur, are less prominent; speculations on the nature and fate of man, and explanations of the universe in human or quasi-human terms, increase in frequency. Thus one of the most striking ideas in the Upanishads is that the human soul or self *is* the Absolute ("that art thou";[9] "I am Brahman";[10] "it [the universal Brahman] is thy self, that is within everything";[11] "that which rests in all things and is distinct from all things, which all things know not, of which all things are the body [that is, the material representation or form], which controls all things within, that is thy self [*ātman*], the immortal Inner Controller"[12]). All that is outside of this Self is at times conceived as created by, or emitted from, It (as in dreams the Self seems to create a dream-world and to live in it).[13] At other times the sharp line drawn between the Self and material nature, that is all that is not Self, is made to preclude any genetic relation between the two.[14]

In any case, the attention of the Upanishadic thinkers is more and more centered upon the human soul. Other things are important as they are related to it. And—while its origin and past history remain objects of interest—we find an increasing amount of attention paid to its future fate. The practical purpose of speculation reasserts itself emphatically in the question, how can man control

[9] Chāndogya Upanishad 6.8.7, etc.

[10] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad 1.4.10, etc.

[11] *Ibid.*, 3.4.1.

[12] *Ibid.*, 3.7.15.

[13] *Ibid.*, 4.3.10. According to several Upanishad passages the soul performs this creative act by a sort of mystic, quasi-magic power, sometimes called *māyā*, that is, "artifice"; it is a word sometimes applied to sorcery, and to tricks and strategems of various kinds. The Bhagavad Gītā similarly speaks of the Deity as appearing in material nature by His *māyā*, His mystic power. This does not mean (in my opinion; some scholars take the contrary view) that the world outside of the self is illusory, without real existence, as the later Vedānta philosophy maintains; *māyā*, I think, is not used in the Vedāntic sense of "world-illusion" until many centuries later.

[14] Thus foreshadowing the later dualistic systems, such as Sānkhya and Yoga, which recognize matter and soul as two eternal and eternally independent principles—a doctrine which is familiarly accepted in the Bhagavad Gītā.

his own destiny? What is man's *summum bonum*, and how shall he attain it? It is out of such questions and the answers to them that the basic postulates of later Hindu thought develop.

In early Vedic times the objects of human desire are the ordinary ones which natural man seeks the world over: wealth, pleasures, power over his fellows, long life, and offspring; and finally, since death puts an end to the enjoyment of all these, immortality. Immortality, however, can only be hoped for in a future existence, since all life on this earth is seen to end in death. So the Vedic poets hope for some sort of heavenly and eternal life after death. But presently they begin to be uneasy lest perchance death might interfere with that future life, also. The fear of this "re-death" becomes, in what we may call the Middle Vedic period (the Brāhmanas), a very prominent feature. Combined with this is the growing belief in the imperishability of the *ātman*, the Self or Soul, the essential part of the living being. These two ideas are not mutually contradictory. Death remains, as a very disagreeable experience—no less disagreeable if it must be undergone more than once—even though it does not destroy the Soul but only brings it over into a new existence. What pleasure can man take in wealth, power, and offspring, if this sword of Damocles is constantly hanging over him, threatening to deprive him of all, and to launch him upon some new and untried existence? Moreover, that future existence may be no better than the present one. Possibly under the influence of popular animism, which sees "souls" similar to the human soul in all parts of nature, the future life is brought down from heaven to this earth. And so, in the early Upanishads, we find quite definite statements of the theory of rebirth or transmigration, which was to remain through all future time an axiom to practically all Hindus. According to this, the Soul is subject to an indefinite series of existences, in various material forms or "bodies," either in this world or in various imaginary worlds. The Bhagavad Gītā expresses this universal Hindu belief in the form of two similes. It says that one existence follows another just as different stages of life—childhood, young manhood, maturity, and old age—follow one another in this life.[15] Or again, just as one lays off old garments and dons new ones, so the Soul lays off an old, worn-out body and puts on a new one.[16] One of the oldest Upanishads uses the simile of a caterpillar, which crawls to the end of a blade of grass and then "gathers itself to-

[15] 2.13.
[16] 2.22.

gether" to pass over to another blade of grass; so the Soul at death "gathers itself together" and passes over to a new existence.[17]

The Upanishads also begin to combine with this doctrine of an indefinite series of reincarnations the old belief in retribution for good and evil deeds in a life after death; a belief which prevailed among the people of Vedic India, as all over the world. With the transference of the future life from a mythical other world to this earth, and with the extension or multiplication of it to an indefinite series of future lives more or less like the present life, the way was prepared for the characteristically Hindu doctrine of "karma" (*karman*) or "deed." This doctrine, which is also axiomatic to the Hindus, teaches that the state of each existence of each individual is absolutely conditioned and determined by that individual's morality in previous existences. A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. An early Upanishad says: "Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil."[18] In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. Every action, whether good or bad, must have its result for the doer. If in the present life a man is on the whole good, his next existence is better by just so much as his good deeds have outweighed his evil deeds. He becomes a great and noble man, or a king, or perhaps a god (the gods, like men, are subject to the law of transmigration). Conversely, a wicked man is reborn as a person of low position, or as an animal, or, in cases of exceptional depravity, he may fall to existence in hell. And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise himself in time to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. It seems hardly possible to conceive a principle of greater moral grandeur and perfection.

[17] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.4.3.
[18] *Ibid.*, 4.4.5.

The Upanishads go farther than this in anticipating later Hindu views of the Soul's progress. One of the earliest of them contains this passage: "This Spirit of Man consists simply of *desire*. As is his desire, so is his resolve; as is his resolve, so is the deed (*karman*) that he does; as is the deed that he does, so is that (fate) which he attains unto."[19] The root of action, and so the determining cause of man's future fate, is his "desire." It follows that if man's desires can be properly regulated, he can be led to his true goal. This remains a fundamental tenet of later Hinduism.

It might seem that the glorification of the Soul as the center of the universe should be a comforting and inspiring thought. And, indeed, the Upanishads and later Hindu works describe the perfections of the Soul in inspiring and even ecstatic terms. But the practical effect of all this upon the Hindu attitude towards our present life was just the oposite. It only served to emphasize the contrast between the Soul and all that is not Soul, that is, all material or empiric existence. "Whatever is other than That (the Soul) is evil," says an early Upanishad.[20] Soon this crystallizes into a definitely and thoroughly pessimistic view of life. All existence, in the ordinary empiric sense, is inherently worthless and base and evil. Pleasures are both transitory and illusory. Death is not only an evil in itself, which threatens us at every moment, but also it leads only to further existence, that is, to further misery. True joy and peace can only be found in the Self.

Accordingly, the perfected man is he *"whose desire is the Soul,* whose desire is satisfied, who has no desire" (other than the Soul; that is, who is free from ordinary, worldly desires),[21] who "is beyond desire, has dispensed with evil, knows no fear, is free from sorrow."[22] As long as a man is affected by desire (other than the desire for the Soul's perfection, which, as just indicated, is the same as having *no* desire), this leads him to "resolve" and to "action," which must have its fruit in continued material existence; and all material existence is evil.

The estate of this perfected man is most commonly described as attainment of, going to, or union with the One—which may be called Brahman, or the Atman (the Self or Soul), or some synonym. It

[19] *Ibid.*, 4.4.5.
[20] *Ibid.*, 3.4.2.
[21] Which are defined by the Buddhists as including (1) desire for sensual pleasures, (2) desire for continued existence (in other incarnations), and (3) desire for prosperity in this existence. This classification may be regarded as typical for Hindu systems in general.
[22] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.4.6; 4.3.22.

is not non-existence, according to the Upanishads; for the soul is immortal, and cannot cease to be. It is sometimes even declared to be a conscious state; but this is immediately qualified by saying that though the soul still has the faculties of seeing, knowing, and so on, there is no object for these faculties to act upon, so that after all it is to all intents and purposes a state of unconsciousness.[23] As the soul is one with the universal subject, than which there is then no other, there can be no object, and hence no activity of the senses or mental faculties. So at other times the texts plainly say "there is no consciousness after death (for the perfected soul)."[24] They conceive it as similar to the state of deep and dreamless sleep, which is indeed at times thought of as a temporary union with the One, and so a foretaste of that perfected condition.[25] It is natural that such a state should be associated with bliss; for while the waking man has no recollection of consciousness or anything else as having existed in sound sleep, still he awakes from it feeling refreshed and often with a vague impression of having been in some sort of remote and happy state. At any rate, the Upanishads leave no doubt that there is in this union with the One a total cessation of desires, of evil, of sorrow—in short, of ordinary, empiric, worldly existence, which is characterized by desires, evil, and sorrow. But not content with that, they describe it as a state of pure and ecstatic bliss, infinitely surpassing all human joys, indeed far exceeding the power of mind to conceive it.[26]

Later Hindu religions and philosophies call this state by the well-known name of *nirvāna*. The word does not occur in the early Upanishads; but the idea is there. *Nirvāna* means "extinction," originally of a fire or flame; then of the flames of desire, as the cause of continued rebirth. To some later sects, such as the Buddhists, it means also literal extinction of life, of existence in any form; for Buddhism, in its original form, denies the existence of either world-soul or individual soul. Yet even in Buddhist texts *nirvāna* is described as a state of blissful ecstasy; so firmly established was this mode of thought. It makes equally little difference if, with the Sānkhya, one denies the world-soul and merely conceives the perfected individual souls as existing separately, independent of each other and of matter; still the same descriptions are used. All the later variations in metaphysical theory (some of them found already in the Upanishads) make no difference in the concept of the per-

[23] *Ibid.*, 4.5.15; 4.3.23ff.
[24] *Ibid.*, 4.5.13.
[25] *Ibid.*, 4.3.19ff.
[26] *Ibid.*, 4.3.32, 33.

fected state as a kind of pure and—so to speak—unconscious consciousness, and transcendent bliss. The Bhagavad Gītā uses the word *nirvāna* several times, generally in the compound *brahmanirvāna*, "extinction in Brahman," or "the extinction which is Brahman." More commonly it uses vaguer terms to describe the goal which means salvation—such expressions as "perfection," "the highest goal," "the supreme state," or "My (God's) estate." Or it simply says "he attains Me (God)," or "he attains Brahman"; that is, the perfected man becomes united with God or with Brahman. Details as to the nature of that state are wholly wanting in the Gītā, if we except such vague expressions as "that highest state of Mine, to which having gone one does not return, is not illumined by sun or moon or fire"[27]—implying that it shines by its own light. We get no idea of how the Gītā conceived the state of a man who had gained this position. All that seems clear is that it was conceived as some sort of real existence, not as total and absolute annihilation.

The way to attain this state of perfection, as to attain anything else, is, according to the usual Upanishad doctrine, by true knowledge. Knowledge is the magic talisman that opens all doors. He who knows anything, controls it; and so, he who knows the supreme truth, thereby becomes master of it, and gains the highest state. "He who knows that supreme Brahman, unto Brahman he goes."[28] Similar expressions appear constantly throughout the whole Upanishad literature. This comes as near as anything to being a universal doctrine of the Upanishads. It is furthermore a doctrine which is of fundamental importance in all later Hindu thought. All the later systems make it their prime business to point the way to human salvation; and one may say in general that their methods are primarily and originally intellectual, or, perhaps better, intuitive. They teach that man shall be saved through the realization of the supreme truth. In their formulations of that truth they differ, of course, among themselves; that is the reason for the plurality of systems. But they usually state, or at least imply, the omnipotence of knowledge; and conversely they usually emphasize the fact that ignorance (*avidyā*) is the root of evil. Characteristic of them all is the Buddhist formula, which says that ignorance is the cause of desire; desire leads to action; and action must have its fruit, as we have seen, in continued existence, all of which is evil.

[27] 15.6.
[28] Mundaka Upanishad, 3.2.9; Kaushītaki Upanishad, 1.4.

Even *good* deeds are still deeds, and must have their fruit, according to the doctrine of "karma." And to attain the *summum bonum* man must get rid of all deeds, of all karma. Therefore, while most if not all Hindu systems teach a practical morality, they also teach that no degree of morality, however perfect, can lead to final salvation. In this, too, they are anticipated by the Upanishads. The perfect soul is "beyond good and evil."[29] Neither good nor evil can effect him. At times the Upanishads seem even to say or imply that when a man has attained enlightenment, he can do what he likes without fear of results. This somewhat dangerous doctrine is, however, not typical, and is probably to be regarded only as a strained and exaggerated expression of the idea that the truly enlightened soul cannot, in the very nature of things, do an evil deed. If he could, he would not be truly enlightened; for "he who has not ceased from evil conduct cannot attain Him (the Atman) by intelligence."[30] This is similar to the Socratic notion that the truly wise man must inevitably be virtuous. The difference is that the Upanishads regard even virtue, as well as vice, as transcended by perfect knowledge; the possessor thereof passes beyond both, and rises to a plane on which moral concepts simply have no meaning. Morality applies only in the world of karma, the world of ordinary empiric existence, which the enlightened man has left behind him. In the final state of the perfected man, as we have seen, there can be, strictly speaking, no action; so how can there be either moral or immoral action? The attitude of the Upanishads, and following them of most later Hindu systems, is then that morality has only a negative importance, and in the last analysis none whatever, in man's struggle for salvation. Immorality is a sign of imperfection; it can only be due to the prevalence in the soul of ignorance, causing desire, leading to action and rebirth. It must be got rid of. But it will fall away of itself with the attainment of true wisdom. And no amount of good deeds will bring that wisdom which alone can lead to release. Good deeds result in less unhappy existences, but that is all; salvation is release from all empiric existence. This does not prevent the teaching of a system of practical ethics, for the guidance of those who have not yet attained enlightenment. In actual practice, most Hindu sects inculcate very lofty moral principles; and many of them devote much attention thereto. But theoretically, at least, such things do not concern their fundamental aims.

[29] Kaushītaki Upanishad, 1.4; compare Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.3'22, etc.

Yet at times morality is spoken of as if it had a positive, if only qualified, value in preparing the soul for the reception of enlightenment. The fact is that the strictly intellectual or intuitional position is hard for the ordinary man to master. He needs the encouragement of more concrete aims, or helps toward the final aim. Many of the later sects recognize this, either implicitly or explicitly, and so do not hold strictly to the position that "knowledge," that is, immediate perception of the metaphysical truth, is the sole and exclusive means of salvation. Even the Upanishads do not quite do this, though they come closer to it than many later systems. Despite the popular and even primitive background of their intellectualism, its relation to the old idea of the magic power of knowledge, the speculation of the Upanishads in its highest forms reached a point which must have placed it out of touch with the mentality of most of the people. "Knowledge" of the abstract truth about the Soul proves a very different matter from "knowledge" of the things which are the ordinary aims of magic, when the human mind tries to grasp it. Any man can "know" the "name" of his enemy, or of the disease which afflicts him, and by that "knowledge" can seek to cast a spell over them. But only a rare thinker can "know" the absolute metaphysical Truth, so that it is an ever-present illumination of his whole being,[31] and this is what he must do in order to have the true "knowledge" that brings control of his own soul, of his destiny—the "knowledge" that means salvation. For ordinary human nature, there is needed a process of education, of discipline, which shall lead up to this enlightenment. Various sects make use of morality in this way, as a preliminary help. It purifies the soul and prepares it for enlightenment. Many Upanishad passages imply such a position, at least by saying that the wicked cannot hope for true knowledge—even though other passages speak of knowledge as a sort of magic power by which one "sloughs off sin, as a snake sloughs off its skin."[32]

There are other preliminary steps or practices which various sects regard as useful in preparing the soul for the reception of the enlightenment which will finally bring release. And in some of the later Hindu sects these preliminary steps become so prominent that they obscure, or almost obliterate, what was originally the true goal —the attainment of metaphysical knowledge. Of these avenues of

[30] Katha Upanishad, 2.24.

[31] "By a rare chance may a man see It (the Soul); by a rare chance likewise may another declare It; and by a rare chance may another hear It. But even when he has heard It, no one whatsoever knows It." Bhagavad Gītā, 2.29; quoted from Katha Upanishad, 2.7.

[32] Prashna Upanishad, 5.5.

approach to knowledge, which however occasionally lead off into seductive bypaths, the chief, in addition to righteous conduct, are two. One is devotion to the personality of some god or prophet, who is regarded as a kind of personal savior or helper on the way to salvation. The other is the practice of asceticism in some form or other, regarded as an approach to a state of inaction (and so to the ideal, since all actions lead to rebirth), and also as helping to prepare for enlightenment by freeing the individual from attachment to the world, by gradually conquering the natural desires of the flesh.

The first of these two secondary methods, as we may call them, plays a very small rôle in the older Upanishads. The Upanishads recognize no prophet who could occupy the place which the Buddha holds for his followers as a personal Savior, quite analogous to the places of Jesus and Mohammed in Christianity and Islam. And most of them, particularly the earliest, do not think of the One—Brahman, or Atman, or the Existent, or whatever they call It—in sufficiently personal terms to make it easy to think of It as exercising grace in saving men, or as the object of any very personal devotion on the part of men. But for the Bhagavad Gītā, which is frankly monotheistic,[33] the case is very different; and we shall find that in it the "grace of God" is repeatedly spoken of as singling out His elect and bringing them to salvation by His divine choice. And no means for attaining salvation is more emphasized in the Gītā than *bhakti,* "devotion" to God, or fervent love of Him. Originally, no doubt, this devotion was to lead to knowledge, intellectual enlightenment, and so to release. But the intermeditae step is often lost sight of in the Gītā and in similar later works; they not infrequently think of ecstatic love of God as leading immediately to absorption in Him, which is their conception of salvation. It is interesting to note, then, that even this position, contrary though it is to the usual spirit of the Upanishads, finds expression in them, and precisely in two of them which were pretty certainly known to the author of the Gītā. One speaks of enlightenment as coming "by the grace of God," and recommends "devotion" (*bhakti*) to Him as a means for attaining it.[34] The other speaks of "beholding the greatness of the Soul

[33] This is certainly a reasonable statement in dealing with a work in which the principal speaker is represented as an incarnation of the Supreme Deity; although there are not wanting in the Gītā, as we shall see in Chapter VI, passages in which the First Principle seems to be spoken of in impersonal, monistic terms.

[34] Shvetāshvatara Upanishad, 6.21, 23. This is a comparatively late Upanishad, probably not much older than the Gītā; there are various good reasons for believing that it was known to the Gītā's author.

(*ātman*) by the grace of the Creator (*dhātar*)."[35] and shortly after this the same text, not even using the term "Creator" or "God," or any other personal expression for the Supreme, says that "this Soul (*ātman;* here the Universal Soul) is not to be attained by instruction, by intellect, or by much holy learning; He is to be attained only by him whom He chooses; for him He reveals His own form."[36]

The other "secondary method" of gaining enlightenment, the method of withdrawal from the world by some form of asceticism, is more complicated in its history. In the oldest periods of Vedic speculation we hear much of a concept called *tapas*. Already in the great monistic hymn of the Rig Veda, 10.129, the One is produced out of the primal chaos by the power of *tapas*. The word means literally "heat," and in cosmogonic connections it undoubtedly suggests the creative warmth that is symbolized by the brooding of a bird over its eggs. The idea of the development of the universe out of a cosmic egg appears not infrequently in early Hindu cosmogonies, and with it is clearly associated the idea of *tapas*, warmth, as a force of cosmic evolution. But in religious language the same word had the figurative meaning of "religious, devotional fervor." It is the inspiration of the priest or holy man. It was thus nearly related to the concept of *brahman*, the holy word as the quintessence of religious spirit. It is possible that it had a partly physical connotation in this sense, too; the religious fervor probably was sometimes brought on or increased by physical exertion; and even the sacrificial ritual itself, being performed over the sacred fire, resulted in literal, physical "heat" for the officiating priests (the texts refer to this specifically). For these various reasons the power of *tapas*, "warmth" or "fervor," is prominently mentioned in early Vedic cosmogonies as a cosmic force. Sometimes it is made a sort of First Principle itself. More often the Creator is spoken of as "exercising *tapas*" in creating the universe.

But about the time of the early Upanishads the word *tapas* began to acquire a new connotation. From this period seems to date the development in India of a recognized class of hermits or monks, men who renounced the world and lived a life devoted to meditation or some form of asceticism. The prominence of such people in later India is well known. They do not appear clearly in the early Vedic texts; and their appearance in large numbers is certainly related to the growth of world-weariness among the Hindu intellectuals,

[35] Katha Upanishad, 2.20. The Gītā has several verbal quotations from this Upanishad.

[36] *Ibid.*, 2.23.

which accompanied and signalized the general views of life outlined in this chapter. If all ordinary life is vanity and vexation of spirit, and the only hope of salvation lies in knowledge of the Soul, which is to be attained through mystic contemplation, naturally the intelligent man will be inclined to turn his back on the world and devote himself to a more or less hermit-like existence. There are, moreover, very special reasons for asceticism. Actions lead to rebirth; so inaction, or the nearest possible approach to it, withdrawal from the world, is desirable. Furthermore, as we have seen, desires are the root of evil, because they enchain man to the things of this life, and distract his attention from his true goal. He must, therefore, seek to overcome his desires. One way of doing this is to avoid the objects of desire as much as possible, by living a solitary life, preferably in the wilderness. Another way is by positive acts of self-repression, even self-torture, to "modify the flesh" and reduce it to subjection. Another is by means of self-hypnosis to induce a state of trance, or half-trance, in which one may attain nearly complete, if only temporary, freedom from the distractions of the world, and a sort of approach to the "unconscious consciousness" of union with the One. All of these varying forms of ascetic austerities have been more or less practised by many Hindu sects, sometimes in very extreme forms. They are all included under the concept of *tapas*, "heat, fervor," as it is used in the Upanishads and later. As so used the word contains both a physical and a spiritual connotation. Physical, in that many ascetics engaged in often very strenuous exertions, or deliberately subjected themselves to the heat of the sun and of fire, to subdue their physical passions. Spiritual, in that their theoretical aim, at least, was always to produce the desired religious fervor or ecstasy through which they hoped to gain enlightenment. In theory, all such practices were only a means, the end being enlightenment. They prepared the soul for this end by subduing desires and inducing a spiritual attitude favorable to the reception of enlightenment. But in this case, too, as in the case of the theory of divine grace and devotion to the Deity, the means became the end in some later sects, which came to think of salvation as resulting directly from asceticism, not from enlightenment brought on by asceticism. There are sects which teach that salvation is sure to come to one who starves himself to death—the *ne plus ultra* of ascetic practice. This extreme, however, is exceptional.[37]

[37] In the popular mind ascetic practices came to be regarded as a means of acquiring all sorts of supernatural or magic powers; just as knowledge (the acquisition of which was the theoretical object of ascetic practices) was con-

We see, then, that the word *tapas*, "fervor," had both a physical and a spiritual aspect in both the early Vedic speculations and their later successors, but that there was a change in the connotation on each side. The Upanishads took up the early concept of "fervor" or "warmth" and reinterpreted it in terms of their own ideas. Common to both periods is the use of the primarily physical concept to characterize a certain type of religious life, though a different type in each period. The early use of the concept in cosmogonic connections may also be presumed to have contributed to the use of it in the Upanishads as a tentative definition of the First Principle, or a means of knowing it. ("Seek to know the *brahman* by fervor [austerity, *tapas*]; *brahman* is fervor [austerity]!"[38] Not a few Upanishad passages speak of attaining the *ātman* through *tapas*, either alone or in conjunction with other potencies. For them, however, it remains a subordinate concept, on the whole. The sentence just quoted is not at all typical of their general attitude. In this respect the Bhagvad Gītā agrees with them. Indeed, the usual attitude of the Gītā is definitely opposed to asceticism; it seeks to justify participation in normal, worldly life, though with qualification. Only rarely does it speak in terms which seem to recommend withdrawal from the world.[39]

To summarize this chapter: the Upanishads show us the beginnings of the fundamental principles of later, classical Hinduism. These may be grouped under three general headings. First, pessimism: all ordinary life is evil. Second, transmigration, with the doctrine of karma: living souls are subject to an indefinite series of lives, all more or less like this life, the condition of the individual in each being determined by his moral conduct in previous existences. Third, salvation: the only hope for release from this endless chain of evil existences is (primarily) by "knowledge," that is, intuitive realization of the supreme metaphysical truth; as preparations or aids to the attainment of this knowledge are recognized morality, devotion to a supreme personality, and ascetic austerities, although all of these are usually kept in a quite subordinate position in the Upanishads. In various later sects one or another of them at times assumes such importance as to obscure the original means of salvation, "knowledge." Except in this last respect, virtually all Hindu sects and philosophies agree regarding these basic postulates, however much they may differ on other matters.

ceived by the vulgar in terms of magic power. Some of the later systems of philosophy which attach great importance to austerities are not free from this degradation of the idea.

[38] Taittirīya Upanishad, 3.2ff.

[39] See Chapter VII.

THE ENIGMA OF SCIENCE

BY WALTER B. LYDENBERG

ALTHOUGH the enigma of science has been a stumbling-block for thinkers in all ages, no attempt at an exhaustive study of the subject was undertaken until as late as the eighteenth century, when, after twelve years of research, Immanuel Kant brought forth his memorable *Critique of Pure Reason.* He introduces the enigma to us in the opening sentences of the preface to the first edition of that work, thus:

"Human reason, in one sphere of its cognition, is called upon to consider questions which it can not decline, as they are presented by its own nature, but which it can not answer, as they transcend every faculty of the mind.

"It falls into this difficulty without any fault of its own. It begins with principles, which can not be dispensed with in the field of experience, and the truth and sufficiency of which are, at the same time, insured by experience. With these principles it rises, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, to ever higher and more remote conditions. But it quickly discovers that, in this way, its labors must remain ever incomplete, because new questions never cease to present themselves; and thus it finds itself compelled to have recourse to principles which transcend the region of experience, while they are regarded by common sense without distrust. It thus falls into confusion and contradictions, from which it conjectures the presence of latent errors, which, however, it is unable to discover, because the principles it employs, transcending the limits of experience, can not be tested by that criterion. The arena of these endless contests is called metaphysics."

Here we have what is perhaps the most searching indictment against human intelligence that has been issued. It excludes the possibility of an understanding being reached concerning certain phenomena. The limitations of man's intelligence was however not a discovery of Kant's,—he simply wrote up the indictment in a manner sufficiently formal to meet the demands of science and philosophy; but throughout literature, ancient and modern, we find the difficulty sensed. It was the consciousness of this limitation of the

intellect which stirred the heart of Bildad the Shuhite to remind his perplexed and tortured friend Job that "we are but of yesterday, and know nothing." The Psalmist, contemplating in awe the super-intelligence of his Creator, could not help but exclaim, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it." With perhaps less feeling the cold intellect of Plato came to admit that "the learning and knowledge that we have is at the most but little compared with that of which we are ignorant." The doubting Thomas, in his child-like simplicity, could not but confess, as he laid the stupendous problem at the feet of his Master, "Lord, we know not whither thou goeth; how know we the way?" (while to that question Jesus furnished an answer that has remained unchallenged even until this day). On the plains of Naishapur the scientist-poet Omar the Tent-maker reminiscently sang:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

"With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go'."

While a little later that other poet Dante as, in his fancy, he trod the mountain-paths of Purgatory is cautioned by his guide Virgil:

"Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind;
Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been
For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye
Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly;
To whose desires, repose would have been given,
That now but serve them for eternal grief.
I speak of Plato, and the Stagirite,
And others many more."

We all remember "Doctor Faust," how Goethe introduces him to us, learned as he is, thus:

"And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first!"

Prior despondently sums it up, "Human science is uncertain guess";

and Lord Greville, "Human knowledge is the parent of doubt"; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Science is the topography of ignorance"; and Byron, with a sneer, "Science is but an exchange of ignorance for that which is another kind of ignorance"; and Shakespeare, not mincing words, impatiently dismisses it all with the exclamation, "O this learning, what a thing it is!"

Returning to writers of scientific or philosophic bent who have discussed the subject in a formal manner, we find explicit statements made by Henri Poincaré and by George Henry Lewis. The former writes: "No particular law will ever be more than approximate and probable. Scientists have never failed to recognize this truth; only they believe, right or wrong, that every law may be replaced by another closer and more probable, that this new law will itself be only provisional, but that the same movement can continue indefinitely, so that science in progressing will possess laws more and more probable. . . . Every law is only a statement, imperfect and provisional, but it must one day be replaced by another, a superior law, of which it is only a crude image." The statement from Mr. Lewis is as follows: "Nothing is more clearly demonstrable than that what is called exact science is also a purely ideal construction, dealing primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities. . . . A traditional perversion makes the essence of a thing to consist in the relations of that thing to something unknown, unknowable, rather than its relations to a known or knowable—i. e., assumes that the thing can not be what it is to us and other known things; but must be something 'in itself,' unrelated, or having quite other relations to other unknowable things."

Notwithstanding these warnings, the allurements of science, with its admittedly vast strides in the advancement of knowledge, seem to be so entrancing that we find its devotees making bold to occupy that stage in the arena of metaphysics forbidden by Kant, though not indeed without rushing pell-mell into that very "confusion and contradictions" about which he issued the warning. Thus Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, in a letter to the editor of *The Century Magazine*, published in the February, 1923, number of that periodical, regards the onslaughts of present-day science in the field of the philosopher somewhat with dismay and trembling. Indeed, civilization itself, in his opinion, is in danger of disintegration at the hands of philosophy when consideration is given, as must needs be, to the discoveries of modern science. A formidable "generation of philosophers has arisen," he says, "schooled in psychology, biology, chemistry, and

physics." With the breaking down of "barrier after barrier of the unknown . . . under the onslaughts of critical observation and experience," one professor of philosophy seems now to be imbued with the obligation of teaching his students "that 'man is a mere cosmic accident,' the most interesting and the most self-interested accident which has yet happened to matter, but nevertheless an accident; that 'immortality is a sheer illusion,' and that 'there is practically no evidence for the existence of God'." Another professor of philosophy, according to Mr. Wiggam, considers himself bound to caution his students, "many of them labor leaders and intellectuals of the most earnest type, that 'religion is a mere defense mechanism' which man has built up subjectively, a 'compensatory fiction for his inner feeling of inferiority,' 'a device for importing symbols into the world of fact,' all with a view not of finding reality, but of keeping up his courage with a 'picture of a universe run in his private interest,' 'a universe as he would like to have it'." Another professor of philosophy seems constrained to announce that 'freedom of the will has been knocked into a cocked hat,' and that such things as the 'soul' and 'consciousness' are mere mistakes of the older psychology." Mr. Wiggam expresses the opinion that "a majority of all biologists, psychologists, physicists, and chemists are thoroughgoing mechanists, and that mechanism as a world view is growing." Now the danger to civilization is this, in Mr. Wiggam's opinion: "What is the man-on-the-street going to do when he wakes up to what they [the philosophers] at least believe are the facts?" The philosophers themselves, according to Mr. Wiggam, are not inappreciative of the situation, and answer the question "candidly that they do not know. They express only hopes, suggestions, and despairs." "The highest intellectual triumphs of man," Mr. Wiggam fears, "have failed to furnish him [the man-on-the-street] with any sound or satisfying reason for living at all."

Briefly, Mr. Wiggam's estimate seems to be, that philosophy is a menace to civilization, and that the advance of science is at the root of the evil. What a condemnation! And, according to Mr. Wiggam, philosophers themselves are conscious of the justness of the condemnation, but clear their skirts on the ground that they are helpless in the case.

Now that Mr. Wiggam is thoroughly justified in his apprehensions, can not be denied. The condition he cites is patent. What we do deny is, that the philosophers of today are justified in attempting to adapt scientific discoveries to metaphysical problems. We

deny that they are helpless properly to interpret metaphysical problems in the light of recent scientific progress. We contend that if they do not know what to do under the onslaughts of science, they should know. We charge them with professional negligence in disregarding the caution of that great teacher of philosophers Immanuel Kant. We charge them with forgetfulness, in their zeal to babble and ostensibly at least to keep up with the procession of scientific progress, of the warning issued by Kant, namely, that "the principles it [human reason in the sphere of metaphysics] employs, transcending the limits of experience, can not be tested by that criterion [experience]." The criterion of scientific truth is, above all things, the test of experience. Therefore, science as an intellectual mentor has no part whatsoever to play in the solution of metaphysical problems. Its rôle is that of "hands off." And we accuse these professors who seek to mix science with their metaphysics of an utter disregard of the enigma to which science must lead if it is induced to attempt to spill over and trench upon a field in which its feet were never made to tread.

Hand in hand with the philosophers, the scientists themselves are to blame; but to err is human; and they fall into their mistakes in this respect, in a most natural fashion. The problems of metaphysics, like our normal appetite, are with us always in the healthy state of the mind. They cry for a solution. Who therefore can withhold the bread? And when an attractive crumb is presented, it is most natural to taste.

In diagnosing this confusion into which human reason falls, even as Mr. Wiggam has pointed out, Kant found it guilty of employing "principles which transcend the region of experience." To prescribe a treatment of the malady, naturally we must probe to find out the nature of these experience-transcending principles; and a journey into Kant's *Critique* is the first indication. Without attempting here to tread that labyrinthian maze, we will content ourselves with a few bold flank attacks, and, daringly plunging into the vitals of the *Critique*, snatch up what appear to be the most promising jewels, and forthwith retreat. What have we? It is this: that everything we know is known only as existing in time and space and as having quantity attributes, quality, a relationship to something else, and as having a necessary and certain existence. Another startling disclosure of Kant's is this: that the contradictory ideas that the total of things had a beginning in time and is also limited in space, and that the total of things had no beginning in time and has no

limits in space, are both tenable; that the contradictory ideas that everything consists of simple parts and that there is nothing that is not composed of parts, and that nothing consists of simple parts and that there is no simple substance, are likewise both tenable; that the contradictory ideas that a causality of freedom is necessary to account for phenomena, and that there is no such thing as absolute freedom, are also both tenable; and finally, that the contradictory ideas that there is an absolutely necessary being as the cause of all things, and no absolutely necessary being exists as the cause of all things, are similarly both tenable. These four sets of contradictory ideas Kant styled the "antinomies of pure reason."

Well, here at least we have some subjects for our debating societies. As to what this all means, we will offer no suggestions. The confusion and contradictions which Kant has pointed out are however matters that can not be frivolously dismissed. He has at least given us food for thought; and to attempt to prove that he is in error in his contentions is a job which we will gladly relinquish to any who are desirous of tackling it.

Perchance Mr. Lewis has diagnosed the cause of this philosophical thorn-in-the-flesh in a more easily understandable fashion. He considers that the malady is all due to the fact that what is called exact science deals "primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities." We therefore simply want to ask here if these things which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers are talking about are not after all mere "abstractions" and not in any sense of the word such "concrete realities" as are applicable to treatment by scientific methods, and wholly without the range of practical scientific inquiry and hopelessly uninvulsive in that range.

Examining, then, the fears of Mr. Wiggam's philosophers in the light of the conclusions reached by Kant and by Lewis, what do we find?

In the first place, what after all has science to do with man? It can gain and record experiences with this man or that man or with ten thousand particular men with regard to their physical and mental phenomena; and it can suggest the probable physical and mental makeup of certain men who probably lived 50,000 years ago as represented by their fossil remains; and it can suggest the probable physical and mental makeup of animals now extinct but whose fossil remains indicate the one-time existence of a creature resembling both present-day men and present-day apes; and similarly it can suggest the probable appearance of the "ancestors" of apes, and in

turn their "ancestors," and so on down the line. The thing man, however, is not this man or that man or those men, but is a distinct something abstracted from all men and representative of the attributes of all possible men who now exist or may exist or ever did exist. *Man* is the abstraction; *this man* and *that man* and *those men* are the concrete realities. *Man* is the fiction of the intellect; *that man,* a concrete reality. The former is an idea; the latter are particular things presented to us and available for study, for observation, for experience with. Surely no scientist can hope to solve the problems presented by imagination, the abstract thing, by methods of study applicable only to concrete realities. If he should so endeavor, he must needs relinquish scientific methods for metaphysical methods. Man is I and you and an unthinkable number of other I's and you's all lumped together and thrown by the imagination into a single abstracted thing. The statement therefore that "man is a cosmic accident" is a guess, a possibility, a fiction, a fancy, wholly without scientific justification. An idea of similar import to be stated as a scientific truth must be in the form "all men have been found to be cosmic accidents," which is preposterous. The "descent" of "man," therefore, in Darwin's book so entitled, is no less a myth than the "creation" of "man" in the Pentateuch; the writers of both books were biologists; but the facilities for observation possessed by Darwin were infinitely greater than those of his ancient predecessor, and as a result his book contains voluminous facts of extraordinary interest.

Further, what has science to do with the cosmos or with accidents? Both of these ideas are abstractions and not concrete realities. It is indeed possible to fancy, as Mr. Wiggam's philosophers seem to do, that there is such a thing as a cosmos, and that in the course of helpless events in this cosmos the existence of men has come about, but to stamp such a fancy with scientific approval is, to say the least, to make a travesty of the name of science. I have yet to see the scientist who has convinced me that I am "a mere cosmic accident," for the reasons that I fail to find in science a solution of the problem of myself and also a concrete representation of a thing that can be called a cosmos and also even any attempt at explaining just what an accident is. Kant once and for all eliminated the ideas of accident and necessity from the sphere of common sense, in his fourth antinomy, which we have above paraphrased for our readers in the brief sentence, "The contradictory ideas that there is an absolutely necessary being as the cause of all things, and no absolutely necessary being exists as the cause of all things, are both tenable."

As a matter of fact, is not an "accident" after all a veritable nightmare to the scientist? Does not his supreme glory lie in unraveling the mysterious "cause"? And to find him attempting to solve the testy problem by taking refuge under the skirts of "mere accident" is like finding a heartsick lover seeking to convince his saddened breast that the forbidden flame of his soul is after all nothing else than a bunch of "sour grapes." If man is a "cosmic accident," we confess we do not know what it means, notwithstanding the inference the statement clearly bears, that men are not the creations of a Divine Being, a negation so far beyond the scope of scientific research that it is disheartening to mention the two in the same breath.

Similarly with the other problems with which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers are concerned, it is observed that these problems deal with abstractions and not with concrete realities, amenable to scientific research. For what, after all, has science to do with immortality? Far from its being a concrete reality, we know it is only a belief. Its proof is not within the scope of science or philosophy, nor its disproof. And that it is a belief and that a philosopher may express his belief that as such it is a "sheer illusion," is but one of the many evidences that freedom of the will has not by any means "been knocked into a cocked hat," as Mr. Wiggam's philosophers aver. What man is not free to believe as he will? and the more you try to influence his belief the greater does the mystery deepen and the farther removed is even the semblance of a possible reality. An abstraction is necessarily the creation of a free will, and in this respect differs from its antithesis the concrete reality, which is of necessity given to us already made.

We protest therefore against unwarranted meanings being given to the discoveries of science when problems are involved which the scientific method can not solve and is not supposed to solve. There is no more justification for asserting that immortality is a sheer illusion because scientific evidence of immortality is not available, than there is for asserting that the spots on the sun are sheer illusions because they are not visible to the naked eye. Moreover, Kant claims that a belief in immortality is a necessity and can not be avoided any more than a belief in one's ability to get up and walk; that the ability exists, it takes an experiment to prove, provided the problem is experimentable.

As for consciousness being a mistake of the older psychology, we know it is the *sine qua non* of all intellectual activity, whether that of the scientist, the philosopher, or the man-on-the-street. It is a

concrete reality as much as a block of stone is, and accordingly is not an abstraction. It is given to us already made. It is the all-important reality of the new psychology. To deny its existence is as unbelievably possible as to deny the existence of the page before one's eyes. To deny its existence even on the ground that it can not be apprehended through sense perception is to accord to sense perception a station of infallibility which physiology is well aware it does not possess; and if this is the doctrine of the new psychology we recommend that the new psychology devote a time to the study of physiology. Sense perception itself, be it remembered, instrument *par excellence* as it is of all scientific investigation, is in itself but a state of consciousness, the existence of which the new philosophy seeks to deny.

Thus having shown that the problems with which the new philosophy concerns itself are problems of abstract ideas, we wish to go a step farther and show, as Mr. Lewes has pointed out, that "what is called exact science" itself "is also a purely ideal construction, dealing primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities." The iron dust in the chemist's test-tube is a concrete reality. Obviously, however, exact science can get nowhere with test-tubes of iron dust or any other chemical alone; but out of these concrete realities represented by dust or other forms of the mineral, it creates the abstract idea of iron, an element. Iron is not this particular test-tube of iron dust, nor that chunk of mineral in the mine, but it is a symbol representative of the fictioned essential character of all iron-dust in all test tubes, all chunks of the mineral in all mines, and all other existences of the same thing in this earth, in the sun, in the stars, and in the beyond-the-stars—whatever that may be. In other words, for convenience sake we give it a name, and that name is "an element." Now it is in these scientifically necessary abstractions that science encounters its enigma. For after all, it goes on to tell us, there is no such thing as an element, as such; what is regarded as an element is an aggregation of atoms. And it goes on further to show that, after all, there are no such things as atoms, as such; what are regarded as atoms are aggregations of electrons and protons. Further, there are, after all, no such things as electrons and protons, as such; what are regarded as electrons are "elementary corpuscles of negative electricity" and what are regarded as protons are "elementary corpuscles of positive electricity." We naturally ask it to proceed farther and tell us what "corpuscles" are and what "electricity" is. One physicist has indeed attempted in part to do so, and offers the

suggestion that "electricity is the only known constituent of the ponderable matter of which our universe is composed." We rather think, however, that we are getting farther and farther away from "concrete realities" with this scientific method of procedure the longer we indulge in it. Indeed, if we were disposed to do so we could proceed with this scientific game of definitions all night long, and all the following day, and indeed until our brains grow weary and give up in despair. Now are we not, after all, only concretely illustrating the contention that Kant made two centuries ago, when he said, as we have quoted in opening this discussion, that "it [human reason] quickly discovers that, in this way, its labors must remain ever incomplete, because new questions never cease to present themselves"? And are we not also simply concretely illustrating the contention that Mr. Lewes made, when he said, "A traditional perversion makes the essence of a thing to consist in the relations of that thing to something unknown, unknowable, rather than its relations to a known or knowable—i. e., assumes that the thing can not be what it is to us and other things; but must be something 'in itself,' unrelated, or having quite other relations to other unknowable things"?

A similar confusion is apparent when the scientist attempts to deal with the abstractions time and space—ideas so enigmatic when a study of them is attempted but yet so basically essential and unconsciously employed in every moment of the conscious life. Kant considers them necessary forms of knowledge and not arising out of experience. In the struggle of mathematics with time and space, we find that science returns the abstractions to the psychologist for their final solution. The situation is summed up by Professor Minkowski as follows: "Time by itself and space by itself are mere shadows; they are only two aspects of a single and indivisible manner of coordinating the facts of the physical world." It is indeed difficult for a layman to understand how these two ideas which constitute the basis of all mathematical expressions of measurement with regard to concrete realities, can be mere shadows when each is considered alone, and can be wholly disregarded and in their place a single method of coordination used commonly known as the fourth dimension. Be it even so, it still remains that a manner of coordinating facts, whether naively through distinct ideas of time and space, or mathematically through a single idea of a fourth dimension, is a psychological phenomenon, an act of measuring. Now what is the mathematician's act of measuring? It is the expression of one

concrete reality in terms of another concrete reality that is eternally fixed, uniform, invariable. The nearest observed approach to an eternally fixed, uniform, invariable concrete reality is the velocity of light in a vacuum, and which indeed physics has thus far found seemingly to be independent even of the velocity of its source. Here now enter the contradictory ideas of Kant's third illustration of contradictory ideas, namely that nothing is eternally fixed in nature and that everything in nature is regulated by a cause. In other words, what basis have we for postulating that the velocity of light in a vacuum is eternally fixed, other than the results of our own observation.

We are inclined to believe that, on account of the extremely modest claims he makes for it, Professor Einstein, the champion exponent of this most recent mathematics, senses this very difficulty. Notwithstanding, many of his disciples appear to think that in this mathematics a "finality" has been reached, a sort of first and last truth beyond which no further progress can be made nor indeed is necessary to be made, it is reassuring to note the reserved manner in which he himself regards it. In the first place, he is careful to make it plain that his mathematics is based upon a "theory"—the theory of relativity. This theory, he says, is in turn based on "principles," and principles he defines as "empirically observed general properties of phenomena." Nothing is found to indicate that he considers his theory "final"; on the contrary, he says, "The great attraction of the theory is its logical consistency. If any deductions from it should prove untenable it must be given up." That the constancy of the velocity of light in a vacuum is an *observed* property of light is one thing; but that this property of light is a *necessary property* and thus a concrete reality, is not within the province of science to state. Thus it is that science begins and ends with observation; and the thing observed is as mysterious as ever. Euclid's geometry and Newton's law of gravitation remained "observed facts of the physical world" until it was shown that the "observations" of these great masters were not complete. And is not that the fate of all observation?

In view then of the existence of the enigma of science, what estimate shall we place upon that "mechanistic" view of the "universe" and of "man" which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers so devoutly preach? Can the philosophic view of these abstrcations be any more trustworthy than the scientific view of them? and the scientific view, as we have seen, can be nothing more than belief. Is not the situation

the same as that sensed by Professor Huxley when, referring to the misconstruction of Darwin's doctrine of "evolution" at the hands of the scientists of his day, he said, "Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed"? The fact is, Mr. Wiggam's philosophers have allowed themselves to be carried away by a dogmatism as represensible as that of any religious intolerant. They have entrenched themselves behind the banner of "mechanism" with no less zeal than the howling dervish has planted himself behind the banner of Mohammedism. They have replaced *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason with a Bid for Scientific Dogmas.* If we had Cowper with us we believe he would arise and repeat his simple lines:

> "Learning itself, received into a mind
> By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
> Serves but to lead philosophers astray
> Where children would with ease discern the way."

But what is the answer? We have encountered an enigma,—what is its solution? To use the slang of the poor "man-on-the-street," Where is *he* to "get off at"? When the doctors disagree, what is the patient to do? The answer is not hard to find. It has time and again been pointed out by the deepest students of the enigma of science. The late Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, after an exhaustive study of the subject, reached the conclusion that "any attempt to treat the truths of the religious experience of humanity by the method of philosophy can only terminate in a still imperfect condition of knowledge." The answer is, to divorce science and religion. In the words of W. H. Mallock, "If religion, then, in the face of modern knowledge, is ever to be re-established on a firm intellectual basis, this result must be brought about by a recognition of the intellectual truth that the existence of nothing in its totality can ever be grasped by the intellect." Nor do we turn in vain for an answer to Kant—to him who first uncovered the enigma for us in all its uncouth boldness. There is as certain an answer in his *Critique of Practical Reason* as is the enigma presented in his *Critique of Pure Reason.* As with Lord Bacon centuries before, Kant found the answer in religion. We know what Bacon said—"It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." If therefore a comparison is in order between Mr. Wiggam's philosophers on the one hand and Bacon and Kant, on the other, the conclusion is reached that the former have not yet attained the requisite depth in their

chosen branch of learning. The statement of Mr. Wiggam's philosophers that religion is a "defense mechanism," a "device for importing symbols into the world of fact," may be true; the truth they have not, however, learned is, that the "man-on-the-street" is sorely in need of a defense mechanism, and that his only defense mechanism is religion. And indeed, is science itself anything else than a "device for importing symbols into the world of fact," the world of experience? Facts and experience are used by the dog and the horse; the "symbols" are man's and science's. Moreover, the adequacy of this defense was attested to by the Hindoo Shoshee Chander Dutt when he wrote not long ago, "The universe is all illusion. One can not attain to God through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. He is only reached by him who says, 'He is'." The success of the defense was found by Job, perhaps at the dawn of written history, when, borne high above his despair on the staunch wings of hope, he could silence the skepticism of Bildad with the victorious assertion, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And it was established once and for all when the seed of a lasting civilization was sown 1,893 years ago by Jesus of Nazareth.

Prof. Rudolph Eucken says: "Science brings forth an energetic clarification and consolidation, an ascent of man to a world consciousness and to a life which proceeds from the expansion and truth of things; but science is not able to become the sole mistress without endangering through its merely intellectual culture an excessive self-consciousness of the work of thought, and turning the tasks of life into problems of knowledge, and finally injuring the development of an independent inwardness as well as of the fresh apprehension of the immediate movement. A manly strength and a consolidation of character which the whole being needs originate out of morality." And again: "In the average of human conditions, religion has always been more of a semblance than of a reality, and what religion has performed on such a plane has been full of contradiction. But in spite of all this, religion remains a mighty power of human life and of the universal movements of mankind. For it has brought forth a new standard which makes inadequate all that previously sufficed; it has shown the evil doings of men and the limits of his valuation of things, and, along with this, it is called to create a cleft in the inmost soul itself. That great turn of religion is the raising up of new demands to the level of the spiritual life and a blotting out of what hitherto satisfied man. Thus we find it most of all in the personality and life-work of Jesus."

Let us say, then, that it is not a matter of scientific study or learning or reading or remembering; it is a matter of forgetting. It is not a mental problem; it is a mental enigma. It is doubt, and at the same time it is the faith of a child. It is not asking the question; it is keeping silent. It is not ritual and dogma; it is unheard prayer. It is hope. It is trust. It is not a complexity; it is simplicity itself. It is not thinking and wondering; it is doing. It is loyalty to one's beliefs. It is a self-forgetting interest in one's fellowmen. It is work lightened with the enigma love.

"God 's in his heaven,—
All 's right with the world!"

IN THE CAMPS OF THE POETS

BY HERMAN JACOBSOHN

A STRANGE form of poetry has arisen. For the past dozen years our newspapers, magazines, and book publishers have been swamped by a form of verse that makes the older generation of poets rub their eyes in amazement.

Nor are the poets the only ones concerned. The public is bewildered, uncertain whether the poetry it reads is the genuine article or a fraud.

This condition has prevailed in European countries for quite a number of years. In America it made its formal appearance with the publication of Edgar Lee Masters', *Spoon River Anthology*; Robert Frost's, *North of Boston*, and above all other things, with the entrance into the arena of Amy Lowell.

This verse form has created among us a three-cornered struggle. At one point are the new poets. At the other the old poets. At the third the compromisers.

The old poets have drawn up a long list of grievances. They have made their cry heard in scores of volumes and hundreds of magazine articles. All that can be given here is the refrain of their plaint. They contend that it has taken the poets of the past thousands of years to perfect measures for all the human emotions, from the bridal song to the funeral dirge. They have worked out meters for every phase of human emotion or thought. The new poets, they contend, have flung all that heritage to the wind and put forth such things as this as poetry:

I am sitting in my room,
I am looking out of the window
At the leaves,
The brown leaves,
They fall,
They flutter,
They drop.
Do you see the leaves fall?
It is night.

The wind is blowing,
Oh, how it blows!
Do you hear it blow?

It must be admitted that this sort of thing will hardly make fit material for a primer for steerage immigrants; yet is this sample far from the worst, we are told by the old poets. They show that it cannot be called verse, since it violates every canon of the art. It cannot be called prose, since it hardly says anything. At its best it is neither flesh, fish, nor good red herring. At its worst it is a crime—a crime against human labor; which might be used to far better advantage in other fields. Its greatest masters occasionally manage to convey an emotion of some sort. But nothing like that conveyed by the old form. Take this as an illustration from Amy Lowell:

Cat,
I am afraid of your poisonous beauty;
I have seen you torturing a mouse,
Yet when you lie purring in my lap
I forget everything but how soft you are
And it is only when I feel your claws open upon my hand
That I remember.

. . . . .

Shall I choke you, Cat,
Or kiss you?
Really I do not know.

This is pretty good writing. But what is it? we are asked. No teacher of rhetoric would find it easy to explain to his classes to what form it belongs.

In short, the young poets are accused of shirking the hard work incident to the dressing up of an idea. We are told that they are trying to find a sort of philosopher's stone to do away with toil. They have ambition to do great things—to write poetry. But they have not the patience that goes with the realization of great ambitions—the patience for steady, long, and superhuman exertion. Their works are mere jottings on paper. The old poets are in the habit of making such jottings to be worked up into real poetry; never for publication. The young ones fling them at us to be consumed raw. But they no more make up a poem than an armful of alfalfa makes up a beefsteak. They are "might-be's."

But the accusation against them for lack of form is really not as significant as the accusation of lack of subject matter. A poor pattern is only a sin against the eye. But poor material, poor and undig-

nified subject matter, is a sin against reason, against the Holy Ghost. It is one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The poet of old sang of things beautiful and true, of God, of love, of war, of immortality; of mighty struggles and fearful combats. He took himself seriously, very seriously. He sang with O'Shaughnessy the famous ode—made it his creed:

We are the music-makers
  And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
  And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-foresakers,
  On whom the pale moon gleams,—
And yet are we the movers and shakers
  Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build the world's great cities,
  And out of a fabulous story
  We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream at pleasure
  Shall go forth and conquer a crown
And another with a new song's measure
  Can trample an empire down.

On the other hand, the new poets, we are told, go down into the gutter for their subject matter. They sing of things that were best left unsung. They tell us of

. . . the Bowery
. . . throbbing like a fistula
Back of her ice-scabbed fronts,
Where lived faces
Glimmer in furtive doorways
Or spill out of the black pockets of alleys.

The majority of the older poets plead their cause patiently. They have not the heart to quarrel with the young folks. Besides, they know that quarreling will do little good. Poets, especially young ones, are a stubborn lot. They are men who follow their own sweet will, no matter whither it leads. More, they cannot be starved into doing what is right. For the poet of today is still treated very much like the ancient bard of whom it has been said, "Seven cities claimed great Homer dead, where the living Homer begged his bread." Society denies them a livelihood, except in such rare instances as that of a Francois Villon who, in addition to his art as a poet, managed to acquire the art of climbing porches. And they cannot be made to

write "what the public wants," since they get no pay from the public.

But there is a class of poets of the old school, especially critics, who are more aggressive. They plainly accuse the young ones of indolence, insolence, lack of brains, and of downright lunacy. We are told that the reason they write the way they do is because they have no sense of human dignity. That they have no disciplined brains. That they have no brains to discipline. That they make a virtue of their faults.

This free verse of theirs frees them from the task of getting an education; from paying the price of knowledge; from going through the long apprenticeship every art imposes upon its creators; and from the toils incident to the whipping of an idea into shape.

So much for their work itself. Its effect upon the other arts is most pernicious, we are told. It has influenced every phase of human activity in the form of a diminution of discipline. It has made itself felt in music, dancing, painting, sculpture, drama. Above all else, in simple prose. Up till a dozen years ago prose demanded a style from an author; an individuality which took a score of years to attain by dint of superhuman toil, concentrated thought, and unusual experience. These things had to be acquired in addition to the God-given gift of articulation. The result was that after you had read a dozen pages by a particular author he need not sign his name any more to his writings, so far as you were concerned. You knew him by his style.

But as a result of the influence of free verse, a prose author must leave his finger prints on his pages if he is to be identified.

A great number of the compromisers do not quarrel with the young poets over their subject matter as over the form. Form is everything in art, they tell us. No matter what you say, so long as you say it well. With them is not so much a question of What as of How. They demand the wave-like swing and the bell-like ring of the good old English poem. A poem need not be sublime. Need not be grand. Need not sing of things in cloudland. The emotion of a simple soldier is enough. The ballad may be of a barrack room or a bar. So long as it is in the tested and tried form.

In conformity with the times, they go to psychology to prove their contention. The form of the old poetry, they tell us, is part of our tradition. Of the civilized white man's culture. A Chinaman's music may sound to us like the antics of a circus caliope. But it is part of his tradition, and he therefore likes it. The same holds good with respect to poetry. We have perfected in the course of the centuries

a particular rhyme and rhythm, which has become part of our inherited tradition. Anything set to that form pleases us. Anything outside that form displeases us. Is not poetry. This, for example, though not treating of things sublime is good poetry:

At last we knew that she was gone, as best and worst may go,
The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast and the slow.
From course to skysail up she soared like a midsummer cloud;
In all the earth I have not seen a thing more brave and proud:
And she is gone, as dreams do, as a song sung long before,
Or of the golden years of a man's youth when they are his no more.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms a little thing I heard,
With heavy heart I turned away and long I spoke no word;
I bared my head there where I stood, "God rest her soul," I said,
As if some woman I had loved in a far land was dead.

They allow the poet even to dabble with things few poets have ever dabbled before. Till now very little of poetry had anything to do with the life of the common man, with particular forms of legislature, with social problems in general. Like chamber music, it was the cultured man's preoccupation. It never had much to do with new inventions, new theories in science, novel conceptions of the relation between man and man. The compromising school finds no fault with such poems as this:

We act in a crisis not as one who dons
A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
With walnut gavel, before high window frame
Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze:

We act in crises not by pros and cons
Of volumes in brown and calfskin, still the same;
But like the birds and the beasts from which we came."

This is obviously new subject matter in the realm of poetry. But, the compromisers assure us, every age and generation have sung their peculiar song—the song characteristic of their life. But so long as the established form is not violated they have no quarrel with the poet. In fact, they show that the generation of, say Robert Burns, brought up on Milton and Shakespeare, must have been shocked out of their frames when they heard the Scot singing:

A fig for those by law protected!
  Liberty's a glorious feast,
Churches for cowards were erected,
  Churches built to please the priest.

Or were told of a batch of jolly beggars who

> Wi' quaffing and laughing
> They ranted and they sang,
> Wi' jumping and thumping
> The vera girdle rang.

In a word, all that is wanted of the free verse writer is that he learn rules of rhyme and rhythm. He may then follow his sweet will.

The young poets contend that both are wrong. That both belong to yesterday. In fact, some of them mirthfully tell us that their antagonists are still voting for Lincoln for President. They are not living in the twentieth century. The first is a medievalist. The second is a Victorian. Both hopeless. This earth of ours, we are told by the free verse spokesmen, has been so shaken in the past ten years that the very foundation of our life is rocking. And free verse is not a cause but an effect.

They insist that the old formulas and artificialities which have captivated past generations and held them in servitude must go. To copy past generations is to try to live their lives. This is impossible. No one's life may be duplicated. And even if it were possible to do so, it would render the duplicator a lifeless thing. The great calamities that have befallen mankind is largely due to the fact that it has tried to follow in the footsteps of this great man or that great man; this great theory or that great theory of life, conduct, and art. Now it was a Tolstoi, a Zola, a Voltaire, a Saint Paul, a Christ, a Moses. With the conclusion of every man's life the form of his life ends. It cannot be put into action again without causing the death, physically, mentally, or spiritually of the man who tries to make use of it. Neither life nor its forms ever repeat themselves.

Take an illustration from a field more at hand. Poe has perfected, or rather helped to perfect, the form of the short story. In his hands it became a form frought with extraordinary possibilities. It has brought into being a literature which had never existed before.

Subsequent generations in America have grasped its wonders and began to follow it. The result is that within half a century after the death of Poe our magazines are filled with a lifeless form of fiction the majority of which, though they fetch checks in three figures, are constantly keeping our intelligent men and women in an apologetic mood with respect to American literature. It is a dead form. It belongs to the museum. Attempts to keep it alive kill those who attempt it. It smells of the grave; and no elexir will ever be

found to bring it back to life. It is Nature's stern law that all things which live must die. Forms of literature are no exception.

There is only one safe touchstone in life and art: The inner voice of Self, unmarred by this theory or that theory. It is true, it often leads to tragedy. But there is a tragic element in Nature, in life, which none may escape. It is the one thing before which we must bend our heads in resignation. The idea that another's inner voice, whether of an age or an individual, is more important than our own reduces itself to an absurdity under the analysis of common sense. In fact, no man really follows. Neither men nor theories. Take even such movements as religion, where the individual who founds it becomes deified and his teachings become definite, concrete. Even there the observer will notice that there are as many forms of the particular religion as there are followers. For no man is capable, no matter how hard he tries, to annihilate himself.

Of the whole vast welter of our day, one definite thing emerges: All values are being re-evaluated. Poetry is only one of them and cannot escape re-evaluation. The young poets assure us that they are as profoundly impressed with the work of the masters as the college professors. But they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that these works speak of a time and of men long since dead. Their forms and their manner of expression are marvelously beautiful, but they do not give utterance to the throbbing life within us; to our needs, our problems, our longings. Imitated by us, these beauties become the beauties of the defunct body in the coffin.

Their primary concern is not this rhythm or that rhythm, but

> . . . the steeled sight,
> The obstinacy of vision that melts the hard edge of things like compressed fire.

And affords them a peep at reality. The vast majority of us live in a world of illusion, which, through the instrumentality of metaphysics, religion, politics, and art has been rendered far more powerful than the real world. The young poets, together with many other artists and thinkers, are laboring to brush away all the cobwebs of illusion. The theory of the metaphysician that this world is too stern and life too stony at the core to be endured without illusion, is challenged by them. Anyway, they want a look at it. If they find life too stony, they will spin illusions. But not before they have tried to see it as it is.

And so we find Edgar Lee Masters not afraid to exclaim:

> There is a joke of cosmic size!
> The urge of nature that made a man
> Evolve from his brain a spiritual life—
>
> The very same brain with which the ape and the wolf
> Get food and shelter and procreate themselves.
> Nature has man do this
> In a world where she gives him nothing to do
> After all . . .
> But get food and shelter and procreate himself.

The young poets insist upon taking in all life. They declare that the renters of the front pew are not the only ones worthy of finding their emotions in song. The great, the all-embracing fact is for one to be alive. Whether he is socially this or that is of little consequence. And so we find Daisy Fraser, the sinning sister of Spoon River, ascending to heaven on the thought that she was

> Never taken before Justice Arnett
> Without contributing ten dollars and cost
> To the school fund of Spoon River.

They insist on singing the song of the new day, no matter what its activities. You find them in the front ranks of the army fighting for social justice; and you find them jibing at some local celebrity.

> I belong to the church
> And to the party of prohibition;
> And the villagers thought I died of eating watermelon.
> The truth is I had cirrhosis of the liver.
> For every noon for thirty years
> I slipped behind the prescription partition
> In Trainor's drug store
> And poured out a generous drink
> From the bottle marked
> "Spiritus frumenti."

They are indifferent to the fact that they are taken for a wicked lot by the professors. They do not mind the stout stick of the critic, nor the condescending smile of the school ma'am. They point to the fact that every new movement is met with threats, derision, and even violence. At the time Shakespeare wrote Hamlet and Lear, the old guards were inweighing against the drama; which is perhaps the most respected form of composition of our day. The Carnegies of Elizabethan England were bequeathing money on libraries on the stipulation that "play-books" be excluded from them.

To the charge of a lack of technique, they reply that their accusers are wrong. The fact that their poetry has none of the tum-ti-tum-tums of the old poetry does not mean it has no form. It has as definite a technique as the rhymed verse has. Only we have not yet gotten used to its rhythm. The laws of the new form have been definitely established upon laboratory experimentation. Amy Lowell, perhaps the greatest of its exponents, tells us: "It is non-syllabic, . . . the stress is one of chief accent only, with many or few syllables between, and the time unit is from one chief accent to another, a group of such time units making up the curve of the cadences."

At first blush it would seem that this is only a quarrel among the poets and need not concern the layman. The truth is that the quarrel reaches much further. All of us are concerned in it. For one thing, the reason the vast majority of mankind do not read poetry is partly due to the fact that it does not concern them. Homer's song does not touch *their* lives. Milton was read more than praised by his age, because his *Paradise Lost* is the struggle of the Puritan age. Today he is praised more than read because we have to admit that he is a great poet. But Puritanism is no longer the ruling force of life of the majority of us. For those for whom it still is *Paradise Lost* is still *the* book, much read and talked about.

The young poets believe that they can bring poetry back to its ancient prestige by making it utter the joys and woes of the day.

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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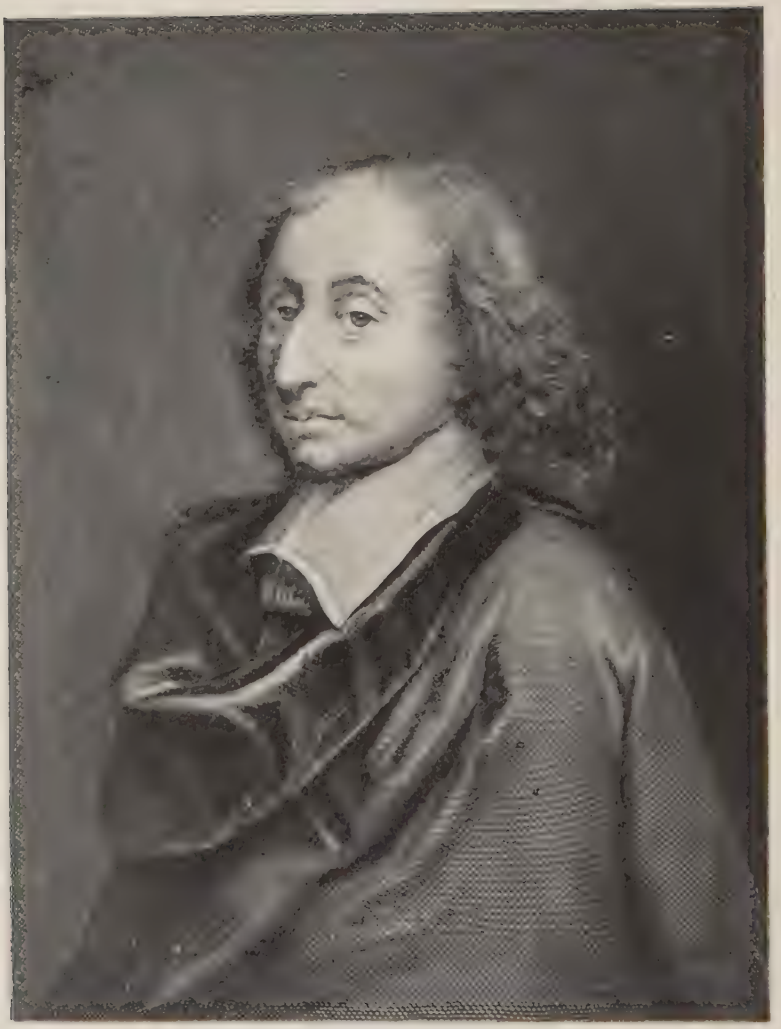

BLAISE PASCAL

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THE OPEN COURT

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

VOL. XXXVIII (No. 3) MARCH, 1924 (No. 814)

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SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE

BY T. E. SAVAGE

THERE is a rather widespread impression that the teachings of science tend to destroy faith in God, and that belief in the doctrine of evolution is not compatible with veneration for the Bible, and reverence for religion. Instead of being atheistic, the teachings of science have wonderfully enlarged our conception of God, and they support in so many ways the moral precepts of the Bible that they invest with added authority the scripture message. Instead of being irreligious, the doctrine of evolution has furnished a fuller and more exalted revelation of God, and of his purposes and ways of working in the world than was ever known before.

We are able to properly understand the present only in the light of the past out of which present things have come. Our conception of God, and of the Bible, and of our religion do not furnish an exception to this rule. The evidence is conclusive that not only the ideas of God we hold today, but also our Bible and our religion have all passed through a gradual process of growth or evolution.

In any field of knowledge and experience, the views we hold today are quite different from those we held in our childhood, and from those held by the early workers in the same field. In fact, everything that exists around us, the features of the earth, the forms of its life, our forms of thought, and our ideas of God and His ways of working in the world, are but the last links in the chain of changing events and ideas that extend back a very long distance into the past.

The conception of the relation of the teachings of geology and Genesis has passed through three distinct phases. The earliest view was that the story of Genesis was literal history, and that creation was completed in six days; that the earth and its forms of life were

perfect at the time of creation, and have continued to exist without essential change from that time to the present.

As geologists studied more thoroughly the record in the rocks, they found there was something wrong with the history inscribed in the rock strata, or with the creation story as told in Genesis. Devout men such as Hitchcock of Amherst, Guyot of Princeton, and Dawson of Montreal, studied the scriptures and the strata in an earnest effort to reconcile the records that each disclosed. The conclusion was reached that the days of Genesis were geological eons, or very long periods of time. This effort of reconciliation of geology and Genesis marks the second phase of Bible interpretation.

As the sequence of the earth's strata, and of their fossils, became more perfectly known, it became evident that the order of appearance of life on the earth as revealed by geology could not be harmonized with the creation story of the Bible. As men began to despair of reconciliation, help came from an unexpected source: from the more thorough study of the Bible itself. Bible students like Professor Bacon of Yale Theological Seminary, Moore of Andover Seminary, the late President Harper of the University of Chicago, and many others have shown that the early books of our present Bible were compiled and edited from two main records, the older of which had been made by Prophetic writers, and the later one by the Priests. These records contained a mingling of history and folk tales or traditions written by men who held quite different view points. When a later editor brought together these two records, he did not rewrite the history as our modern historians would have done, but extracted portions bodily from one or the other of these records without changing them, and thus was preserved all of the peculiarities of words and expressions of each of the original writers. The compiler also occasionally inserted editorial additions of his own. This dual character of the main early Bible sources explains why the narrative of the same events in the Bible so often appears twice, the two stories not always being in agreement, like the stories of creation in the first and second chapters of Genesis.

In the excavations of ancient cities of Babylonia, there have been recovered tablets that contain legends or folk tales of the creation and the flood, similar in the main to these stories given in Genesis except that several Gods were thought to have taken part in creation. These Chaldean stories antedate the Bible narrative by more than 1,000 years. George Smith has described some of these tablets and

their translation in his book, *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* Abraham's early home was in Ur of Chaldæa. When he went out from there to found a new nation, he took with him a large store of traditions and folk tales of this kind. These he handed down to his children, and they became the common heritage of the early Jewish people.

When very much later the Prophetic and Priestly writers prepared a history of the Jewish people, they incorporated these old stories of creation as an explanation of the way the earth and living beings came into existence. However, the Jews were an intensely religious people. They developed the idea of one God, as contrasted with the polytheistic beliefs of the neighboring peoples, and so the writers of Genesis modified the creation stories in such a way as to make them consistent with their monotheistic God conception.

At the present time, the Bible scholars agree that the creation and flood stories of Genesis are not intended to teach either history or geology, but were modifications of existing legends to teach the great lessons of one God as the creator of all things and that this God rewards righteousness and punishes sin. This is the third and present view of the relation of the teaching of geology and Genesis.

Since Genesis was not meant to teach geology, we are no longer disturbed that the stories of creation as told in Genesis do not agree with each other, or that neither of them agrees with the order in which geology finds the succession of life to have appeared on the earth.

The writers of Genesis had no conception of the largeness of the world, and their story of the universal flood reflects the limitations of the world conception they held. Geology can give competent testimony on the matter of a universal flood, for bodies of water on the land leave positive records in the form of sedimentary deposits, beaches, wave-cut cliffs and terraces. Such features are not present as they would have been if water had covered the lands at a time so recent as since man's appearance on the earth.

The study of the present geographic distribution of animals with reference to the regions in which the evolution of the various classes of animals occurred also has a direct bearing on the question of a universal flood. The fauna of Australia is peculiar in the abundance and variety of its marsupials and the absence of placental mammals. The vertebrate fossils found in Australia indicate that marsupials had developed and flourished there throughout Cenozoic

time, and none of the higher placental mammals were there when the island was discovered.

Even if Australia had been known to Noah, he could scarcely have brought the marsupial species of that island to Asia, and returned them again to Australia without any mixture with the higher mammals, or the addition of other migrants to the island. Such restricted distribution as that of the Sloths and other peculiar inhabitants of South America, and of such islands as the Galapagos and Madagascar offer a similar fatal objection. The details of the present distribution of animals when studied in connection with their distribution during Pleistocene and Pliocene time makes the story of a universal flood impossible, even if Noah and his contemporaries had known of the existence of all the different continents, and if they had had boats sufficiently large to cross the oceans to reach them, and means of capturing the animals when they found them, and if the natural enemies could have been induced to drown their animosities for the period of the journey. The discovery of America would not have been delayed until many centuries later if such voyages and such collections of animals had been made from all the lands of the earth.

The writers of Genesis also had no conception of the great number of kinds or species of living things on the earth. The measurements of the ark into which two individuals of each kind were to be collected are given—300 cubits in length, 50 cubits in width and 30 cubits in height. Imagine a boat with three floors, each 550 by 90 feet in size accommodating two individuals of each species of living things (more than a million) with room for provisions for a 150-day voyage. Such a boat would not even accommodate a fair-sized menagerie.

Chaldean tablets have been found that contain the story of the flood essentially like the stories recorded in Genesis, and which doubtless were their source. However, the writers of the Bible used these stories to teach the moral lesson of how God punished evil doers and rewarded the righteous.

The Hebrew sages were wonderful students of life and morals. All along the Bible history they grasped great truths from the events and experiences of their times. Their religious instincts explained every uncommon circumstance, blessing or disaster, as due to the direct intervention of God. Each writer interpreted God, his motives and manner of action, in the light of the knowledge of nature and

the conception of God that prevailed at the time in which he lived. The early conception was that of a national God; "jealous of his rights and authority, as were all the rulers of that ancient time. He was intensely interested in the national life and supremacy of the Jews, but quite oblivious of the rights of other nations." Since this is true, it is not strange that we find in the writings of the Bible, a record of the development of the Jewish people from earlier crude ideas, to later, more noble conceptions of God. In Genesis, God is in places conceived as a man. He is represented as appearing to men in bodily form, and as talking and eating with men, as a man. He changes His mind and His plans as a man. Like man He harbors hate, jealousy and revenge, just as the Gods of other early peoples.

Traces of a lingering of polytheistic belief were left in the creation story of the Bible in the statements: "And God said, 'Let us make man in our own image'." It is shown in such expressions as, "He is to be feared above all Gods"; "God standeth in the congregation and He judgeth among the Gods"; Before the Gods will I sing praise unto Thee." These ideas are similar to the beliefs of Babylonia and other polytheistic peoples who recognized many Gods, but usually gave to *one* the chief place of authority and power. From these conceptions it is a great advance to the idea of one God, and that one a universal spirit.

The progressive moral standards recorded in the Bible show an equally great development. The early books of the Bible represent standards of an ignorant and cruel age. The idea of the story of Jehovah commanding Abraham to slay his son was not far removed from the practice of human sacrifice. The story of God demanding the innocent family of Achan to be stoned; or destroying thousands of innocent people as a punishment for David's sin while the real offender goes free; or of Samuel hewing King Agag in pieces before the Lord, are not consistent with later conceptions of a God that loveth mercy. Such actions are not in accord with the spirit and teachings of the later prophets, and with the new commandment of Christ.

The imprecatory psalms and prayers for vengeance on their enemies are not in agreement with the command to love your enemies. The early Jewish law of the avenger of blood is very different from that of overcoming evil with good. An enlightened civilization would not sanction the ancient practices of polygamy and slavery;

nor would it countenance the missionary methods of the Israelites when they attempted to free the land of Canaan from heathen practices.

The personal relation of the individual with God shows just as great an evolution. At first, Jehovah, like the God of other primitive peoples, was God of the nation rather than of the individual, the God of battles, or the God of the host of Israel. Very slowly His more intimate relation became recognized, and He came to be addressed as "Our Father."

The earliest writers of the Bible conceived of God as localized. Only at Sinai or Horeb or some other particularly sacred place would God meet with man. It was a long step from this conception to the idea that each person is a living temple in which God abides. Then, too, the early Hebrews like other ancient peoples regarded their God as restricted in His realm; the God of Israel only. Not until the time of the second Isaiah do we find him recognized as a God whose justice and mercy extend to all people. Not till much later still is the truth stated that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.

There is also shown in the writings of the Bible a progressive development of the idea of God as a God of love rather than as a God who executes judgment on evil doers; as a being whose anger must be appeased by sacrifices and whose favor must be gained by gifts.

The inspiration from the Bible does not come from its being an infallible book sent down complete, God made, from heaven, and containing nothing but perfect standards of moral and religious thought. Its value lies in the record of how the Hebrew people grew up from habits of cruelty, injustice and revenge into an appreciation and practice of righteousness, mercy and love; that, beginning in polytheism, idol worship, and human and animal sacrifices they grew up to the worship of God as a heavenly father. Each step of this progress was carved out of the experiences through which they passed. Each better moral standard was long practiced as an unwritten rule of conduct and life, and found to be good for men, before it was written down as a law of God. Each nobler conception of truth, and of God, was acquired in the same way that knowledge of any other truth has been attained; as a result of search and study and effort; and was gained by minds strengthened by their striving for larger knowledge.

This does not mean that all through the ages God's part of revelation was not universal. God is no respecter of persons, or of peoples. He is in no way a partial God, choosing one nation above another to which he revealed His will, and leaving all other peoples with no way of finding Him. It means, rather, that man's recognition of God, or God's revelation to man, became ever more perfect the more men sought to find Him in the world and in their lives, as the Jewish writers did, and the farther they advanced from ignorance and superstition into knowledge. As the poet says:

> "God sends His teachers into every age;
> To every clime and every race of men;
> With revelation fitted to their growth
> And shape of mind. Nor gives the realm of truth
> Into the selfish rule of one sole race.
> Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
> The life of man, and given it to grasp
> The master key of knowledge—reverence
> Infolds some germs of goodness and of right."

The attitude of science teaches us to look upon all the Bibles of the world as God's word, as far as they contain elements or partial conceptions of the truth. It recognizes all religions as divine, as far as they enable their adherents to overcome their fears, to know their God as a friend, and to have peace of mind and confidence in His help. It assures us that nowhere has God left Himself without a witness to minds that earnestly seek for Him. It finds in the crude and imperfect religious message of any age but the measure of the ignorance that darkened the mind of the inspired teachers. It discovers more of deep identity in the yearning after God, in the sense of sin or separateness from God, and the longing for His favor, present in all religions, than of difference in the forms of religious expression, or of the methods of approach to God. Of course, the character of the God-conception, the religious ideas and ideals, and the standards of right and wrong differ widely in different people, for these change in each individual and in every people with increasing knowledge.

Not only is the God-ward striving universal but the highest moral conceptions and ideals reached in all of the great religions are also surprisingly similar. The teaching of Zoroaster—"Righteousness is the best good," is much like that of Confucius—"Do not

do to others what you would not have done to you by others"; and like Plato's ideal—"Virtue is the great aim of life, and that without thought of reward"; or like the ethics of Buddha: "Commit no evil but do good and let thy heart be pure"; and all of these are consistent with the reputed statement of the old Babylonian King Marduk, "The great God has made me king that I should protect the weak, and destroy evil and procure justice to all."

These may be pagan ideas and ideals, but even the pagan saints and sages proclaim our God. Truth is truth, and righteousness is righteousness, and love is love wherever found; and these are everywhere and always the cornerstones of the kingdom of God. Did the followers of these so-called pagan teachers sadly pervert the doctrines their masters taught? So did the followers of Christ, and the pages of Christian history are reddened with the blood of martyrs and of holy wars, and with the crimes of witchcraft and the iniquisition.

Science finds not in all Gods dealing with men any exclusiveness that would for ages leave all but one nation without hope and without God in the world. One people has acquired a rich experience of righteousness and of God through their constant effort to realize God and righteousness in their lives. Another nation has sought God in nature, and in their ideals of beauty; and they have enriched the world with their art, and literature, and intellectual culture. Another has striven to realize God in legal enactments, and so has educated the world in law and organization and government. The particular temperament and bent of mind of each people has largely shaped the ideal towards which it has striven. Seek and ye shall, by the seeking, be made stronger to find what ye seek after. "To him that hath shall more be given." This is the law of life.

This does not mean that all Bibles or all religions rank equal in their influence upon mankind. We believe that the Christian religion contains nobler conceptions of God; higher standards of morals, and leads to the development of better living than any other religion that has influenced humanity. It is also more fruitful in its power of adaptation to increasing knowledge. We should expect this to be true because of the fact that it is among the latest products of religious evolution, and also on account of the cosmopolitan influences that have contributed to its ideals. The Christian religion has inherited from the Hebrews the idea of one God and that "This God demands righteousness of His people." In the development of

this idea the Jews became benefactors of the human race. It has received from the Greeks the intellectual interpretation of God and of life; the emphasis that God is immanent in nature and in men. For, as one of the Greek poets has said, "Ye also are His offspring." Rome has contributed the conception of an imperial God sitting outside of the earth and ruling the world by arbitrary laws which must be implicitly obeyed. Occasionally, he interfered with normal processes of the earth for the purpose of punishing evil doers, or rewarding the righteous. Such a ruler could only be approached through a mediator. It is this conception that gave rise to the idea of sin as the transgression of an arbitrary law, that regarded forgiveness as a personal pardon of a personal offense, and that made satisfaction for violated law demand a propitiation or atoning sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and appease divine wrath. It is no wonder that the reconciliation of divine justice and infinite mercy has for centuries taxed the ingenuity of the church. Christianity may also be indebted to eastern mysticism for the idea that man can gain a direct revelation of religious truth through dreams, visions, trances, or states of ecstacy, and for the idea of losing one's identity or self in God.

In these later days, science has greatly changed the world-thoughts, and God-conceptions of men. It has shown us how God has not only been educating man since his advent in the world, but in a similar way He has been educating sentient life through its interactions with the orderly processes of nature since its first appearance on the earth.

The Bible conception of God and His relation to the world, so vividly portrayed in Milton's immortal poem, was found impossible when geologists discovered the structure and constitution of the earth, and astronomers gave us the modern conception of the universe. We are introduced upon the earth while it is yet in an unfinished condition. Each new day is a creative day. Each day's creation is, and has always been, accomplished by the forces of nature acting in their uniform and orderly ways. Some call the process evolution, and others call it God. By whatever name it is called, evolution is the method God chose to create the world and man its highest product. The forces of nature would seem to be the agency through which God has worked, and still works, in the creative process.

The verdict of science as well as the Bible is that God is in the world: that His presence permeates all the beauty and order and majesty of nature. God is the intelligence that constitutes the intelligence of nature. Out of the interaction of living beings with the intelligence and order of nature there was developed intelligent mind and reason in man. If nature's laws had not been always constant, so that every cause was linked with its appropriate effect, intelligence and reason would probably never have appeared upon the earth. Out of the reaction between reasoning men and reasonable nature have emerged the conceptions of God and of man's relation to Him which constitutes religion. Both the reason of man and the religion of man would seem to be the reflection of God expressed in the orderliness of the world. This view explains:

> "How exquisitely the individual mind
> To the external world is fitted.
> And how exquisitely, too, the external world
> Is fitted to the mind."

This conception makes nature and man alike divine. It makes science the systematic study of God's purposes and modes of action. It makes the forces of nature partake of the spirit of God Himself. It removes the false notions that have set up the natural as distinct from the supernatural, that have divided the secular from the religious, and that have kept man apart from God.

In the past men have looked for God too much in signs and wonders. They have lived in His very presence, but their eyes were holden so they did not see Him. In Him they have lived and moved and had their being, and at the same time imagined God was far from them.

If God's presence permeates nature in such an intimate way, we should expect to find nature's laws teaching the same moral lessons as the Bible, and working along lines parallel with it in bringing about righteousness in the earth. In a very large way this is true. The Bible says, "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Science has accepted this rule as one of its fundamental principles. The Bible says, "The wages of sin is death." Science repeats the same warning and shows us how nature works to bring about this result. When a man indulges in evil practices and persistently transgresses the laws of health, his physical vigor and power of resistance are lessened thereby, and he falls an early vic-

tim to disease. Nature detects even those that appear to be sound, but are rotten at the core. The Bible says, "the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations." Science shows clearly the truth of this statement. Where parents are dissolute and victims of sinful habits, the children also possess weakened constitutions as well as sinful tendencies, either as a result of inheritance, or of early environment and neglect. Where for only a few generations parents are persistently vicious the stock grows weakened, idiotic and eventually becomes extinct. Persistent sinfulness is stamped out in a few generations by natural selection acting through heredity. In the language of science the sinner is out of harmony with his environment and if he and his posterity will not or cannot change, natural selection will as surely cut off his race as in the case of any other animal not in adjustment with its environment. This is "the power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness." Happily, in a similar way the higher qualities of character developed by the parents are also impressed upon the children by early education and example. The Bible says, "the righteous shall inherit the earth," and science assures us that righteousness or right living makes for health and length of life.

The sorrow and remorse that we feel for wrongs committed or for duties omitted are nature's warnings that we are out of harmony with her ways. Unrest and dissatisfaction of mind are nature's calls to higher standards of thought and living. Peace is gained through striving to live in harmony with God's will, which means in harmony with the purposes that dominate the world.

Science believes in the positive nature of sin; not sin as the transgression of arbitrary law, but sin as the failure to know and to conform to the physical, moral and spiritual laws according to which the best development of man and of society can be attained.

Science assures us of a ruling Providence in the world; a Providence which would require man to apply the means that God has provided for accomplishing results. "It finds a Providence, or foresight, in the orderly course of nature; not in the occasional interference of nature's activities." It believes that we honor God more by seeking to know His laws, and by following them in their ordinary application to life than by looking for, or trusting in so-called special Providences. The question of whether God's Providences are general or special is a lingering of the early conception of God that assigned to Him human limitations and imperfections.

Science also recognizes the importance of prayer; the kind of a petition that prays, "Thy will not mine be done"; the prayer that leads the petitioner to seek to know ever more perfectly the universal will and to seek to conform his life thereto. This is not the childish conception of prayer which would in any sense think to change the movements of universal order, either by reason of man's importunity, or his much speaking, or that expects God to do for man what he could and should do for himself. "God's plans are not so weak that they may yield to human wishes."

Science also teaches a most holy faith in the environing and all-embracing presence of God; a faith that His ways may be known; a faith that His laws will not fail those who put their trust in them. It enlarges our faith in a humanity striving towards a knowledge of God, and striving to make society realize His great purposes. It inspires a faith that displaces the pernicious notions of luck and chance by a knowledge that "all effects are linked with their appropriate causes"; a faith that finds growth in grace attained by the systematic practice of the graces, just as mental growth is accomplished by the exercise of the mind, and increased physical power results from the proper exercise of the body; a faith that believes the putting down of evil and the enthronement of good in the world will be accomplished by the aggressive, righteous life, and earnest efforts of individuals along the channels by which society is organized; a faith in the future of the race the trend of which has always been "upward and forward to that which is better, to a larger and a fuller and a finer life. Notwithstanding the suffering and diseases of body and the poverty of mind that still exist, the faith of science illuminates the future with the light from the past and assures us with a certainty that almost eliminates faith, that anything else than increasing good would reverse the laws of the ages."

Science also reveals the love of God; a love too deep and true to provide for the development of weaklings through constant ease and unearned pleasures; a love that holds virtue, strength of character, and enobling progress far above passive enjoyment; a love that deals with men in such ways as to make them strong, and causes them to develop ever increasing powers. It finds this supreme love expressed in unvarying law, so that men may learn His ways, and trust His laws, and plan with them beyond the present hour. It is through a knowledge of and conformity to, these laws that have

come all of the attainments and achievements that make the present age the best the world has ever known.

When men can look out on the world from this viewpoint, they will realize that all is holy ground. They will see in the forces of nature that have developed them, that envelop and sustain their lives and by whose co-operation they perform their common labors, the presence of God Himself. Then they will recognize that life itself is sacred; that "right work rightly performed is worship," and that in the performance of his work man is a co-worker with God. Then will righteousness, reverence and fellowship with God be the reasonable and natural attitude of mind, and then will the Kingdom of nature be seen to be none other than the Kingdom of God.

PASCAL AS POET AND MYSTIC

BY M. S. STANCYEVICH

LITERARY, scientific and other academic societies of France, recently celebrated the tercentenary of Pascal, the enigmatic poet, mystic and philosopher of the seventeenth century, an author who stands by himself, claiming no ancestors, leaving no successors. Although some of his works abound in contradictions, he still remains a living spirit, unlike any other, passionate, profound, individual and immortal. His books have moved, and continue to move the entire world.

I

Blaise Pascal was born three hundred years ago (1623) in Clermont Ferrand, Auvergne, the son of a well-known family, many members of which had held responsible positions in civil service. His father held the post of a provincial administrator, and his mother had died when he was three years old. The elder Pascal was a pious but stern person, and by no means disposed to entertain or allow any undue exaltation in religion. He directed the education of his son and wished him, before learning mathematics, to become proficient in languages. But the boy showed more remarkable precocity in physics and geometry than in languages and humanities. At the age of sixteen Blaise wrote an *Essay pour les coniques*, which filled Descartes with incredulity and admiration. This was soon followed by invention of a calculating machine, which later was improved and perfected by Charles Babbage.

For some years, the youth devoted himself so closely to scientific study as to overtax his physical strength. "From the age of eighteen," says his sister, Mme. Périer, "he hardly ever passed a day without pain." But in spite of pain he continued to work with his

accustomed ardor, until the publication of his *Nouvelles expériences touchant le vide* (1647), when he appears to have suffered, not merely from acute dyspepsia, but from a kind of paralysis. Afterwards he lived in Auvergne where his health was somewhat restored. At the end of 1650 his family came back to Paris, when Blaise for the first time began to mix with better society, and to enjoy for a certain time a worldly and Epicurian life.

It must have been during this period that he became acquainted with Parisian men of fashion and of intellectual tastes, the Duke of Rouannez, the Chevalier de Méré, a great sceptic, and Miton, an intellectual libertine. These men helped Pascal to rub off some of his provincial manners and modes of thought, and to polish his style. Meanwhile he continued his studies and proved the hypothesis of atmospheric and barometric pressure. He also made practical inventions such as the hydraulic press and some vehicles like the modern "bus." At one time or another of his life he worked out the theory of probability in games of chance, and foresaw the questions in higher mathematics of differential and integral calculus.

At the age of thirty, when Pascal was in the full plentitude of his intellectual development, he composed some interesting tracts, such as his *Discours sur les passions de l'amour.* This is a series of scattered reflections, brought together in book form. The passions are defined here as feelings and thoughts which belong exclusively to the spirit.

> Purity of spirit causes also purity of passion; that is why a great and pure spirit loves with ardor and realizes distinctly what he loves.
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> . . . . .
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> The passions which are most natural to man, and which comprehend most others, are love and ambition. They are not mutually connected; yet they exist together quite often; but they tend to weaken and even to destroy each other.
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> . . . . .

Many of Pascal's critics believe that this fine treatise was inspired by the writer's passion for the beautiful and charming Charlotte de Rouannez, sister of his friend. She was a woman in high station, and in the prime of her love she was too exalted to become the wife of Blaise Pascal. It was she to whom he made the following allusions:

> Man alone is not a complete being; to be happy he has need of another. Usually we seek this second self in our own rank, because the freedom and opportunity to manifest our feelings are found most easily among our equals. Sometimes, however, we love a woman of higher rank than our own, and the passion grows within us, though we dare not tell it to her who has caused it.
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> . . . . .
>
> When we thus love a woman set higher in the world than ourselves, ambition may at first attend upon love, but the latter soon gains the mastery. Love is a tyrant that will endure no rival; it wants to reign alone, and all other passions must yield to it and obey it.
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> . . . . .

At Paris it was rumored that a *grand mariage* was in prospect. But the little love affair was never realized between Mademoiselle de Rouannez and Pascal. His intellectual interests and his fragile health diverted him entirely from the folly of passion. His "revealed Beatrice" for whom he ravished in adoration decided to enter the Convent of Port-Royal at Paris, where one of his sisters, who was a goodly poetess, Jaqueline, had already accepted a position there as a teacher and took the veil.

II

The life which Pascal led in the world left him sorrowing, and soon the things of the spirit claimed him altogether. This was at the end of 1654 or the beginning of 1655. The Cistercian Abbey of Port-Royal for a long time was known by the virulent controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The doctrine of Jansenism originated in the seventeenth century through Cornelius Jansen, professor of theology at the University of Louvain, and later bishop of Ypres in Flanders. The teaching of this theologian developed a puritanical spirit analogous to that of the French Calvinists. He urged that in a spiritual religion experience, not reason, must be our guide.

This doctrine so pleased Pascal, that it came as a new order into his life and continued to the end. He was not now satisfied to take a merely academic interest in the disputes, but turned the attack against the enemy in his entrenched camp of morals. It was at this point that he dashed into the combat with his famous *Petites Lettres* called *Les Provinciales,* which made him the champion of Jansenism. In these letters Pascal found his true style, and took rank at once among the great writers of France. He had probably been himself unaware of his own powers, since his previous scientific papers *De l'équilibre des liqueurs* and *De la pesanteur de la masse de l'air* together with his *Traité du triangle arithmétique,* show no trace of the admirable language of these letters. The style of the *Lettres Provinciales* is noble, simple and impassioned; it is vivid, full of individuality and free from all rhetorical device. If the Buffon's apophthegm, *Le style c'est l'homme même,* could not be used for every writer, it would certainly be safely applied in this case. Joseph de Maistre anathemized *Les Provinciales* as "a very pretty libel," and Chateaubriand characterized them as "an immortal lie." But in spite of this superficial condemnation they have great literary value, and they have secured for Pascal a place among the first masters of French prose.

We cannot speak here at length on the *Provincial Letters.* Outside France they are not much read today. Like all polemical and sarcastical writings, they would require a separate study, and should be treated historically before one could do them justice. For this reason they do not lend themselves to quotation. It is the *Pensées* that really bring Pascal into the region of the sublime; and it is of the *Pensées* that we would now speak.

After completing *Les Provinciales,* Pascal designed a work in defense of Christianity. He did not live to write it. In the last years of his painful life he wrote down his meditations, mostly on the subject of spirit and religion. After his death (August 19, 1662), these scattered memoranda, written sometimes criss-cross, and without any system, were found among his papers. They were published by the Jansenists of Port-Royal, with many excisions. Léon Brunschwicq in his new editions of 1904 has fortunately restored the full text from the original. In reading the *Pensées* now we may feel that we have them as they came from the author's pen.

The *Pensées* are written in prose form. But every line of this prose is vibrating with inspiration and poetry of the Christian religion. Their author never thought of gaining glory as a poet. Such a title would not flatter him. More than any other man he believed only one thing necessary: to assure eternity. Yet, many fragments of the *Pensées* can vie with the poems of any great genius.

The poets of today are almost unanimous in affirming that an idea, directly expressed as an idea in order to convince, cannot assume real poetic value. They would charge as folly the pretension to expand in poetry an idea developing it logically and dialectically. But it would be naive to think that the terms which exclude each other from the modern standpoint, would refuse to associate in the eternal necessity of things. Our era is like other epochs: it is consulting its tastes, its tendencies and its possibilities. Experience has shown that the logicians, dialecticians and orators have not despised poetry. Who does not inhale the delicate perfume from the agile and captious arguments of Plato? Who would not feel quivering in such a picture of passion in which the ardent words of Bossuet give you a sensation as if the suffering of Jesus would traverse your body?

The subject of the *Thoughts* is in reality the unspeakable misery of humanity given up to its own forces without the luminous road of Providence. There are fragments in this work which describe the weak efforts of man to get knowledge, and these efforts seem to Pascal one of the episodes most poignant of our misery, and which is not taken into consideration by man in general. The divine poetry of Pascal rests on the gift of substitution. It is a kind of offering of all his being to the tearing pity of man. His lyrism is more than the lyrism of *a man*, it is the lyrism of *the man*. This lyrism is identification of man with humanity, so pitiable in its striking grandeur.

III

Lyrism, however, should not be identified with poesy. It is only one aspect of poetry. Romanticists and many other writers generally forget to detect this essential difference. The notion of poetry

is infinitely more vast than the notion of lyrism. Take for instance the following passages:

> The whole visible world is but an almost imperceptible speck in the vast expanse of the universe. No idea of ours can approximate to its immense extant. However, we may amplify our conceptions, they will still be mere atoms in comparison with the reality of things. This is an infinite sphere, the center of which is everywhere, but its circumference nowhere.
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> . . . . .
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> Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him.
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> . . . . .

There are critics who emphatically declare that formal versification is the fundamental requisite for good poetry. They would probably hesitate to accept the above lines as poetry. But Pascal is an example which evidently shows that the dominant quality of poetry is inspiration. His emotion, invention, and imagination "come from the heart and go to the heart," as Wordsworth would say. He is beyond doubt a poet *par excellence.* His ideas tend invincibly to assume poetic style and form, and to be expressed lyrically or not presented at all. In fact, they are something more than mere ideas. They are real life expressed too lively. The ardent dialectics of Pascal reverberate the spirit and heart, flesh and blood. His terms, as synthetic as language can furnish, are blended with the rhythm of life. One idea is spouting out another, in a nervous argumentation which seems like an élan; one pulsation of life is mounting on another. And this vivid dialectic, touching the summit of ecstacy, brightens up naturally into mental images or visions.

With Pascal, the vision is generally born from warmth of argumentation. For him it is a carnal argument. However, he has no predilection for noble or trivial vision. And just for that reason because he does not make selection of visions, but receives them as they appear in correspondence with his idea, he gives us the impression of a most modern author. Nothing is antiquated in his writings. With this gift of transforming ideas into rhythm and

sensation, that is into organic life, every problem considered by him in the order of thought is welded with drama and exalted into the pathetic. Here is not the question of cold considerations and gray distinctions which we want to attract or to evade. The problem of the limitation of knowledge transmutes into human suffering. Men who insatiably desire, move and go in search of the Absolute to obtain life, come to the scene. Before us is unfolded a convulsive fresco. With arms raised toward the planet-sprinkled sky, frantic emotions culminating in spontaneous outpourings, spasmodic pangs, overcome afflictions, incoherent dreams, despairing cries—all this forms Pascal's problem of knowledge and mystic experience. Some theme for poetry, indeed!

Besides poetry resulting from the pathetic and dramatic accent of thought, there are other aspects of Pascalian poetry, namely, the effective employment of imagination and immense perspectives open to vague reverie. Pascal possessed a strange gift of being able to pass spontaneously from the most precise and minute detail to the ensemble of all things. Under any object of thought presented by this mystic poet, one feels almost always the approaching of cosmic abysses which will carry him and swallow him up at the same time. With this gift of binding instantaneously the whole and the particulars, Pascal was able to create the highest intellectual poetry, consisting of compressed lines under which one feels the multitude of things and ideas not verbally expressed, but implicitly comprehended.

> Cromwell was on the point of overturning all Christiandom; the royal family would have been ruined, and his own permanently established, if a small gravel had not lodged in his ureter.
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> . . . . .
>
> The nose of Cleopatra—had it been a little bit shorter, all the world would have been changed.
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> . . . . .
>
> I put it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the whole world.
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> . . . . .
>
> He who loves a female for her beauty, does he really love her? No; for let the small-pox destroy her beauty—his passion would subside.
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> . . . . .
>
> Men are governed far more by their fancies, than by reason.

You read these maxims and an abyss of meditations opens to infinite possibilities. Pascal was able to condense into one line or one phrase what would be necessary for others to write in volumes. His words in such cases are not *vains mots* but explosives. The most intense passages of his brilliant poetry are striking and dazzling beauties.

It has frequently been made a reproach to Pascal that he deals only with the darker and more terrible experiences of life. He has been represented as a sombre pessimist probing with uncanny skill the festering wounds of maimed and mangled Christian souls. Sometimes it has been more than hinted that the dyspeptic attacks and headaches from which he constantly suffered, had undermined his sanity, and that he had become incapable of seeing anything in the world but eternal despair, hate and tears.

All this criticism, however, fails to recognize the fact that Pascal is not a poet merely, judging him by his sublime style and diction, but one of the world's great masters of human tragedy. Like the supreme creations of Greek dramatic genius, Pascal's works portray the terrifying human soul as it fathoms the depths of suffering and sin. It is only under such extreme circumstances that the utmost possibilities of our nature can be tested, and it is just at this point that all spiritual resources of faith or hope stand revealed. Here lies the power of tragedy to convey some of the profoundest lessons of religion—a power which Pascal recognized and used as unmistakably as Aeschylus or Sophocles.

To understand well the great French moralist and mystic undoubtedly one must study and comprehend the times in which he lived. The seventeenth century was the age of coarseness, artificiality and shallowness. It produced such men as the rather brutish and absolutist, Louis XIV, who used to say, *L'état, c'est moi.* But we ought to remember that it was also the century of Pascal, one of the most spiritual, lofty and sober of all French moralists. He contributed more than any other French author to form the geniuses of Racine, Molière, Voltaire and Rousseau. His *Provinciales* and *Pensées* are considered perfect models in the literary art of writing. Pascal is not only the most illustrious man of the Port-Royal, he is the honor of the seventeenth century, the honor of France and of all humanity.

NEW LIGHT ON THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

FROM time to time, the Agnostic of the school of Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, *et al,* is impelled or compelled to restudy the so-called Problem of Evil. Liberal theologians and others continue to wrestle manfully with that perplexing problem, and when they succeed in saying anything original or thought-provoking it is incumbent upon the advanced skeptical thinkers fairly and earnestly to consider that contribution to an old, yet ever-new subject of the deepest possible interest.

Thus, Principal L. P. Jacks of Manchester, philosopher, metaphysician, editor, social radical and man of letters, has challenged attention among thoughtful persons by a series of lectures—published in book form—which he delivered some time ago at Oxford on the subject of "Religious Perplexities." What Principal Jacks really discusses in this little volume is the problem of evil, and his point of view is that of an enlightened, unconventional, candid Christian.

Mr. Jacks never offers us dogma in place of ideas. He affects no confidence which he does not feel. He is humble and tentative in his conclusions, although those conclusions are of the utmost significance to him. Are they to other independent and liberal thinkers? And is Mr. Jacks' method of reaching them scientific or philosophical? These are the questions we shall try to answer.

First, however, let us call particular attention to the frank and courageous spirit in which Mr. Jacks approaches the problem of evil. He assumes, as it were, the full burden of proof. He attempts no arbitrary simplification. He avoids no difficulty which he is able to perceive and underestimates none.

For example, he disclaims any sympathy with those who have been saying that the great world war, from the disastrous effects of which we are making no haste to recover, has emphasized in a new or exceptionally tragic way the problem of evil. He observes with truth that that notion is a very shallow one. The war was a terrible calamity, but it raised no new moral or spiritual problems. To quote Mr. Jacks:

> "We are sometimes told that the great war has enormously increased the religious perplexities of mankind. I cannot see that it has. All the problems it suggests, all the questions it raises, were equally contained in the lesser wars that went before it; and even if the great one had never occurred, there would still be enough suffering in the world to challenge the strongest faith. An age which has needed the great war to rouse it to a sense of tragedy must have been living in a fool's paradise. Every problem suggested by the great war has been there, plain for all ages to see, since suffering and death, folly and wickedness, first came into the world. . . . All that the great war can mean was summarized long ago by the man who saw the 'whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together till now!' "

Dealing more generally with the same interesting and important point—the utter lack of novelty in religious and moral perplexities—Mr. Jacks says further:

> "Too much is being made of the special difficulties besetting religion at the passing moment—those, for example, connected with the progress of science and with the higher criticism—as though this were the age of religious difficulty par excellence. Surely that is a mistake. Religious belief has always required the full courage of the soul to sustain its high propositions. . . . What science and the higher criticism have done is to turn attention upon new points, to divert perplexities into new channels, but not to alter their essential character, not to change the stuff of which they are made. The fact of evil is no discovery of the present age; it has been challenging the faith of men for thousands of years; there is nothing more poignant to be said about it today than was said ages ago by the patriarch Job. Suffering and death, the agony of bereavement, the tragedies of blighted

hopes and shipwrecked lives—these are not things peculiar to the twentieth century."

How true all this is, and how well said!

No; there is nothing new in the religious and moral perplexities of the thoughtful and candid men and women of this day and generation. But no generation is content to accept any solution of the problem of evil which does not satisfy its own mind, or hit the mark from its own particular point of view, or find expression in terms and accents which harmonize with its own habits of thought and its own vague *weltanschauung*. Mr. Jacks is a representative of the most progressive and broad-minded Christian element of our time. Since he faces the old and ever-new problem bravely and manfully, his attempt at a solution of it in new terms is, to repeat, calculated to arrest attention and provoke reflection.

To begin with, Mr. Jacks does not promise any release from *all* religious and moral perplexities, or any *complete* intellectual solution of the problem of evil. A religion worthy of the name, he says, may give release from *some* perplexities, perplexities that belittle us and place us on a level on which the better part of our nature feels uneasy and uncomfortable. Perplexities attributable to selfishness, timidity, meanness or envy vanish in the light and warmth of any rational religion or philosophy. But, on the other hand, a rational religion—to quote Mr. Jacks:

> "Confronts us with perplexities on a higher level, where our finer essence finds the employment for which it is made. Instead of hiding the great crises, instead of banishing them, instead of giving us anaesthetics to make us unconscious of their presence, religion reveals them, makes us aware of them, sharpens our consciousness of their presence, but at the same time reveals us to ourselves as beings who are capable of overcoming them. If, on the one hand, it uncovers the pain of life, and makes us feel it with a new intensity, on the other it liberates the love that conquers pain, a power mightier than death and sharper than agony."

Mr. Jacks, as a Christian, advances the claim that Christianity revealed us to ourselves in the person of Jesus, brought to light a side of our nature which the Old Testament and other great books had not sufficiently emphasized. This claim has been and will be challenged by many adherents of other religious systems, and by

Agnostics and Atheists as well, but this is not the place to deal with that purely incidental issue. The question of immediate interest to us is not whether Christianity in its essence is the most enlightened and purest of all religions. Let it be admitted that Mr. Jacks' Christianity is advanced, noble and pure as any religion professed by non-Christian sages and thinkers. The issue is whether any religion removes the higher and graver perplexities and supplies an intelligible and significant solution of the problem of evil.

To make Mr. Jacks' answer clear, we may quote a few more passages:

> There is "that in all of us which stands above the perplexities of life and is more than a match for them; which sees evil with the clearest eye and at the same time overcomes it with the deepest love. At home in the bright hours of life, which grow brighter under the radiance it pours into them, the Christ within is always ready when the dark ones arrive. 'I am equal to that,' he cries. 'Through the power that is given me, through the fellowship I have with the heart of a divine universe, I can turn that evil into good, and transfigure that sorrow into joy, and draw the stream of a deeper life from the very thing that threatens to slay me. . . .
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> "On the surface of things there is discord, confusion and want of adaptation; but dig down, first to the center of the world, and then to the center of your own nature, and you will find a most wonderful correspondence, a most beautiful harmony, between the two—the world made for the hero and the hero made for the world."

I may note in passing that Mr. Jacks' solution coincides with that offered by Mr. Havelock Ellis in his chapter on religion in the new work rather paradoxically entitled, "The Dance of Life." Mr. Ellis tells us in that quite disappointing chapter the story of his own conversion to religious belief. He was an Agnostic in his youth and a self-complacent one. He had pondered the problem of evil and the patent want of adaptation on this earth and was disposed to accept the teachings of Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and Spencer—particularly the affirmation that the finite human mind can never know what life is, or what the ultimate stuff of the universe is, or whether that stuff was created by some omniscient and omnipotent power, or what the destiny and purpose of the universe are. But the study of

a neglected or unappreciated book of James Hinton suddenly opened his eyes to the inadequacy and short-sightedness of Agnosticism, as well as to the momentous truth that the universe was not hostile or even indifferent to man—or, rather, to the best in man—*but distinctly friendly*. In other words, there is something in the universe which sympathizes with and responds to our better nature, our conscience, our sense of beauty, truth and goodness. To work with that power becomes a pleasure, a privilege and a joy—and that is the religious life and the law and prophets of sound religion.

Let us now candidly and critically examine the Jacks-Ellis solution of the problem of evil.

The first question that inevitably arises in the independent mind is one of fact—namely, *Is* the universe friendly to man at his noblest and best; *is* there the beautiful harmony discerned by Mr. Jacks between the heroic soul and the center of the universe—whatever and wherever that "center" is? Is it true that there is something in all of us which is capable of turning evil into good and transforming sorrow into joy?

It is but fair to point out that both Principal Jacks and Mr. Ellis appeal to general experience, to the average man—provided he is not a coward and prejudiced bigot—to "all of us," in short, or to most of us. The claims of a few mystics or rare natures would, of course, possess no evidential value. Either the few exceptional natures would be treated as a privileged class, a group of supermen, living on a plane never attainable by the overwhelming majority of human beings, or else they would be simply disbelieved, suspected of self-deception, delusions of moral grandeur, or arrogant self-righteousness and offensive vanity. Religion is for all of us or it is for none capable of clear thinking and intelligent weighing of the evidence supplied by observation, self-examination and experimentation.

Messrs. Jacks and Ellis assure the average man, then, in effect, that if he will assimilate and apply the teachings of Christ as they are found in the new testament, his perplexities in connection with the problem of evil will fade away and vanish, and that harmony and beautiful adaptation will replace all apparent discord, maladjustment and heart-rending waste and woe. He will see that the universe is friendly, that evil can be turned into good and anguish into gladness.

Let us put ourselves in the shoes of the average man and consider certain concrete instances:

An early-morning fire destroys an orphan asylum, or a hospital for the insane, or a home for helpless cripples, and hundreds of lives are lost.

An earthquake suddenly wipes out thousands or tens of thousands of human and sub-human beings and inflicts misery and pain on other multitudes of human beings, besides turning hard-won wealth and capital into rubbish heaps.

A cyclone or tidal wave overwhelms a city and takes heavy toll of life—adult and infant.

Cancer kills hundreds of thousands of men and women of middle age—bread winners, mothers of families in need of care and protection.

Thousands of women in the most advanced communities die, despite the best medical and scientific ministration, while giving birth to normal children.

Tens of thousands of infants die annually of "children's diseases" which are apparently unpreventable.

Here are perfectly familiar illustrations of evil and maladaptation. How will the most faithful observance of Jesus' teachings transform them into good, and draw life, inspiration, hope and joy from them? How does the friendly attitude toward the universe reconcile one to appalling waste and cruel suffering?

In vain will the anxious inquirer seek direct answers to these queries in Mr. Jacks' or Mr. Ellis' pages. The indirect answer he will glean is this: Lose yourself in service, forget your personal sorrow, work indefatigably for the physical and spiritual welfare of your unfortunate neighbors and fellowmen, and sooner or later peace, serenity and contentment will pervade your whole being. "Be ready"; be cheerful and stoical; be hopeful and your life will be worth living.

There is truth—vital and significant truth—in this indirect answer, but that truth *affords no solution of the problem of evil. Intellectually speaking, it is not really relevant to that problem.* Service, the losing of self in useful and beneficial work, charity and enlightened benevolence unquestionably yield more satisfaction than a selfish, sordid, loveless, life; but it does not turn evil into good, does not transfigure sorrow into joy, does not draw life from sources

of destruction and death. *Evil remains evil; waste remains waste; undeserved suffering and pain remain undeserving suffering and pain.*

Indeed, the effort to abolish evil, while worthy of all encouragement and commendation—even from the narrower point of view of Hedonism—and the will to make or support such effort *are themselves proofs that evil continues to be envisaged and felt as evil.* Otherwise, why work to abolish or diminish it?

It is far more logical to argue that, since the universe is friendly, and the ultimate Purpose behind it positive and beneficent, evil should be treated as disguised good, and accepted with absolute resignation, than it is to contend that, because the best in us is stirred by what appears to us to be evil and waste, and because there is inner satisfaction in service and altruistic conduct generally, therefore our perplexities are dispelled and the problem of evil is happily solved.

And this brings us to the second important point. Messrs. Jacks and Ellis offer us a *moral* solution of an *intellectual* problem. This is hardly legitimate. We ask them to explain evil on the theory of a friendly universe, a beneficent Purpose in creation, and they tell us that, if we devote our lives to service, to the overcoming and abolition of evil, the mystery is solved, the perplexity removed. How? Principal Jacks speaks of mere anaesthetics so often proposed by superficial theologians or conventional moralists as remedies for human ills; he fails to see that he lays himself open to the charge of doing precisely the same thing—of suggesting social service, active sympathy and charity, as a means of *escape* from religious and moral perplexities. He fails to perceive that the missionary, the settlement worker, the sincere reformer, the martyr only combat particular evils, and find solace in doing so, *without denying either to* others or to themselves the fact or problem of evil!

It should be borne in mind that the Pragmatist and Agnostic, who find *no* evidence of friendliness to man in the universe, or of comprehensible Purpose in creation, though perfectly willing to entertain the Jacks-Ellis hypothesis, provided adequate proof be furnished in its behalf, reach the same moral and practical conclusions as Messrs. Jacks and Ellis in their own way. The Agnostic and Pragmatist say that they can form no conception of Universal Pur-

pose, or of omniscience and omnipotence, and that all the available evidence of astronomy, geology, and other sciences points to cosmic indifference to poor humanity, or to organic life generally as known on this little planet. But they do not deny that the best in us is responsive to human and animal need of succor and sympathy, and that the happiest life, irrespective of creeds, beliefs and theories regarding ultimates, is the life of disinterested service, of pursuit of truth and promotion of justice and good will. The Agnostic and Pragmatist, taking a frankly human view of the human situation, affirm that, whether the universe be friendly, indifferent or hostile to man, our own experience and reason tell us that the way to inward peace and rational happiness lies through the realization of our evolved and evolving ideals of fraternity and mutual aid. Do Messrs. Jacks and Ellis imply that, but for the hypothesis of Purpose and friendliness in the universe, the good and noble life would be impossible for man, or futile, or irrational? One cannot think so; but, in that case, why assume the friendliness of the universe at all in dealing with a moral and practical question, the question of the best means of human fulfillment and self-realization, the question of getting the maximum out of life?

It is to be feared that neither Principal Jacks nor Mr. Ellis has faced the intellectual aspect of the problem of evil with the clear-sightedness and single-mindedness it requires. They are not called upon to supply mystical proof in support of the gospel of service and the good life; that gospel is amply fortified by universal experience. What they are called upon to do is to treat the problem of evil scientifically, to offer a solution of it, if they can, which shall be intellectually satisfactory and free from question-begging premises or gratuitous conclusions. Whatever we may disagree upon, we must all recognize that in dealing with so ancient a problem as that of evil, our first and last duty, as upright, self-respecting thinkers, is to eschew rhetoric and vague phrase-making, to reject pseud-ideas and to demand of one another real ideas, significant propositions, as well as the production of proper and sufficient evidence in support of any theory we may tentatively advance.

The present writer has no intention of asserting dogmatically that there is no solution of the problem of evil. There may be one, but if there is, it is scientific, not sentimental. Religion may furnish

such a solution, but that religion will itself be based on science and reason. So far, it is clear, science has offered no solution of the problem of evil. Religions and theological thinkers have too often offered verbal and superficial solutions. With such, serious and high-minded men and women cannot rest content. They eagerly welcome every honest attempt at a solution and are grateful for a hint, a ray of light, a working theory at all fruitful and based on tangible evidence.

THE PROPHETIC FACULTY

A Page from the Life of Edwin Miller Wheelock

BY CHARLES KASSEL

THE prophetic character which attaches to so many great names in sacred literature, and here and there in the secular history of mankind, carries a singular fascination even in this rigidly scientific age. We like to believe of a lofty intelligence that, in some fashion beyond our understanding, it is responsive to impressions which fall spent and unheeded upon a less sensitive mind, and that it achieves knowledge, not by labored reasoning, but by some sublime process of intuition. Even the charlatan who tells fortunes in these enlightened days, and preys on the informed and the ignorant alike, is only appealing to an interest which in every age reveals itself fresh and unwithered.

It would be too much to say that the seer, as distinguished from the scholar and the savant, is a purely mythical personage. A few years ago we knew enough of the mystery of mind, as we felt, to scout at any except the accustomed method of arriving at truth. In the newer light which falls upon the problem from modern research we see the danger of being too dogmatic. It may be, after all, that the strange insight into the workings of destiny, which finds so many memorials in the literatures of forgotten ages, is the legitimate function of a high order of mind.

Even among our humbler kindred of fin and fur and feather we are startled, now and then, by the working of rare powers and senses. As if to show that she has not exhausted her wizardry in the intellect of man, nature ever and again puts forth in the subhuman world some baffling example of her cunning. To call such things instinct is not to explain but only to give a name to what we do not understand. The curiosity of science seeks behind the term for the inward meaning of the phenomena. "It is almost

certain," says Professor J. Arthur Thomson, in his magnificent *Outline of Science*, published in 1922, "that instinct is on a line of evolution different from intelligence, and that it is nearer to the inborn inspiration of the calculating boy or the musical genius than to the plodding method of intelligent learning."

Such prodigies as the calculating boy and the musical genius are possibly anticipations of evolution in its higher reaches, as may be, indeed, the prophetic type of mind—fore-gleams of something in store for the race on a distant round of the endless spiral. Meanwhile, nature itself, even in the lowlier realms, gives hint of her boundless resources and seems to sport with man as she dangles before him the proof of almost magic faculties.

It is not always the statesman or historian who catches first the omen of a great convulsion. It is often the more sensitive nature of the secluded and contemplative scholar which feels the early tremors of the cataclysm. Before great seismic disturbances, as we read occasionally, flocks of sea-birds fly wildly inland, as if warned by an inner sense that disaster impends, and if war could be symbolized in nature by some huge, winged, preying thing, we should find bird and beast aware of its coming, possibly, long before man.

"Sooner or later," quotes Professor Thomson, from E. K. Robinson's *The Country Day by Day*, after a fine passage of his own upon that "aristocrat of the bird-world and terror of the skies," the peregrine falcon, "the day always comes in early autumn to birdland when the peewits, feeding in silent battalions together, and the gulls waiting impatiently to rob the peewits of their worms, suddenly arise and wheel in wild disorder to the horizon; when the clustered partridge coveys crouch like clods to earth, and flocks of small birds feeding in the open fling themselves like a shower of stones into the nearest hedge; when the blackbird issuing from cover turns before he has flown a yard and darts back again with a chatter of alarm; when save for the distant cawing of rooks perched on lookout trees, a parish apart, sudden perfect stillness holds the landscape. Then the peregrine falcon passes, smiting her way from horizon to horizon and spreading terror as she goes. Who gave the first warning of her coming it is hard to tell. Possibly it was a rook. But the marvel is that the majority of the birds, being young ones of the year, can never have seen a falcon before; yet they fling themselves wildly to right and to left long before the speck in the far skies reveals itself to human eyes as a bird of prey."

Whatever power it be which, in the new day as in the old, mankind calls, for want of a better term, the prophetic ken, that power, in high degree, was possessed by Edwin Miller Wheelock. In the September issue, 1920, of the *Open Court*, as in the February and July issues, 1922, and in the March, August and December issues, 1923, we took a sweeping glance at the writings and the career of the author of *Proteus*. We beheld his heroic stand with the crusaders for the abolition of slavery before that agitation had become popular at the North, and, as the execution of John Brown passed in review, we paused to contemplate the rare forevision which could read so clearly in the tragedy at Harper's Ferry the nearness and essential character of a great national crisis. This extraordinary discernment did not leave him with the coming of war. Standing in his pulpit at Dover, New Hampshire, where, a few years before, as a young man of twenty-eight, he had been ordained into the ministry of the Unitarian church, he interpreted, as from a watch-tower, the events rapidly passing.

On April 12, 1861, the South fired the shot at Fort Sumter which, like that of the embattled farmers at Concord, was "heard 'round the world." The war had commenced. The nation which had thrown its flag to the skies but a few decades before was now divided against itself.

It was inconceivable at the North that the secession movement could withstand a show of force. It was felt, as, indeed, the newspapers boasted, that the thunder of the tramping of an armed host would sober the Southern leaders into a sense of the wickedness and folly of fratricidal strife, but, at worst, it was said, early success was sure for the Union cause. That the South would protract the struggle for years instead of months, that the Northern armies, incapably or timidly commanded, would lose battle after battle and yield steadily before the brilliant genius of the Southern generals, no one foresaw.

Bull Run, the historians tell us, ended in a rout, and at Ball's Bluff, too, success came to the South, though the moral effect of these victories was offset somewhat by the achievements of Farragut at New Orleans and of Grant at Fort Donelson. The Peninsular Campaign upon which McClellan set out with a splendid army and the high hopes of his government ended by July in ignominious failure. Close upon the heels of this crushing disappointment followed the disaster of Pope in Virginia and the summer of 1862 went out

in a pall of gloom. Displacing McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, Burnside struck at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and suffered a terrible defeat, while Hooker, succeeding Burnside, went down before Lee at Chancellorsville in May following. The North was without a general and was paying the price of its unreadiness in a sickening sacrifice of the flower of its youth.

"For a year," says James Ford Rhodes, in his history of the twenty-seven year period between 1850 and 1877, "the North suffered the bitterness of defeat. McClellan's failure on the Peninsula, Pope's defeat at the second battle of Bull Run, Burnside's disaster at Vicksburg, Hooker's overthrow at Chancellorsville, but slightly relieved by the partial victories at Antietam and Stone's River, were a succession of calamities," and he quotes the words of leading men at the North in token of the gloom that prevailed.

"Sumner comes to dinner," set down Longfellow in his journal, September 14, 1862, "he is very gloomy and despondent and cries out every now and then, 'Poor country! poor, poor country!" So, Governor Morton wrote to Lincoln twenty-three days later, "another three months like the last and we are lost—lost." Again Phillips Brooks said on October 23, 1862, "things certainly are at their blackest now—a great deal blacker than when we ran from Bull Run. Then we all meant to be up again and doing it. Now we are beginning to ask whether we shall or not." Holmes wrote to Motley, December 17, 1862, "there is no question that this news has exercised a most depressing effect on all but the secession sympathizers." Richards remembers that "they were dark days—days when as Brooks and I met on the street corner, after some bloody reverse of our armies, he could only wring my hand and say, "is it not horrible," and pass on gloomily."

That hour of despondency saw the sentinel at Dover gazing undismayed, though with deep emotion, upon the struggle. The terrible strife he had foreseen was now in progress. The hands of the North and of the South were lifted high in battle. The prophecy of John Brown was a fearful reality.

In the sermons of that time, just as in those before the outbreak, there is no note of despair. Then, as before, the utterance is clear and full. Impatience appears because the North still palters with slavery and an evil fortune is foreseen for the Union armies as long as compromise with slavery is in the thought and on the lips of Northern leaders; but that the struggle is providential he makes no

question and of its outcome the prophetic young preacher holds no doubt.

"What we need now especially to feel is the ever-living activity of a Divine Worker in the affairs of men, of One who sees the end from the beginning and continually reshapes His work. If in the light of this great end we look upon the revolutions of nations we shall see enough to show us that every upturning of the kingdoms of the world have directly brought us a step nearer to the divine purpose.

"Through all periods of American history we can see the inevitable chain of events, tending link by link, under the guidance of a heavenly hand, towards a divine end, still in the future. Our freedom is only a partial one. With the democratic wheat the tares of despotism have been growing until now the harvest hour has come.

"I know well the stern sacrifices, the voiceless grief, the dark perils which this war is causing, but I know, too, that only through this means can the Union be rebuilt. Better that a whole generation should be cut off by the fire and sword of a civil war than that the republic should be dismembered and the last hope of humanity fail, for Heaven has bound up with the continuance of this union the highest hopes of mankind.

"On all sides we hear the deep-breathed vow that come what will the last experiment of liberty shall not be permitted to fail; that we will guard well those holy waters gushing out of the rock on which the pilgrims knelt and prayed. There is a shaking of statesmen and of states, a throbbing of telegraphic wires, a swaying to and fro of vast populations, a rushing of armed squadrons along every highway pouring towards the capitol and all to tread down that devouring flame.

"On this wild and mighty sea of strife that sweeps over the whole land, politics are tossed as fishing boats off Newfoundland when the stormwind of the equinox descends. All the other great interests are rocking. Yet there shall be no death of any vital force. Government, religion, liberty, free industry, all shall live and live a higher life for the struggles through which they are now passing.

"Only the slave-power shall die, struck by the bolt of God's wrath; and when this dark cloud, that now stretches from Baltimore to the Rio Grande, shall roll away, it will leave us a truly

free and united nation, with four millions of our countrymen kneeling on their broken fetters and returning speechless thanks to God!"

One of the noblest of the war sermons is that of September, 1861, which lies before us in manuscript. It was evidently the first discourse after the summer vacation, and it seems the vacation had been an unusual one and that its occasion had been the ill-health of the minister, for he mentions "the long holiday" that had been "so freely and generously granted," and adverts to "the fresh strength and restored health" with which he was returning to his duties.

"I find the topic of my discourse made ready to my hand. The social crisis on which we have fallen is uppermost in every brain and heart. The guns of treason have, with deadly earnestness, dispelled the last hope of peaceful settlement and substituted the sombre realities of strife. For libraries we are forming arsenals; for books, bayonets. The tide of wealth that has cast up, during our era of prosperity, an alluvial soil of luxury and culture, is now rolling on to form a great ocean-dyke against the sea of treason and slavery. The more serene and genial discourse of literature dies away, as songbirds cease their music before a storm. The spirit of the camp inspires the school-boy and invades even the drawing-room. Conversation, dropping its levities, becomes sharp, serious and decisive. The hidden forces of character, concealed during the era of peace, are coming to the surface. Sham reputations burst like bubbles and legal subleties and windy speech give place to vital forces.

"There is a divinity which has prepared this crisis and shaped it and ripened it. Plainly as if His voice thundered to us out of the heavens He summons us to this grappling with the sons of Belial. Liberty and religion and the future of America are involved in the conflict and are staked upon the issue.

"Our summer campaign has failed. The last two months have come laden with the tale of routs, reverses and sore defeats —reverses that yet have proved beneficial and defeats more gainful than victory. Many millions of eyes were sleepless through the awful night of Monday, July 22nd, after the first tidings came over the wires, but when the first terrible shock had passed by I believe the heart and resolve of all true and loyal men rose higher than before.

"The defeat of the National Army is working just the good that we needed. It has hushed the offensive bragging of the newspapers. It has shown our work in its terrible magnitude. It is making us realize what we have only declaimed, with stale holiday rhetoric, that this is our day of judgment and of trial. The overshadowing danger is drawing us together; it silences our little disputes, 'as a clap of thunder hushes the noise of a rookery.' Now every man must be a part of every other man and only one pulse beat through us all. A voice comes articulate out of the peril, saying 'Merge all smaller questions in the great one. Move with one step when you march. Keep in solid ranks when you stand.'

"It was only the trumpet blast of defeat that could summon us out of our drugged and sleepy prosperity and bring us to our feet and sift us in the winnowing breath of the Lord. The loss of Sumter hushed the cry of faction; the defeat of Manassus showed us the awful proportions of our work. Perhaps another great reverse will smite us before the manhood of the nation will rise supreme over life, over property, over ease, over pleasure, over everything, and move in serried numbers at the call of our country, our duty and our God.

"Our cause appeals to the holiest instincts of human nature. It summons all our faith in God and all our love of man. If God can only urge us on to higher ground by the sore blows of his discipline, by reverses and defeats, by the loss of leaders and of towns, we need not be dismayed. If a blacker cloud than any yet should break above us, and a heavier thunder-bolt fall, let us remember that He is scourging but not forsaking us, and that He is sure to bring his wheat out whole and clean from under the flails of his threshing floor and the swift winnowings of his resistless winds.

"It seems to be a law of providence that every people, like every person, must pass through a day of judgment, before they can attain a full salvation and a clear separation of the evil from the good. Dismiss the idea then that the politicians have raised this strife, or that some fine compromise, or balance of parties, might have prevented it. The politicians did not intend it. The nineteen millions who prayed that this cup might pass by did not intend it. Even the rebels did not mean war. They did not intend to draw down the thunder upon their heads with an earth-

quake trembling under their feet at the same time. They thought to carry their point by bluster and threats, as they had always done. But God has used the frenzy of these men for his own great purpose. He has brought the civilization of the continent face to face with its barbarism and said, "This or that must carry the day.' It is the decisive conflict of the ages, which has been coming on for fifty years. The hour is not 'dark' except from the standpoint of atheism. To those who will see the finger of God and follow it, it is our day of redemption and glory in which it is a privilege to live—a day of transition from a lower to a higher plane of the people's life. Every tone of the swelling turbulence that fills our borders is freighted not with forebodings of despair and death but prophecies of the highest health, of kindling hope, of a grand, invincible national life.

"Times are upon us such as this generation has never witnessed. A Red Sea is to be crossed more deep and more perilous than God's Israel has ever crossed before. Suffering and disaster in some shape will come home to all of us and touch our nearest interests. We may possibly lose another great battle or more than one or even our capitol, but defeats will not hinder—they will only help us on. Out of every cloud our cause will break with a more conquering splendor. No matter what befalls, let this consciousness bear us up, that we are not acting under the pressure of accident, or out of our puny individualism, but that all the winds of God are blowing behind us and sweeping us on before His face. We are but the insects of the hour. God is revealing to us His serene and almighty justice and tells us, 'be consecrated to that; be baptized into it for life and for death.' Let us, then, think less of ourselves and of our losses and our sacrifices and more of our country and our duty and God's will."

It is impossible to read such words as these without a deep sense of the feeling which inspired them. In few of the utterances of that time is there such an exaltation of tone. He saw the fearful ordeal as a struggle between conflicting ideas. On the one side was the conception of liberty and democracy—on the other the oligarchical ideal. To him the upheaval represented the sequel and fulfillment of the Revolutionary War. In all the turmoil, in all the sorrow and suffering, he felt the hand of a power above man's, and his voice on every occasion echoes the thought.

"We belong to a race which has bought every luster of its greatness thus far with sweat and tears and blood, and which must again and again pay down more of that dear purchase money. God reigns and step by step as He moves through the ages carries the race with Him, and necessities are dark angels which drive the nations of the earth, now together and now apart, that a work higher than lies in their thought may be made manifest to them. This great affirmation has carried men hopefully and cheerfully through the darkest days. If we can receive it, it will rid us of that terrible anxiety which sees in every untoward sound the crack of doom. It will comfort us with the vision of Him who destroys that He may again create, and whose second creation is ever fairer than the first, though the night must come between.

"This year stands out as one of the great dates of American history. It closes the past and opens the future. New prospects are before us. We may have to labor and to suffer—for not in an hour are the crimes of seventy years to be washed out, not without sorow and pain are guilty traditions and old complicities to be given up, but the hour of effort and of sacrifice is also the hour of deliverance.

"There are wars which do not mean anything, which are waged for conquest or vulgar glory. Not so here. This is not a contest of animal strength. It is a conflict of ideas. It has the health of a spiritual life in it, for Satan and God's archangels stand face to face and foot to foot opposed. It is the grapple of the two eternal opposites of modern society. In this controversy the old issues are reproduced, old as human history—the Russian against the Greek, the Saxon against the Norseman, the Puritan against the Cavalier. It is a war of a few against the rights of many. Now, as in the days of the revolution, expostulation, reason, appeals to justice, pleadings for forbearance and peace, have all been tried and tried in vain. The strife has been thrust upon us. If we yield to its march we surrender our institutions; we undo all that was done by the heroes of our revolution; we put ashes on the heads of the aged; we transmit despair to the young; we blot out America from the map of nations.

"Those that go to this conflict should feel that in no fancied sense but in very truth they defend the Ark of the Covenant, carrying the banner of the Lord; that they march to scourge the defilers

of its holy things. The spirit of a long line of ancestors is sounding to us from every sacred battlefield from Marston Moor to Bunker Hill, and the same prize is at stake—liberty protected by law. Let us meet the issue in obedience to the call of God."

There is a suggestion of the Hebrew prophet in all this. So true is the insight into the meaning of events, so deep the feeling of divine agency at the heart of the storm, so calm the confidence in the outcome despite the blackest prospects. The land had grievously sinned and the sin must be washed out with blood as in the days of old, but the fate of the nation is sure and nothing can defeat the ends of Providence. Again and again he gives words to this thought. Thus in December, 1861:

"When we consider the condition the country is in now, the gloom of fear that possesses the public mind, the fightings and contentions that call forth armies a million strong from their families and their peaceful industries into the fields of mutual slaughter, with trade and commerce suffering in all its departments, bank doors closed and counters deserted, ships worthless and mills standing still, workshops empty and forge-fires quenched, rich men troubled about the payment of protested paper and poor men for the support of wives and children, we are not to forget that all this has come upon us not for our injury but for our good.

"In the dawning of a deadly struggle between two great principles, when the unwonted smoke of battle hangs over the land and darkens the sky, when after years of peaceful growth our country is called to pass through the ordeal of fire with life and death staked on the issue; in such a time more than ever have we need to remember that our chastening comes not of the hate of the Lord but of his love.

"From the experiences of the present, we shall draw our strength for our future destiny. The fever can be borne, and when it passes away we shall not only recover our wonted health but the old humors that have vitiated the blood will pass off with it and the old sores—the sins of our nation and race—will be dried up and we shall have a better expansion, a more vigorous frame than if it had not occurred."

Again, in January, 1862:

"Wars must come. In the present state of the world a nation can no more avoid them than can the individual soul avoid its

conflicts, temptations and strife. There never yet has been a people not tested and tempered by these fiery ordeals. The truth of God is mighty and it will prevail but not without a struggle. It can not move forward a single step or even hold its own without coming into collision with opposing forces.

"This war was inevitable. The evils in our body politic were such and so great that no milder remedy could be applied. Collision and war were needed to cleanse and temper and exalt the national character. Only the terrible fire of purgation which we are now undergoing could purify the metal from the dross.

"The feeling that should fill our hearts today is not the thought of future danger and certainly not weakness at the thought of the trial before us. Our prayer should be neither that the cup may pass untasted from our lips nor for vengeance upon those who force it upon us, but for patience, endurance and strength to be faithful to duty in this time of our country's need. The question is, shall republican liberty now become real on earth or must the human race take a backward step in the grand march of civilization? To us, to our young nation in all the pride of youth, this great problem has been given to solve. At last the final appeal is made to the sword. *It is the final appeal;* and there can be no true rest except in victory. We can not hope to keep at less price than our fathers paid the great blessing which they gave us, greater far than they ever conceived."

To the terrible earnestness of the young preacher these passages bear ample testimony. Even the handwriting of the old manuscript gives proof of his feeling. The pressure of the pen is firmer than was the wont in the more poetic sermons of the earlier and more placid years. Now and then, indeed, the stroke is jagged, as if an emotion peculiarly tense and strained were driving the hand. His all of thought and feeling, it is evident, was in the great struggle.

BERANGER'S "BON DIEU" AND "BON DIABLE"

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN

THE MAN who first said a good word for the Devil in the nineteenth century did not belong to the Romantic school. A greater révolté than the Romantics, Jean Pierre de Béranger (1780-1857) had to be attracted to the great Rebel.[1] But in contradistinction to his Romantic contemporaries, our song-writer, who was nurtured in the teachings of the eighteenth century, continued the Classical tradition in his dealings with the Devil. He treated Satan in a humorous vein and used him mainly as a medium for satire. The satirists have at all times employed the prosecuting attorney at the celestial court extensively in their sarcasms, whether on politics, religion or domestic affairs; and, as was the case of William Hogarth, this practice often recoiled on their own heads.

It is known that Béranger believed neither in the Devil nor in Hell. As a matter of fact, his belief in a benevolent Deity may also be called into question. He remained an unbeliever to the end of his days. Upon reading Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* (1802), he made in his twenties a grand but fruitless effort to become orthodox in his faith. The exertions on the part of his sister, a nun, to convert him to Catholicism during the last years of his life, proved just as unsuccessful. Certain it is that he did not believe in a Devil external to man and in a Hell as a geographical unit. In a very characteristic fragment, entitled "Enfer et Diable," and written between 1847 and 1851, our author teaches the important if not orthodox lesson that every human being is his own devil and the maker of his own hell:

[1] Béranger was the moving spirit of the revolution of 1830, and, according to Moritz Hartmann (*Bilder und Büsten,* Frankfurt a.M., 1860), even issued the proclamation to the French nation on that occasion. Our poet also helped Rouget de l'Isle, author of the *Marseillaise,* which, according to Chateaubriand, was of infernal inspiration.

"Sachez que chacun est son Diable
Que chacun se fait son Enfer." [2]

The Persian poet has expressed the same idea in the following couplet:

"I sent my soul into the invisible,
Some letter of the after-life to spell.
By and by my soul returned and answered,
'I, myself, am heaven and hell."

LA DESCENTE AUX ENFERS (1812)

"Vous n'avez pas des idées justes de notre enfer," complains LeSage's Asmodeus.[3] In this ribald song impiously named after the *Descensus Christi ad Inferos* (3rd cent.), we find Béranger's vindication of the Devil and Hell. Our ballad-maker descends to the domain of the Devil on a broomstick in company with a modern witch, a young and beautiful woman. As the imps of Hell lack no appreciation of beauty, they come in swarms to kiss her naked feet. The netherworld, according to our author, is not what the lying priests have always described it to be. They used the fear of Hell as a means of driving men into the Church. The underworld resembles more a voluptuous Turkish harem than a vaporous Turkish bath. The court of the King-Devil cannot be surpassed in luxury by that of any earthly ruler. Our visitor to the infernal regions found no traces of kettles or flames and heard there no howling or gnashing of teeth. On the other hand, he found the floor strewn with oyster shells and empty bottles. The souls who are fortunate enough to go to Hell, eat and drink and make merry. Nothing is less frightful than the sight of Satan. The infernal monarch is a devil of a good fellow *chez lui*. He issues his severest decrees to the clinking of glasses and the playing of reed-pipes. His infernal majesty is a very genial host and entertains his guests royally. The spiritus infernali is surrounded at the banquet table by a crowd of red-faced drinkers, for whom he keeps pouring bourgogne and champaign. There is not much decorum in the halls of Hell. Ixion

[2] "Know that everyone is his own devil and that everyone makes his own hell.

[3] Bernard Shaw, in his *Man and Superman* (1903), is of LeSage's opinion when he says that "Lucifer himself is contemptuous of mankind, and is more than vexed that hell is so little appreciated on earth. François Villon knew nothing of the underworld when he said: "Hell frightens."

is sleeping on the shoulder of Tantalus who is dead drunk, and Epicurus is making love to Ninon de Lenclos. After reading this poem, one is inclined to exclaim with St. Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The author himself draws a lesson from his words:

"Si, d'après ce qu'on rapporte,
On bâille au céleste lieu,
Que le diable nous emporte,
Et nous rendrons grâce à Dieu." [4]

LE BON DIEU (1820)

Béranger's "bon Dieu" is not much different from his "bon Diable." In this song we find the conception of a God, who, in a similar way, eats and drinks, sleeps and swears. This indulgent, even negligent God suffers his arch-enemy the Devil to play havoc with his world and laughs when he hears that our kings claim to represent him on this earth. The monarch of the Heavens amuses himself in his gay moments by passing in review the proceedings of popes and princes in this world—qu'on prétend que je gouverne; and each of his reflections ends in the exclamation:

"Si c'est par moi qu'ils règnent de la sorte,
Je veux bien que le diable m'emporte."

The Byronic Devil is nearer the truth when he exclaims in *The Vision of Judgment* (1822): "I've kings enough below, God knows!" [5]

LA MORT DU DIABLE (1828)

This is a satirical song directed against the Jesuits. Béranger was always poking fun at the priests. Even the Pontiff in the Vatican was not spared by his bold and boisterous satire. In Voltairean

[4] This song has naturally enough not been translated into English. The Germans have rendered this couplet as follows:

"Wär' die Sage ausser Zweifel,
Und im Himmel gähnten wir,—
Ei, so hol'uns doch der Teufel,
Und wir danken Gott dafür."

[5] This passage from Byron was quoted by the present writer also in his controversy with Mr. H. G. Wells, in regard to the latter's project of "Crowned Republics," which was printed in the New York *Nation* of February 14 and May 4, 1918

fashion he laughed Old Mother Church to scorn. For mere humor, this poem is almost unrivalled. It figured prominently among the poems selected as a basis for Béranger's indictment. The piece was denounced by the priests as irreligious and blasphemous, and its author was declared an enemy to religion. To this day, Béranger is believed by the Catholics to have been diabolically disposed. The archbishop of Paris and the other bishops hurled their anathemas in pastoral letters against our poet.

In "la Mort du Diable," Béranger gives the old legend of the death of the Devil a new and novel turn. He is not concerned with the demise of the high and mighty personage but with the events following it. The song is a satirical attack against Satan's supposed successors. The monks and priests wail when the news of the Devil's death reaches them. The reason is not that they loved Lucifer so well. What worries these good men is the fact that they have lost with his death their means of a livelihood. The Devil being dead, what man will now pay them to be delivered from his clutches? But Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits, bids them to stop their wailing. He himself now intends to succeed to the power of the prince of this world; and in order to be delivered from him, men will now pray and pay more than ever before. The reader would like to hear the poem in Béranger's own words. It is not so easy to give in a few excerpts an idea of the delicious humor and irony which this poem contains. We shall give it then in full first in the original and then in the first English translation.[6]

Du miracle que je retrace
Dans ce récit des plus succincts
Rendez gloire au grand saint Ignace,
Patron de tous nos petits saints.
Par un tour qui serait infâme
Si les saints pouvaient avoir tort,
Au diable il a fait rendre l'âme.
Le diable est mort, le diable est mort.

Satan, l'ayant surpris à table.
Lui dit: Trinquons, ou sois honni.
L'autre accepte, mais verse au diable,
Dans son vin, un poison béni.

[6] This poem has been repeatedly rendered into English. The translation quoted in this paper appeared in the *Westminster Review,* Vol. LX (1829), pp. 210-3.

Satan boit, et, pris de colique,
Il jure, il grimace, il se tord;
Il crève comme un hérétique.
Le Diable est mort, le diable est mort.

Il est mort! disent tous les moines;
On n'achètera plus *d'agnus.*
Il est mort! disent les chanoines;
On ne paiera plus *d'oremus.*
Au conclave on se désespère:
Adieu puissance et coffre-fort!
Le Diable est mort, le diable est mort.

L'Amour sert bien moins que la crainte;
Elle nous comblait de ses dons.
L'intolérance est presque éteinte;
Qui rallumera ses brandons?
A notre joug si l'homme échappe,
La Vérité luira d'abord:
Dieu sera plus grand que le pape.
Le Diable est mort, le diable est mort.

Ignace accourt: Que l'on me donne,
Leur dit-il, sa place et ses droits.
Il n'épouvantait plus personne;
Je ferai trembler jusqu'aux rois.
Vols, massacres, guerres ou pestes,
M'enrichiront du sud au nord.
Dieu ne vivra que de mes restes.
Le Diable est mort, le diable est mort.

Tous de s'écrier: Ah! brave homme!
Nous te bénissons dans ton fiel.
Soudain son ordre, appui de Rome,
Voit sa robe effrayer le ciel.
Un choeur d'anges, l'âme contrite,
Dit: Des humains plaignons le sort;
De l'enfer saint Ignace hérite.
Le Diable est mort, le diable est mort.

[I sing today a lay of lays,
A glorious miracle you'll see,
Give the great saint Ignatius praise,
Of little saints the glory he.
A dirty trick—if saints can trick,
And if the truth may all be said,
Has done the business for Old Nick,
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!

Old Nick went out one day to dine,
And pledg'd the saint to drink his heatlh,
Aye, said the saint—and in the wine
Some holy poison dropp'd by stealth;
Gripes seiz'd the Devil—cruel-sick—
He swears—he storms—and hangs his head,
Then bursts, as bursts a heretic—
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!

Alas! He's dead—the friars said,
The Devil an Agnus shall we sell;
Alas! the canons cried—he's dead—
Not one *oremus* shall we tell.
The conclave is in deep despair,
Power and the iron chest are fled,
O we have lost our father dear,
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!

Love is not half so strong as fear,
For fear was constant with her gifts.
Who now her blazing torch uplifts?
If man from us should once be free,
What light may beam upon his head;
God greater than the Pope shall be—
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!

Ignatius came—"Let me but take
His place—his right—and see; in brief—
He has made men for ages quake.
I'll make kings tremble like a leaf!
With plagues, thefts, massacres, I'll ban

Both north and south—where'er I tread;
Leave ruins both for God and man—
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!"

"Come, blessed one," they uttered, "come,
We hallow thy most saintly gall"—
And now his Order—sent from Rome—
O'ershadows, darkens, curses all.
I heard a choir of angels tell
Their sympathies for man, they said,
"Ignatius is the heir of Hell,
The Devil's dead—the Devil's dead!"]

L'ANGE EXILE (1828)

Béranger, however, could also speak of Satan seriously. In this poem addressed to a young woman, in whom our author believes to have discovered an angel exiled from Heaven, the legend of the fall of the angels is treated seriously. Among the legions of Lucifer was an angel who repented of his sin. The Lord brought him up from Hell to pass a period of probation on earth. This exiled celestial moves among men with his divine lyre to charm away their sorrows and to comfort them in their afflictions. As soon as he redeems himself in the eyes of God, he will be recalled to Heaven.

According to another version of the legend,[7] the angels who were not hurled into the bottom of Hell but banished to our earth had maintained a neutral position in the rivalry between the Lord and Lucifer. It is not so generally known that during the war in Heaven the angels were not wholly divided into two opposing camps. There were many spirits who, untouched by partisan passions, remained aloof from the conflict and refused to don the uniform. They demanded their right of keeping out of a war which they did not bring about and in which they had no interest whatever. When the Lord defeated his enemy and cast him and his legionaries into the abyss, he did not hurl also the neutral angels into Hell, but, in order to give them another opportunity to choose between him and his rival, cast them down to the earth to which the scene of the battle

[7] This legend is an attempt at a reconciliation of two contradictory passages relating to the punishment of the revolting angels; cf., Rev. xii., 9 and xx., 3.

had been transferred. From these angels, who married mortal maidens (cf. Gen. vi., 1), there has developed a race which has always shown a striking contrast to the human family. It has furnished humanity with its prophets and poets, with its reformers and revolutionaries. All great men at all times and in all places have belonged to this mysterious race which does not proceed from father to son, like other races, but appears here and there, at recurring intervals, in the families of mankind. The descendants of this union between the sons of God and the daughters of men have always stood in the first ranks of those who seek peace and abhor murder. They have proven valiant warriors in the eternal conflict between the Good and the Evil for the mastery of the world. They have long ago redeemed themselves, but they will not return to Heaven until they have also redeemed all men.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

CHAPTER IV

Prehistory of the God of the Bhagavad Gita

IT COULD hardly be expected that the popular consciousness would be gripped by Upanishadic thought. It was too intellectual, too impersonal, to appeal to any but a small proportion of the population. The great mass of mankind demanded, as always, a personal, quasi-human god or gods to worship; it could not be satisfied by a refined, mystic contemplation of a nameless Soul, even if it be the Soul of the universe. Some more acceptable outlet for the religious feeling of the people had to be provided; and there is good reason to believe that it was provided. Unfortunately, the evidence about it is mostly indirect and secondary. We can judge of it, for the most part, only from its traces in such later works as the Bhagavad Gītā, which clearly presuppose a considerable development of popular religion, distinct from the higher thought of the Upanishads but contemporary therewith. In the Gītā these two streams are blended. We have no records that show us the popular beliefs of that period in a pure form.

For this reason, it is scarcely possible to attempt any extensive reconstruction of those popular beliefs. The principal thing to be said about them is that they were certainly theistic, and presumably tended towards a monotheism, of a more or less qualified sort. That is, presumably various local or tribal deities were worshipped in different parts of India, each occupying a position somewhat similar to that of Yahweh among the Jews—each being regarded as the chief

or perhaps the sole god of his people or tribe, though the existence of the gods of other tribes was not exactly denied. These local deities were, we may assume, of very different types and origins. Sometimes they may have been old gods of aboriginal, non-Aryan tribes. Sometimes they seem to have been local heroes, deified after death.

Such a local deity must have been the Krishna who appears as the Supreme Deity, the "Blessed One," in the Bhagavad Gītā. He was apparently a deified local chieftain, the head of the Vrishni clan. Indeed, he appears as such, in strictly human guise, in the greater part of the Mahābhārata. In the Gītā he is still both god and man; an incarnation of the Deity in human form. We know nothing of the process by which he attained divine honors, nor of his earlier history as a god, before the Bhagavad Gītā, which is probably the earliest work preserved to us in which he appears as such. In this work he has all the attributes of a full-fledged monotheistic deity, and at the same time, as we shall see, the attributes of the Upanishadic Absolute. In other words, the popular God is philosophized into a figure who can appeal to both the higher and the lower circles of the population. Therein lies the strength of Krishnaism in later India; it is many-sided enough to satisfy the religious requirements of almost any man, whatever his intellectual or social status may be.

The Upanishads themselves are not entirely free from quasi-monotheistic touches, some of which may perhaps be interpreted as concessions to this same popular demand for a personal god. Especially interesting, and important for later Hinduism, is the personalization of the philosophic term Brahman, as a name for the Absolute, which appears even in some of the earliest Upanishads. The word *brahman* is primarily and originally neuter in gender, and remains so usually throughout the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gītā; but occasionally it acquires a personality, as a sort of creating and ruling deity, and then it has musculine gender. It thus becomes the god Brahmā, familiar to later Hinduism as the nominal head of the Triad consisting of Brahmā the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. This trinity appears only in comparatively late Upanishads, and no clear mention of it is found in the Bhagavad Gītā, although the Gītā at least once refers to the masculine and personal Brahmā, "the Lord sitting on the lotus-seat." [10] But this grammatical trick was not sufficient to satisfy the craving of the human soul.

[10] 11.15.

Even masculinized, Brahman-Brahmā remained too bloodless to attract many worshipers. Later Hinduism pays lip-homage to him, but reserves its real worship for his colleagues, Vishnu and Shiva.

Vishnu and Shiva, under various names and forms, are the real gods of later India. Shiva-worship, though certainly much older than the Bhagavad Gītā, does not appear therein, and may therefore be left out of consideration in this book. But we must say a few words about Vishnu, since he was identified with Krishna, the Gītā's God, or regarded as incarnate in Him. This identification seems to me to appear clearly in the Gītā itself.[41]

Vishnu was one of the gods of the Rig Veda, and, like most of them, a nature-god. He was a personification of the sun. But the Rig Veda contains a number of sun-gods (perhaps originally belonging to different tribes, or else representing different aspects of the sun's power). Vishnu is one of the less prominent and less important ones. He is distinctly a minor figure in the Rig Veda. We hear that he measures the universe in three great strides, which refer figuratively to the sun's progress across the sky. The third stride lands him in "the highest foot-step (or, place; the word has both meanings) of Vishnu," which means the zenith. This is thought of as the highest point in the universe, and at times it is conceived as a kind of solar paradise, to which the spirits of the blessed dead may go. So in post-Rig-Vedic literature, we hear expressions of the desire for attaining "Vishnu's highest place." So, also, in this period, Vishnu is occasionally declared to be "the highest of the gods"; this is doubtless to be understood in a literal, physical sense, because Vishnu's abode is the "top of the world." In the same period, we find very frequently the statement that "Vishnu is the sacrifice." Why he should have been singled out for this honor, we cannot tell; there are other gods whose far greater prominence would seem to us to give them a better claim to be regarded as a personification of the ritual. But the frequency of the statement leaves no room for doubt that the priests of the "Middle Vedic" (Brāhmana) period generally thought of Vishnu in this way. And since, as we have seen, to them the "sacrifice" was the central power of the universe, we see that from their point of view no higher compliment was possible. Evidently Vishnu was acquiring a much more dignified position than he had in the Rig Veda.

[41] A distinguished Hindu scholar, Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, thinks that Krishna is not yet identified with Vishnu in the Gītā, though he was soon afterwards. See his *Vaisnavism, S'aivism and Minor Religious Systems*, page 13.

The Upanishads add nothing to the history of Vishnu. They—that is, the older ones, those which antedate the Gītā—mention his name only three or four times, and quite in the style of the Middle-Vedic period. But suddenly, in the Gītā and other contemporary writings, we find Vishnu recognized as a supreme monotheistic deity, worshipped either under his own name, or in the form of various incarnations, the chief of which is Krishna. This was at a time when the Vedic religion, as a whole, was nearly dead. Its gods no longer had a real hold on any class of the people. Their existence was not denied, but they were reduced to the rank of petty spirits. Even the once all-important sacrifices were largely falling into disuse. But if the ritual religion was perishing, the priestly class was not. By this time it was recognized as a definite and hereditary caste, the brahmanhood, which claimed the headship of human society. With this fact, probably, is to be connected the identification of the god or hero Krishna, and other popular gods and heroes, with the old Vedic god Vishnu. Thus a sacerdotal tinge was given to the thriving monotheism which had such a hold on the mass of the people. Brahmanism stooped to conquer; it absorbed popular cults which it had not the strength to uproot. The simple and ancient device of identification of one god with another furnished the means to this end.

It remains something of a mystery to scholars why Vishnu, rather than some other Vedic deity, was selected for this purpose. Even after the development described in the last paragraph but one, Vishnu is by no means the most prominent god of the pantheon. Many steps in the long process have evidently disappeared from our sight. But probably his frequent identification with the sacrifice, and his growing eschatological importance as the ruler of a kind of paradise for the dead in his "highest place," have something to do with it.

We have, then, finally, a union of at least three strands in the monotheistic deity of the Bhagavad Gītā: a popular god-hero of a local tribe, an ancient Vedic deity belonging to the hieratic ritual religion, and the philosophic Absolute of the Upanishads. The blend is, as we shall see, by no means perfect. Especially the monistic, Upanishadic element is sometimes rather clearly distinguished from the theistic element or elements; the author of the Gītā himself seems to have been conscious of this distinction at times.[42] But for the most part it is hard to disentangle one from the other.

[42] See Chapter VI.

CHAPTER V

The Teachings of the Bhagavad Gita

Soul and Body

We saw that the Upanishads center their attention on a search for the central, fundamental, and animating principle of the universe, and of man; that these two objects of research are conceived in them as parallel, the universal macrocosm being compared to the human microcosm; and that this parallelism tends to turn into an identity, which results in an equation between the "soul" or real self of man and that of the universe. So frequent and striking are the expressions of this idea in the Upanishads that it is often, though I think not without exaggeration, regarded as the prime motif of Upanishadic thought.

In spite of the fact that the Bhagavad Gītā is saturated with the atmosphere of the Upanishads, this great idea of theirs is not exactly prominent in it. It is not unknown to it; several passages in which it speaks of the human soul come very close to that idea.[43] It would indeed be strange if it had avoided the idea altogether. It is curious enough that it has so nearly suppressed it, in view of its obvious debt to Upanishadic thought. The chief reason for the suppression evidently lies in the fact that this monistic idea is felt to be irreconcilable with the ardent, devotional theism of the Gītā. Even though, as we shall see, the Gītā conceives God as immanent in all beings, and its author hopes for ultimate union with Him, still he seems to shrink from the bold assertion "I am God," which requires more courage than the Upanishadic "I am Brahman," simply because Brahman is impersonal and the Gītā's God is definitely personal. Union with God is projected into the future, and is not conceived on

[43] 2.17: "But know thou that That One (the human soul is referred to) by which all this universe is pervaded is imperishable. Of this immortal one no one can cause the destruction."—2.24: "Eternal, omnipresent, unmoved, unshakable, everlasting is He (the human soul)."—13.27: "Residing alike in all beings, the supreme Lord (the human soul), not perishing when they (the beings) perish,—who perceives this has true vision."

a basis of equality between the soul and God.[44] Once the Gītā speaks of the human soul as a *part* of God.[45] Generally God is conceived as a personality wholly distinct from the human soul, and infinitely superior to it.

The Upanishadic notion of the human soul is, however, clearly retained in the Gītā as far as concerns its individual nature. It is still the essential part of man, that which does not perish at death. Indeed, the dignity and importance of the soul is brought out if possible even more strongly than is usual in the Upanishads, in one respect; namely, in the contrast that is emphasized between the soul and what is not soul. This contrast is rather a minor matter in most of the Upanishads. They are so charmed by the contemplation of the soul, which they find in everything, that they virtually ignore the existence of everything that is not soul,[46] or else brush it aside with the summary remark that "whatever is other than that (the soul) is evil."[47] At any rate, most of them are not enough interested in the non-soul to speculate much about its nature. The Gītā, on the other hand, has definite theories about the structure of the non-soul or body,—largely inherited, to be sure, from older times, and to some extent hinted at in certain of the Upanishads. These are used to contrast the body with the soul; and the comparison, of course, is much to the advantage of the soul. Thus in the opening part of the dialog, Krishna instructs Arjuna that he should not grieve for the soul, because it is immortal, and inaccessible to the sufferings which afflict the body. "It is declared that these bodies come to an end; but the Embodied (Soul) in them is eternal, indestructible, unfathomable."[48] "He (the soul) is not born, nor does he ever die; nor, once being, shall he evermore cease to be. Unborn, eternal, everlasting from oldest times, he is not slain when the body is slain."[49]

[44] Some of the Christian mystics seem more courageous. Compare Jacob Boehme's

"Ich bin so gross wie Gott,
Er ist wie ich so klein."

[45] 15.7: "A part just of Me, which is the eternal soul in living beings," etc.

[46] Some scholars say that they even *deny* the real existence of anything other than the soul, as the later Vedānta philosophy does. I do not agree with this view.

[47] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 3.4.2.

[48] 2.18.

[49] 2.20. Compare also 2.11, 25, 30. It is painful to have to add that this doctrine is here applied to a justification of war, and of killing in general; since the soul cannot be killed, and the body does not matter (and since, moreover, it must die in any case, 2.26, 27), "therefore fight," says Krishna (2.18). A charitable explanation would be that this is a concession to the dramatic situa-

We find, in fact, that the Gītā's most usual and characteristic position is definitely dualistic. There are two eternal principles, eternally distinct from each other: "soul" (usually called *purusha*, "man, person, spirit"; sometimes *ātman*, "self"; other synonyms also occur), and what may perhaps be called "non-soul" rather than "body," since, as we shall see presently, it includes mental faculties; the usual Hindu term is *prakriti*, "nature, material nature, matter." The soul is absolutely unitary, undifferentiated, and without qualities; not subject to any change or alteration, and not participating in any action. Material nature, or the non-soul, is what performs all acts. It assumes manifold forms, and is constantly subject to change —evolution, devolution, and variation.

The variety of material nature is expressed in two ways. First, it is composed of three elements called *gunas*, that is, "threads, strands," or "qualities":[50] namely, *sattva*, "purity, goodness"; *rajas*, "activity, passion"; and *tamas*, "darkness, dullness, inactivity." Mingled in varying proportions, these three qualities make up all matter. Preponderance of one or another of these qualities determines the character of any given part of material nature.[51] But material nature also includes what we consider the mental faculties of living beings, particularly of man. This is made clear in one passage in the Gītā,[52] where we find a second and much more elaborate statement of the constituents of material nature—or rather, this time, of its evolvents; for, though this is not clearly stated here, it is obvious that we are dealing with an evolutionary theory which is very familiar in later Hindu philosophy. According to this, out of the primal, undifferentiated "matter" develops first the "will" or faculty of consciousness (the term, *buddhi*, approximately covers

tion of the poem, as inserted in the Mahābhārata; and this could be supported by various texts in the Gītā which are distinctly hostile to violence. But we shall see that there are other ethical, as well as metaphysical, inconsistencies in the Gītā. See Chapter XI.

[50] The word seems to me both concrete and abstract in the Gītā; the *gunas* are both material "constituent elements," like strands of a rope, and qualifying characteristics. No clear distinction was made at this time between these two concepts (cf. Oldenberg, *Upanishaden und Buddhismus*, p. 217f.). The later Sānkhya philosophy insists that the *gunas* are physical, constituent parts of matter, not what we call qualities.

[51] The results of the preponderance of each of the three qualities in various parts of *prakriti* are set forth in some detail in the Gītā, 14.6-18, and the whole of chapter 17. Generally speaking, the theory is that the best and highest forms of matter or nature are those in which *sattva*, "purity," predominates; in the worst and lowest forms *tamas*, "dullness," predominates; the predominance of *rajas*, "activity" or "passion," is found in a large variety of forms whose ethical values are mostly intermediate or indeterminate.

[52] 13.5, 6.

both of these English terms); then the "I-faculty," the organ of self-consciousness (*ahamkāra*); then the thinking organ (*manas*, sometimes etymologically translated "mind"), which mediates between sense-perception and the self-consciousness, and is regarded as the function of a special, "inner" sense-organ; with it the faculties of the ten sense-organs,[53] five intellectual (of sight, smell, hearing, taste and feeling) and five organs of action (of speech [function of the larynx], grasping [of the hands], locomotion [of the feet], evacuation, and generation); also the five "subtle elements," the abstract essences of the material objects (or as we say, reversing the direction, stimulants) of the five senses (sound, as the object of hearing, etc.); and finally the five gross elements, earth, air, fire, water, and ether.[54] All of these forms of material nature—twenty-four in all, including the "undifferentiated" form—are alike composed of the three above-mentioned "qualities" (*gunas*), in varying proportions. It will be seen that the two classifications are not inconsistent, but cross one another, the one being, so to speak, vertical, the other horizontal.

It is, as I have said, only "material nature" or "matter" that acts. "Actions are performed entirely by the qualities (*gunas*) of material nature. He whose soul is deluded by the I-faculty imagines that he is the doer."[55] That is, owing to the confusion created by the activity of the organ of self-consciousness—*which is part of matter, not of the soul*—one imagines that "he" himself (his soul, his real self, or *ātman*) performs actions. "But he who knows the truth of the distinction between (the soul, on the one hand, and) the qualities (of matter) and action (on the other), knowing that (in any action it is (not the soul that acts but) the qualities of matter that act upon the qualities, is not enthralled."[56] "And who perceives that acts are exclusively performed by material nature alone, and so that his soul does nothing, he has true vision."[57] "The disciplined man who knows the truth shall think: 'I am not doing anything at all,' whether he be seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, eating, walking,

[53] The Gītā seems to include both the physical organs and their functions in the same verbal expressions. I shall not here discuss the later Hindu usage.

[54] I shall refrain from describing the precise stages of this evolutionary process as set forth in the later Sānkhya philosophy. It is not clear to what extent they had been formulated in the time of the Gītā. One verse of the Gītā (3.42) lists a few of these "evolvements" in climactic order, but without asserting any genetic relationship,—in fact, perhaps implying rather that none exists, since the "highest" member of the series is there—the Soul—which is elsewhere clearly stated to be unrelated to matter.

[55] 3.27. [56] 3.28. [57] 13.29.

sleeping, breathing, speaking, evacuating, seizing, opening or closing his eyes; he holds fast to the thought that it is the (material) senses that are operating on the objects of sense." [58] "When the Beholder (the soul) perceives that no other than the qualities (of matter) acts and knows that which is above the qualities, he attains unto My estate." [59]

What, then, is the function of the soul? As the passage last quoted indicates, it "beholds" the activities of matter, passively, and without participation. "Passively" in the sense that it has no relation to those activities at all; not in the sense that it is affected by them, for its true, fundamental nature is just as free from the effects of action as from its performance. "The Lord (the soul) does not receive (i. e., reap the fruit of) any one's sin, nor yet (of) his virtuous action." [60] "Swords cut him not, fire burns him not, waters wet him not, wind dries him not. He cannot be cut, he cannot be burnt, he cannot be wet, nor yet dried. Eternal, omnipresent, unmoved, unshakable, everlasting is he (the human soul)." [61] Elsewhere the soul is called the "knower" of matter: "This body is called the Field. He who knows it (i. e., the soul), him those who know the truth call the Field-knower." [62] The soul, then, merely looks on and "knows" matter and its acts, but has no real connection with them.

And yet, inconsistently as it seems at first sight, the soul is spoken of as experiencing pleasure and pain, which result from material contacts and processes. "Know that both material nature and the soul are eternal; know that both the evolvents (will, I-faculty, organ of thought and other sense-organs, and subtle and gross elements) and the qualities (*gunas*) spring from material nature. Material nature is declared to be the cause of things to be done, of action, and of agency; the soul is declared to be the cause of enjoyment (i. e., experiencing) of pleasure and pain. For the soul, residing in material nature, enjoys the qualities (*gunas*) that are born of material nature. The reason is its attachment to the qualities, in its various births in good and evil stations." [63] The key to the seeming inconsistency (which is really due to a certain laxity or inaccuracy in the passage just quoted) is indicated in the last sentence, the thought of which is more fully expressed in another passage, where it is said that the soul "draws to itself the (five) senses, with the organ of thought as the sixth, which spring from material nature. . . .

[58] 5.8, 9.
[59] 14.19.
[60] 5.15.
[61] 2.23, 24.
[62] 13.1.
[63] 13.19-22.

Resorting to hearing, sight, touch, taste, and smell, and the organ of thought (all of which are really material), it pursues the objects of sense. Fools do not perceive that it (the soul) is attended by the qualities (*gunas*, of matter) when it is passing out or remaining fixed (in the body) or enjoying (the objects of sense). Those whose eye is knowledge see this." [64] It is only because the soul is associated with matter that it "enjoys," or rather (it would be more accurate to say) *seems* to "enjoy," material processes. "Those who are deluded by the qualities (*gunas*) of material nature are enthralled in the actions of the qualities." [65] In other words, it is, strictly speaking, not the soul that "enjoys"—experiences—anything. That it seems to do so is due to the confusion caused by the organ of self-consciousness, the "I-faculty," which is a product of material nature and really quite disconnected with the soul, and from which in turn spring all the sense-organs and their objects. Were it not for this, the soul would perceive that it has no relation whatever to the activities and sufferings of matter. Since to the Gītā the general Hindu pessimistic view of life is axiomatic, it follows that this "enjoyment" is in reality naught but evil and suffering, and that the association of the soul with matter is a bondage. "Purity (*sattva*), activity (passion, *rajas*) and dullness (*tamas*),—these qualities, springing from material nature, bind in the body the immortal soul." [66] It is only the unenlightened man whom they *can* bind. When one attains true enlightenment, that is, realization of the true nature of the soul and matter and their fundamental independence of each other, then, by virtue of this perfect, mystic knowledge, he obtains release; his soul transcends matter and is freed from it for good and all, and he is freed from the chain of rebirths. "Who thus understands the soul and material nature together with the qualities (of the latter),—in whatever state he may be, he is not (to be) born again." [67] "Transcending in the body these three qualities (of matter) that spring from the body, freed from birth, death, old age, and sorrow, one attains immortality (here a poetic expression for *nirvāna*)." [68] Mentally abandoning all actions (that is, taking no interest in any action which the body may perform), the Embodied (Soul) sits at peace, self-controlled, in his nine-doored citadel (the body), and neither acts nor causes action at all." [69]

[64] 15.7-10.
[65] 3.29.
[66] 14.5
[67] 13.23.
[68] 14.20.
[69] 5.13. We shall have more to say of the various means of salvation found in the Gītā in Chapters VIII and IX.

Note that this is a distinctly anthropomorphic dualism. As we have already seen, it is characteristic of Hindu speculation that it thinks of the whole universe in human terms; this was particularly true of the Upanishads, and remains true, generally speaking, of all later systems. This attitude assumes various forms. The Gītā says: "All creatures whatsoever, motionless (inanimate objects and plants) or moving (animals), are produced by the union of the Field (material nature) and the Field-knower (the soul)."[70] This seems to attribute to all nature not only mental faculties,—will, self-consciousness, and thinking organ,—which are parts of material nature and its primary evolvents, but also a soul that is distinct from material nature. Some Hindu sects—particularly the Jains—clearly and definitely accept the extreme implications of this theory, and believe that even inanimate objects are inhabited by souls, which are subject to transmigration like animal souls. Most Hindu systems do not carry it as far as that, at least in definite statements. But to all of them man is the only part of the universe that really counts. Animals (usually plants also) are to them potential humans; and the rest of the world they virtually ignore in their speculations. We need not consider here the extreme idealistic monism of Shankara's Vedānta philosophy, according to which there is only One that truly exists, namely Brahman, the world soul, with which the human soul is really identical; all else is illusion (*māyā*), existing only in appearance, as a mirage, and not in reality. This system developed long after the Gītā, as it seems to me, athough it claims to be founded on the Upanishads. In a sense it is founded on them; it is only the logical conclusion, or extreme application, of their doctrine that the essential part of man is one with the essential part of the universe. But the Upanishads did not say "the non-soul does not exist." They only tended to ignore its existence or its importance—to wave it aside as unworthy of their consideration; they were not interested in it. This explains why the Upanishads could be made the basis for such diametrically opposite systems as the monism of Shankara's Vedānta on the one hand and the Gītā's dualism on the other. The latter was worked up into more systematic forms by the Sānkhya and Yoga philosophies, both of which recognize the reality and independence of soul and matter. They differ on the existence of God, which is accepted by the Yoga but denied by the Sānkhya. The Gītā agrees with the Yoga in this respect. All of these views derive from the

[70] 13.26.

Upanishadic speculations centering about the human soul; and all agree that the non-soul, or material nature, is something from which the soul should utterly detach itself, whether it really exists (Gītā, Sānkhya, and Yoga) or is merely illusory (Vedānta).

(To be continued)

THE WISE LOCUSTS

BY GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

LOCUSTS had swarmed into Bulao and other Gandara River villages of Samar in 1913 but, because of superstitions, the Filipinos refused to take any measures to protect their fields that would require killing the pests. This created a problem for the authorities to solve with tact rather than force. If the locusts were left unmolested, crops would be destroyed, the peasants without food would resort to brigandage and revolt. The simple folk had to be induced to destroy the newly-hatched locusts but without any appearance of coercion. This was the situation confronting young Davenport, a lieutenant of Constabulary.

Lieutenant Davenport had marched all night, he had been warned by his commanding officer that a few hours might mean success or failure. It was nine o'clock when he sighted Bulao, a cluster of palm-thatched huts on the Gandara. In the rice fields near the village, Davenport came upon a crowd of men, women and children arrayed in holiday attire but no one of them took any notice of him or his soldiers. Some of the villagers sang while others drew weird strains from bamboo flutes or beat gently drums of raw deer-hide. All were careful not to step on any one of the wingless, crawling millions of young locusts clearing the field of green as they advanced.

Davenport was amazed, he could hardly restrain his anger. He longed to disperse the peasants with the heavy cane he carried. His Filipino soldiers grinned significantly; they knew the customs of their people as well as the heart of their white leader.

[Editor's Note.—George Ballard Bowers was for fifteen years an officer of the Philippine Constabulary. He knows the customs and dialects of the Philippines. The incidents of the following story are out of his experience while in command of native troops in Samar.]

"*Teniente, adi, cayo,*" brought the Filipino leader to take notice of Davenport who immediately continued in melodious Malay. "Why dost thou permit a holiday while thy fields teem with locusts? Look! At thy feet the ground is brown with crawling insects; soon they will take wing, the sky will be dark and thy fields as bare as after the harvest burning. Return to the village. Call all thy people that they may help to save the young plants not already devoured. Tomorrow it will be too late. Thy fields will have been stripped of their green and famine will lurk near."

"Does the young American mean we must kill these?" the Filipino pointed to the ground while a look of horror overspread his face.

"Yes, so the government orders."

There was dismay on the faces of the attentive listeners, their hands instinctively went to the long blades habitually carried.

"My people would never obey that order," he went on with an air of finality, his companions shouted an approving *"Oo, po."*

Davenport did not fly into a rage but smiling blandly, listened while the old man spoke.

"My people would never obey that order. They would flee to the hills rather than kill intentionally a single locust.

"O American, it was but five years ago that the locusts came in such numbers as now. With them came a white man with soldiers as now. He ordered us to destroy. We obeyed only because of fear and respect for the wisdom of his blood. *Aghie-e! Aghie!* I would forget that year. *Aghie—e! Aghie!*" He pressed his lips and closed his eyes as if in intense pain. "We destroyed swarm after swarm, not enough were left to feed a swift. We were happy. Our fields promised an abundant harvest. Our young men praised the wisdom of the white man but the old men were fearful. The years had taught them that offended spirits find it hard to forgive. Those who believed in the white men did not long rejoice.

"Only a few days after the American and his soldiers had gone, there appeared a cloud in the sky, moving as swiftly as the wind. We watched with fear and trembling, hoping that the storm god might pass us over. The sound was not that of the wind but the hum of myriads of wings beating the air. Although high in the heavens, the sun could not penetrate the cloud. We saw his face not again until the next day.

"For a time we thought the cloud would pass over but to our dismay, it dropped to earth covering all as does the night. When the morning sun had returned our light, the locusts had gone. They had left our fields as if swept by fire. Our houses were mere skeletons, the thatch had been eaten, even the thatch grass of the nearby plain had been devoured. The locusts had avenged their brothers the white man had commanded us to kill. My people had to relearn the wisdom of our ancestors. We cannot risk the vengeance of the myriads that would follow these.

"American, we can not obey. Should you force us, we shall burn our dwellings and flee to the hills; it is better to risk the bullets of the white man than the wrath of the ancestral gods."

"I agree with thee," began Davenport slowly and gravely. "Thy people ought not to incite the anger of the ancestral spirits. But we should be able to devise some plan whereby thy harvest might be saved and famine averted." After a tense silence, Davenport continued. "Now, under the circumstance, I shall not ask thy people to slay the locusts eating thy fields. I shall ask only that thy people dig the pits and lay the traps. My soldiers who are paid by the state and own no property in thy community will slay the locusts."

The Filipino headman explained this last speech to his people. The old men unanimously agreed that the reasoning of the American was flawless. There appeared to be no reason for further argument or delay.

The crowd disbursed, the men to return with picks, shovels and long strips of 12-inch sheetiron. Davenport marked out the pits well in front of the sheet of crawling insects. The drive began, as fast as the pits were finished, each was filled by turning into it the stream of crawling insects by means of the sheetiron placed so as to form a V-shaped obstruction with its apex open to the pit. All locusts beyond the wings of the trap were gently swept back with a broom of shrubs. As soon as a pit was filled with live squirming locusts, it was covered with earth and tamped by the soldiers so as to relieve the peasants of the curse they feared.

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The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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IBSEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION[1]

BY GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

TWO questions are imbedded in the depths of human nature and determine the life of the spirit. For one thing, we want to know that which is; for the other, we ask what ought to be. The former is a question of truth; the latter is a question of conscience. At times the two questions peaceably co-exist, as if they belonged to two spheres of life which had nothing in common. Then, men seek to gain their knowledge from what life offers them; they refer that which is to that which was; they thus go back ever farther, until they must call a halt, and then they think that they have explained and comprehended that which is. That is the way with the question of truth.

Along with this, however, there are manifold vital needs which men seek to satisfy; and what gives satisfaction they regard as worthful, call it good, and strive for it as the end of life. Yet between what is and what ought to be, they feel no connection, and therefore no contradiction. They consider what ought to be as supplementing, as naturally continuing, that which is.

Then a time comes when the peaceable co-existence of these two questions is seriously disturbed. That something *ought to be* seems the assault on *what is*,—an accusation that *what is* amounts to nothing, is irrational, and needs improvement. And *what is* defends itself against this indictment. It has stood the test of life; it has evinced itself as necessary, survivable; and therefore it must be rational and good; and it must be preserved and protected.

A critical time is that. The fixed becomes flux. Everything becomes problem that former generations treated as self-evident and settled. Ours is such a time as that. Problems multiply; everything in life has become problem. First of all, in the social problem, *what is* is

[1] Edited by J. V. Nash from unpublished manuscript notes left by Doctor Foster at his death.

in conflict with *what ought to be*. Socialism is nothing but the practical question, whether the real is also the rational, whether *what is* is *what ought to be*. Still socialism is the beginning, not the end of this question. Socialism knows this question only for the masses, only for their industrial life, their material requirements. But the *mass* is that which is—is it also that which ought to be, is *it* rational? Is it rational that there is *mass* in humanity? Is this mass that which ought to be?

Thus one question leads to another. Individualism is born of socialism—the query whether the things of life are rational, not only for the mass, but for the individuals of whom the mass consists.

Thus, the problem of life is *spiritualized*, and takes possession of society and law and art and science and family and education. Ultimately it turns to man himself and puts the question to him: Is thine own being rational? Art thou thyself what thou oughtest to be?

This problematic aspect of modern life, no one has so sharply seen as Ibsen. What Lessing said of *truth*, Ibsen said of *freedom*. Not its possession, but the eternal struggle for it, is the worthful thing. Ibsen stands on the same platform with the great modern preachers of *free personality*, with Max Stirner and Nietzsche, with Tolstoi and Kierkegaard; but he surpasses them all. He struggles with every problem which he discovers or creates, until all his struggling, creative life seems as a death from which a resurrection may be expected.

In addition, the poet must fight his way through the religious problem,—religion apprehended, not as a psychic experience, not as a question of science and world-view, but as a thing of worth or worthlessness for human personality. From this side Ibsen often touches upon the religious problem in his social dramas. The religious problem is central in two of his creations: in "Brand," and in "Emperor and Galilean."

In "Brand," it is rather the ethical side of the problem that is treated: in "Emperor and Galilean," the mystical side is treated. Brand's religion is totally a religion of the will. His God is youthful force, youthful strength, and summons strong and world-moving words in the souls of men. The God believed in by the people. The church, however, is a weak and senile God; and, impotent himself, makes terms with the weakness and feebleness of men. He himself loves half-measures, imperfections, closes his eyes when men are cowardly and weak. His task is to make life easier for men, to decrease life's burden for them. Therefore, *on this very account*, men

serve and love him *only half-heartedly*. A little earnestness and a little levity; today, a little of this, and tomorrow, a little of that; one eye turned to heaven, the other squinting at the earth.

Then comes Brand with his solution, his cry: *"All or nothing!"* The decision and resoluteness of the old Christians live anew in this northern preacher—those old Christians whose God demanded that they should be one thing or the other—cold or hot—else he would spew them out of his mouth. Brand hates any consideration which would divert the will from its path and goal. His radicalism reminds one of the radicalism of the Gospel—a man who puts his hand to the plow may not look back—the love for Christ suffers no competition from love to father and mother and wife and child; and yet, the goal of the will for Brand is different from what it was for the first Christians. Those Christians lived for the community, the Church, which filled their whole soul, their whole life; their Lord, their Christ, lived in it. They made sacrifices for the whole of which they were a part. Not the will to the whole, however, but the *will to personality,* was the goal of Brand's life. This was the voice of his God, which he perceived in his own soul, and to which he subscribed with his whole being.

No motive exists for Brand, except the effectuation of his own inner power, his inner freedom and truth. Only *that* is good, which a man does of himself, which he does voluntarily. Everything is bad, to which he is determined by external stimulation and enticement—or in which he follows the old familiar conventions, the inherited customs and usages. "One thing only I demand as my own, a place to be entirely myself in." "That thou canst not will be forgiven thee, but nevermore that thou willst not!" That is the problem in Brand—the divine right, the divine duty of self-assertion, self-affirmation, the all-redeeming power of personality, cancelling all youth's guilt.

Thus Brand begins the great conflict with the forces which confront him along the way to his self. The will to personality is under the ban of heredity. There are the ties of blood which claim authority over the will, and summon the will to a life and death struggle. The mother is the son's first tempter, to make him unfaithful to the voice of his duty, to lure him from his chosen and sacrificial calling as a preacher to a poor and remote congregation—lure him away into a brilliant and indulgent life for which she has saved and increased tainted money for her son.

The son, however, sacrifices the mother to his uncompromising-

ness. He sacrifices her also when she supplicates the priest in her son, that he will administer the holy sacrament to her on her death bed. He *can* not, his heart rebells against it; he knows no other law for his mother than for all other people, and the mother has not fulfilled the conditions which alone could have brought her consolation in the hour of death—*all or nothing;* she has not cut loose from the god Mammon that she has served all her life.

Still the conflict proceeds, becomes more grievous. In the venture on which he stakes his life, in order to bring final comfort to a dying unhappiness, darkened by folly, the preacher wins a wife who feels herself an affinity to such strength of will; he finds a church that looks up to him, because it discovers a man in him—a man who can become to them, the weak ones, a teacher and leader through his own strong life. The woman forsakes a love which has sprung only from a fleeting, philandering frivolity; and now lives for the man who has taught her to find her self. Then comes what should be the supreme happiness to a household—a second soul, like their own, to be led along the path of life by parental love and faithfulness. And, indeed, there in that child, a new happiness does bloom for both of them. The young life is a blessing to both. Yet this happiness becomes a new conflict, a new war. The child grows ill; only a speedy departure from the country, whose cold, damp climate menaces the tender human bud, can give hope of convalescence and life to the child.

The *will to a self-chosen duty* triumphed over father's and mother's love. The child dies. The parents cannot leave the congregation to which they had dedicated their lives. Only the memory of the dead child remains; its playthings; its little garments in which it had laughed and wept, and made its parents so happy at the last Christmas festival.

Still even this memory is something foreign; it comes from without into the soul; it is a burden on the freedom of personality. It is a cult of death, not of life; and when the gipsy-woman comes to beg the child's clothes for her living babe, all that is left of the child is surrendered, though the deed cuts to the quick, in order that the soul of the mother may be untrammelled in her celestial flight for freedom. This offering costs a bitter, bloody battle of the heart, but it is made fully and freely. Thus the mother dies—the sacrifice sacrifices her—dies a happy, blissful, victorious death of loyalty. She has seen God in such triumphant freedom—and who sees God dies.

Mother, child, wife gone; the congregation still remains; the real final end of the preacher's life. Out of that congregation Brand proposes to make men in his own image and after his own likeness—pure, free, solidified, self-dependent personalities, serving only the God in their own breasts, but serving him with the whole heart. In that congregation he proposes to crush the evil demons of servility, and the real foes of humanity—levity and dullness and folly.

Added to this, the church edifice, old and musty and decayed—once adequate for father and grandfather—now is much too small. There must be a new church—wide halls, full of air and light, room for all to serve life and love. Brand considers it to be the task of his life to build this new church. Then new difficulties loom up. Influential men of the congregation will have nothing to do with such an innovation. They love the old quiet contentment. They find the parson too strict, too hard. They stand for humaneness, for compromise. They are on the side of the God who is himself so human that he keeps one eye closed—the God who loves all kinds of compromise, the God who requires nothing whole, great, resolute, decisive, of men. The entire social, phlegmatic inertia of the place combines against the man of deed and of power.

Yet Brand brings them all to time. The church is built; all opponents bow in presence of the success. Authorities bear witness to the energy of the pastor who has erected so stately a monument to ecclesiastical glory. Then comes the dedication of the church. The provost comes to dignify the occasion, to bestow reward of merit in the shape of orders and titles. Then it dawns upon the pastor that this new church, too, will be only a new fetter for the spirit. He flings the key of the church door into the sea, and summons his people to follow him into the altitudes, where there is no temple more made of hands, because the earth is God's temple, because all men are priests, and all bonds that bind are scorned.

This victory also is won. The people leave the provost and his retinue and follow their pastor, their emancipator, to the sacrificial altar—up to the desolate, bleak, icy region, where the folk saga speaks of a glacier church. But this victory is only an apparent victory—a defeat. The congregation grows weary and mutinous on the way. Finally, they demand of the pastor to tell them where the end of this journey will come, what the reward for such effort will be. Then Brand speaks the decisive word: No end—life a battle all the way through, a battle against dividedness and imperfection and weakness of the will, a battle against all idols which hold men down

in golden, shining slave-chains.

And the reward of victory? Inner freedom, inner joy, unity of the will, aspiration of faith, freedom of soul. "Deception, delusion!" cry the people. Back they go to the provost and all the men of the golden mean and the comfortable, complacent life—down they go to the lowlands. They leave the pastor and freedom; and the pastor is told in a vision that his superhuman aim can be only yearning and hope. Yet his faith fails not. His faith leads him through ridicule and scorn to God, in vision of whom Brand dies, burying his last doubt underneath the engulfing avalanche. He endures to the end, though all else fails.

Ibsen's "Brand" is the tragedy of the man who stands for all or nothing,—the man who proposes to be something whole and complete in the midst of a world which loves compromises and half-way measures and lives on what is foreign to it. Brand and his wife go the steep, hard way. Yet it is the way that brings liberation and the blessedness of the vision of God, if also of death.

It is easy to see that the poet chose the model of this pastor from his northern home, where the harsh climate and rude soil ripened religious characters like Kierkegaard and Pastor Lammer—men who came to have a seasoned courage and defiance, men who represented with iron consistency the divine right of their uncompromising thoroughness, of their peculiarity, as against the whole stagnant piety of official churchdom.

Nietzsche attacked the same problem, but, as you know, not with a pastor or theologian as model—but a mythical figure, the alien Zarathustra, the superman. Did Nietzsche think that no such men of will, of personality, were to be found among the theologians nourished in theological schools? Did he think that theological training was indeed *training*, i. e., taming of the will, developing of the memory at the expense of strength of will? Did he think that Pastor Brand spoke a language which could find no echo in the schools—that the northern atmosphere from the glacier was too cold and clear for modern school-rooms and scholastics? Best give learned and semi-learned lectures, diverting their hearers from what moves the present time—best not lay hold of the will, mold personality, launch out against all the powers which keep men from coming to themselves. State Christianity—*mass* Christianity—needs theologians, but not personalities, not whole resolute characters which will let nothing stand in the way of their aims.

Such was Nietzsche's attitude. According to him, State Chris-

tianity had adjusted religion to the instincts of the herd, the mass, the multitude; and the mass would rather that others should think and act for them than to act and think for themselves. It was a State church that had created a convenient church-calendar Christianity, in which the faith of Sunday had nothing to do with the facts of the rest of the week. That was Nietzsche's attitude to the same problem. We have not time here to tone down his extravagances and expose the residuum of justice and truth in his strictures upon the religion of his fatherland. Certainly, when a man is divided by his piety, divided between heaven and earth, his very religion hinders him from belonging entirely to life, entirely to himself, entirely to his God.

It is the merit of Ibsen to have apprehended religion from a new side, the side of *the will*, religion thus making man ever lonelier, leading man ever farther away from the great human herd, until he is all alone with himself and his God. It is quite possible, however, that this, too, is only *way*, not *goal;* a prophecy of the future, not tangible reality. Indeed, were it otherwise, Brand would be no liberator, no guide, but only a new *law*, a new inertness and accommodation. In the spirit of the poet, Brand is to be yearning and hope. Up there is the ice church, the eternal temple, not made by men's hands, ever above us; all leave us who walked with us in the lowlands of life; we mount up the way to it as Jesus went to Jerusalem and the cross; we must seek entirely alone, ultimately to find in this way our overthrow, our entrance into God.

Who goes this way knows the anxiety which overtakes one in solitude. Yet he alone also knows the power and blessedness of faith. He is disburdened of every heritage which he has brought out of the deep—heritage where there is curse for every blessing—released from the guilt which accompanies him *incognito* through life. All doubt behind him, all uncertainty of heart—faithful to himself, *faithful to his own error* even, preferably to one alien hidden truth—wholly faithful, without making allowances, without higgling and haggling, faithful unto death: this is the crown of life, which the strange pastor of the rugged northland—poet and seer—at last earned and received. This is the religion of the will.

Then after Ibsen, in "Brand," had sketched the ideal which his patriotic soul coveted for his northern countrymen—the ideal of personality, strong-willed, dying for conviction—he gave in "Peer Gynt" the obverse side of the picture, the exhibition of a weakling, living for comfort, guided by his selfish wish—a man in whom the

poet saw an embodiment of the motley mass of the people. "Brand" and "Peer Gynt"—how different! Both are national creations, born of that glowing patriotic love (which can hate, also), and of the bitter ridicule of all the powers ruining the folk soul.

Yet, for the genuine poet, each of his works has a liberating effect; it relieves a tension by which the soul is held; it broadens the vision for new and greater sides of life. To be sure, there is a universal human side in all national life, rightly understood. A living folk type transcends national boundaries and appeals to other peoples: our cause is your cause, it says. The human is international. The deeper it is apprehended, the more does it strip off the local part; it seeks for an expression embracing all the peoples, and creates in temporal and local images the mirror of the whole present life as exhibited in the great conflicts of the times, affecting all struggling spirits. Thus Ibsen broke through national limits, too. It was precisely his life in foreign parts, in Rome, in Germany, after he had overcome the melancholy and the irritation of removal from home, that paved the way to those problems which are imbedded in the eternal nature of man.

Therefore he now apprehended the religious problem, also, from another side—where there is neither Jew nor Greek. He apprehended it at a point where, to him, the history of Christianity became an expression of ideas in which he discerned the impelling power of the religious culture of humanity. Ibsen received in Rome new impressions of the power of history. The Eternal City preached a past to him, under whose spell all peoples of the new day lived, by whose force the present cultural life was everywhere pervaded. Ibsen delved into the past, studied it in one of its most important pivotal points, with the hot endeavor of a year's involuntary idleness.

For a time, however, the material at his disposal was too much for his digestive and constructive powers; therefore he went to Germany and experienced its political rebirth. The great spectacle of a people awakening from a long, death-like sleep, finding itself again, and stepping upon the stage of history a second time with rejuvenated energy, brought Ibsen to himself, too, supplied him with a living commentary on what he had been reading in the old writings of the Roman libraries. The poet came to know German thinkers, especially Hegel, the philosopher of history—Hegel who contemplated all human happening in its innermost connections, in the eternal necessity of self-unfolding Reason.

Thus originated the great work, "Emperor and Galilean," an his-

torical play, we are wont to call it; in fact, a present-age play, a play of human faith and yearning, of human seeking and wandering. The center of the double tragedy is held by Julian—dubbed by Church historians, *the Apostate*—Roman Emperor. Already Christianity had three hundred and fifty years of history behind it. What some choose to call the proletariat, assembled around Messiah, had demonstrated their spiritual and moral superiority over a decaying and hostile world. The deep feeling of weakness which trembled in the heart of the upper classes, the intimation of monstrous moral decline, of a condition of life which human nature could not long endure—all this had made once hostile spirits receptive for the messianic expectation of the poor and the disinherited. The philosophy of the time had developed more and more that supramundane character, that hankering for the mysterious and the mystical which had drawn the whole educated world nearer and nearer to the fundamental thoughts of Christianity. Thus, under cover of the sharp opposition between Roman and Christian society, breaking out into bloody persecutions, the catastrophe was prepared for, which lifted up the cross to imperial symbol under Constantine, and made the God of the Christians the God of the State.

And in this way the Christian's Kingdom of the Future, so long hoped for and expected, appeared—different, indeed, from the dreams of Christians; and Ibsen begins with depicting Christianity emerging in triumph over Roman culture. The faith of the Galilean has exchanged peasant garb for robes of the court and it is now known by its costly raiment and courtly manners. The confessors of Christ have built a high wall against everything that can remind them of the glory and splendor of pagan times, and that can convince spirits of the greatness and significance of this pagan culture. Greek philosophers are persecuted and banished. Visitors to their lecture rooms are earnestly and persuasively warned. Youth is forbidden to partake of their poisonous food. And those are the worst zealots against Greek culture, who have themselves drunk from that fountain. They feel their own weakness as compared with the gigantic forces of life which once helped them to create a great spiritual culture. Therefore, they blaspheme the gods which they formerly worshipped; they flee the Academies in which once the thirst for truth gathered seekers together; they hate the beauty whose pictures once charmed them. Every means seems justified to them, every intrigue and violence, that will sever and save Christian believers from contact with the bearers of the ancient culture.

In essence, the new world remains the old world, only under a new, a Christian, name. It becomes worse than the old, for it has a glittering, pious galvanism and gloss which *hide vices,* while all rottenness and dissolution were open as the day in the old world.

Julian seeks a pure woman and he thinks that he has found her in the person of Helena, a pious kinswoman of the Emperor, and a Christian fanatic. Yet this saint of the new faith is a monster of ambition and lust. Perfidy, adultery, murderous assault upon the Emperor's brother—this is what fills her pious Christian soul. And the Emperor, head of the Galileans, hypocritical, suspicious, hesitates at nothing. It is a sorry cloak which conceals, superficially enough, this pious court society with its processions and its church-building.

This is the atmosphere in which Julian lives and from which he has sprung. In this atmosphere no healthy plants grow. An inner contradiction preys upon his young soul. He has imbibed so much of the faith of the Christians that he finds his dearest friends among them—honored teachers and friends of his youth whom he loves. He would like indeed to support the preaching of poverty and self-abnegation, to dedicate his service to Christ, to overcome his foes with the weapons of that spirit which issued from Christ. Yet, deep in his soul, throbs a hot yearning for life—life that the Christians condemn, the life of beauty and of freedom, the kingdom of this world and its glory.

And when he seeks rest of soul in faith, doubt arises as to where this faith—where Christianity at all—is to be sought. Christians themselves rave against each other; they anathematize each other over the question of the Son of God, creation out of nothing, over the Trinity and its nature. They preach turning away from the world and yet are lustful of the stolen sweets of the world. And when these doubts overmaster him, books are given him as answer, as of old in the Greek schools, when he asked—what is truth? He betook himself to the books, only to find that they could not satisfy a hungry soul. And the cry for life grew mightier in him; it became a cry for a new revelation, for an experience of something new, for something not written down in any book!

Then he comes to a magician and exorcist who promises the seeker to induct him into the most hidden mysteries of life, and to give him new revelation, answer to all the enigmatic questions of his soul. Offending Christian friends, disregarding their admonitions, he follows the magician, who leads him through supra-terrestrial regions. In visionary rapture, Julian experiences the two-fold predic-

tion of a coming, a third, Kingdom, which he will found through the way of freedom which is also the way of necessity, and which the guilty ones of humanity, Cain and Judas Iscariot, united with the tree of knowledge and the Cross of Golgotha. Julian applies the prediction to himself. He feels himself called to dissolve the Kingdom of the Christ; for the God-Man had no freedom in his Kingdom and no necessity. He proclaimed his eternal "Thou shalt" to man—his commands remain *outside* of man. Julian remembers his Christian virtue, which has been a constant offense in the presence of an alien will, in the presence of the Emperor, in the presence of the Christ. The human has become something disallowed, since the Seer of Galilee seized the helm of the world! With him, to live is to die. Our normal innermost soul rebels against this—*and yet we ought to will precisely against our own will!*

Julian becomes Emperor, contrary to all probabilities which seem to obstruct his way to the throne. And now Destiny, the world-will, expresses itself apparently in the sense of that visionary prediction, and the Byzantine Ruler proceeds to found a Kingdom of Freedom. He proclaims—he proclaims the free play of the forces in his kingdom; the old gods whom the Christ has dethroned are reinstated. Everyone shall live according to his faith, serve God as he pleases. And since the freedom which the Emperor accords the least of his subjects he reserves for himself also, he decides for the old gods and announces his faith to the people.

Now the imperial nimbus begins to work; what the emperor believes, others will believe also. His example is effective for all who hope for corroboration and advantage from the throne. Hosts of apostates come and flatter the Emperor. Fallen away from their Christ-God, they make the Emperor their God. But the Emperor-God is only a man, subject to the influences of his environment which uses the spectacular worship of the Emperor as a means of enmeshing him in its net. The memory of the time when the ruler was also Pontifex Maximus awakens. Julian feels himself to be priest, then supreme philosopher also. He works on a book to refute the folly of the Galilean at a single stroke. The multitude increases to whom word of Emperor is word of God: harsher becomes the contrast to "render unto God the things that are God's."

The reign beginning with the declared freedom of faith, is now ending with the repression of the Christ faith. The Christ faith is persecuted; but the persecution purifies the Christ faith. The apostates are the half-way, vacillating Christians, seekers of the Galilean

for their own advantage. To the remnant, their faith is everything—faith in the strength of which *one man* is strong enough to withstand an Emperor. The spirit of the old heroes and martyrs is in the remnant. Then it begins to dawn upon the Emperor that the Galilean who is crucified is not dead, and a new, greater doubt comes over the Emperor; "There is no comparison between me and the Galilean," he says. "Who will possess the Kingdom, Emperor *or* Galilean?" The old necromancer gives the final meaning: Both have their day, both will yield to another their kingdom; they will go down but not pass away. As the child passes into the youth, the youth into the man, thus the first kingdom and the second will grow into the third; *the kingdom of free humanity, of wisdom and beauty,* will be united with the kingdom of necessity, which preaches suffering and death—when, no seer can tell! Given this vision of the future, Julian hesitates; he wants to be third himself. With this self-deception, he goes down in conflict with the Persian Empire; and the solution of the riddle is announced over his corpse: *will* is *must* will.

Thus, the tragedy of Emperor Julian is Ibsen's confession of faith, a prophetic glance into the history of the development of humanity. Church and State, these two rival, warring powers, determining the cultural history of Christian peoples by their rivalry and warfare, are here seen in their inner connection; one cannot be without the other; one creates and conditions the other. Rome and Byzantium—these are the gates of that history whose tide still bears us on today.

In Rome, God is all, Emperor nothing; in Byzantium, Emperor is all, God is nothing. This opposition is Scylla and Charybdis for Christian peoples. Free from Rome! this was the watchword of the Reformation, and this cry seemed to signify liberation from an oppressive necessity, this return of a kingdom of humanity and of freedom. Yet, when the people became free from Rome, they took the road that leads to Byzantium, where they hoped to have found freedom, but only fell into a new dependence. It is significant that Ibsen lets the tragedy of Rome play itself out in the background, and delineates the tragedy of Byzantium with all the poetic power of his constructive imagination.

Many weaklings have fallen victim to this cult of Byzantium. They have changed their disposition and their religion, as they have changed their clothes; and the living Gods they have preached to the world were yet only idols, which were outlived. It was reactionariness, an effort to check growth, to call a halt to the development

which they had undertaken.

Ibsen, however, wants to transcend this dualism: this is the problem to which he dedicates the drama. He himself is, of course, the mystical seer, who gives the Emperor a look into the hidden deep of life, and finally sees how the Emperor, who does not understand his times or himself, fulfills his destiny through his lack of understanding. Precisely this apostasy from what offers the soul its stay in Christianity, produces self-examination among those who cannot and will not take the road to Byzantium. They purify themselves and their faith from the dross which has made it a hissing and a by-word to all serious, forward-looking spirits. Once again, there are *great individuals,* where formerly there were only members of a herd. They find in themselves a strength which makes them leaders of others into the light.

Thus what speaks here to us in a great world-historical spectacle is also the history of each man's own soul. The division which consumes the heart of Christian peoples is repeated in the life of individuals, and demands its solution from each one—State and Church, Emperor and God: this is the contradiction *in* man, between free, sovereign man and the eternal necessity which rules over him. Will man declare for the Emperor, will he himself *be* Emperor, self-ruler in the Kingdom of Spirit and of Will—only to be dashed against the limitation of eternal necessity which holds him? Then he hears the cry, "Render to God the things that are God's." Will he subscribe to the other kingdom, the kingdom of divine necessity? Then the ruler-man mounts up in him, the man who imperiously demands his right, his freedom.

Now the mystic releases himself from this division. He has intimation of a third kingdom, in which the law of freedom and the law of necessity, of life and of death, are become inwardly one,—in which the will has become conscious of its eternity. In this third kingdom, the Christ has ceased to be an external mandatory power, an historical authority: he is entirely inward, entirely man in man. And the ruler-man does not look back to idols to which he once sacrificed; he looks forward—he has himseslf become messianic, and gives all his freedom, all the wealth of his life and his spirit, a living sacrifice to man, that men, too, may become ruler-men, messianic men. To build this third kingdom, this is the task of all free spirits: it is a secret, hidden kingdom, a kingdom in man, in which Emperor and Galilean look beyond themselves into the great, glad future which shall fulfill all necessity with freedom.

PATRIOTISM: WITH SOME ASPECTS ON THE STATE

BY L. A. SHATTUCK

> That she, the goddess, teaches men to be
> Eager with arméd valor to defend
> Their motherland, and ready to stand forth,
> The guard and glory of their parents' years.
> A tale, however beautifully wrought,
> That's wide of reason by a long remove.
>
> —*Lucretius.*

PATRIOTISM is the categorical imperative of the State's metaphysics. Which, being dynastically moral, one must accept in the manner usual with phenomena which are examined closely only in inverse ratio to their importance. Its supreme emotional appeal, due to being sunk deeply in a savage or barbarian psychology and perhaps even laminated beneath religious superstitions, deters one phase of criticism. Another, kept in the dark for the benefit of the common man by the State's baptismal and protecting arm, has been tampered with but seldom. Resting itself on an economic fallacy it falls into the same class with those things which Macauley had in mind when he said that if the law of gravitation had anything to do with economics there would be droves of arguments to prove its falsity. Hence, the few phases of patriotism which have been oriented into the light can be clearly seen only by a vigorous somersaulting from first principles of national philosophy.

Which, in democracies formed of undiscerning electorates, is as it should be.

A State, like its common divisor, the common man, follows biological law, viz: the survival of the fittest. Consequently in following this law every function pertaining to its national persistence must be egoistic; must be, if one is morally color-blind, positively immoral. It must educate the common man along lines that least threaten contradiction of its dogmas; nay, along lines which will even make these dogmas more inflexible; see that the common man does its work; that he engages in a productive toil, even an indif-

ferent laziness being a form of vice; that he does not animadvert on its beneficence, which is, to say the least, *lese majeste;* that, in short, all common men under its aëgis be coördinated into a composite whole: think as it thinks, hate where it hates, lay logic, labor, and life, if need be, at its service.

Thus, while political theory has it (excepting a few anomalies like Japan) that States and all their attendant machinery are for the benefit of the common man, the reverse is the fact. Due to the State's very belief in its own permanence and its knowledge of the mortality of its common men, its interests are entirely dissociable from those of common men both within its borders and those the world over. True, within its borders there are a few individuals with whom it has interests in common as I shall later point out but they are assuredly not common men. Thus while the State is more or less of an abstraction, society itself beyond the individual being a philosophical myth, this abstraction becomes fetich, hence blameless, soul-less, and beyond criticism. It is an organism, disparate to any other, whose well-being evolves along a path utterly opposed to any other organism. Free, too, from that gregariousness of man which abates in some degree his natural predatory instincts, that gives a semblance of altruism to even the worst of us, the State pursues its way true to biological law. Only when it indulges in that phenomenon called "*international comity*" does it seem to relieve itself of its feral nature, its *anima bruta.* Yet even while the State believes in international comities in principal, submerged under the principal is the fact that it believes essentially as Tacitus did in speaking of the German barbarians: "Above sixty thousand barbarians were destroyed, not by the Roman arms, but in our sight and for our entertainment. May the nations, enemies of Rome, ever preserve this enmity to each other! We . . . have nothing left to demand of fortune, except the discord of the barbarians." As the State holds to such general tenets as this in its international relationships there is nothing strange about its intra-national in that it uses the common man, molds him to satisfy whatever are the national intentions of the moment.

And though it may be said that the efficacy of thus using the common man was high in the Middle Ages with its inter-relating systems of power, priests, castes, etc., it is still higher today with our facilities of press and propaganda. True, we are liable to overstretch the value of these due to a fallacy, e. g., our belief in psychological freedom. We fail to observe that man is apperceptive to

propaganda not alone because of any intrinsic weight in the propaganda itself but because the ideas advanced in such drop into psychological grooves which have been worn frictionless by use and wont. (In general, not scientific, ideas. The latter, once they become popular, are never questioned; if not popular are too heady, hence they are never desiderata of the common man's mental equipment.) We see the effects of propaganda upon the common man and the way it makes him act. We do not see the causes which make him accept such propaganda as the truth. Nor do we see that each one of these causes is the effect of another cause, that cause the effect of still another, and so on until an original fact is reached.

Though it is true of course that the propaganda served up to the common man is seldom as intellectually indigestible as the foregoing still we can't deny that even the common man's thinking may travel in the grooves of determinism. However, waiving such arguments aside in view that man labors under the apprehension that his present acts are intelligent and not dependent upon a sequelae of original causes, we can advance the fact that nearly all propaganda appeals to the common man's basest instincts (if the propagandist knows his business); that it preys upon him only through those things which are harmful and beneficial to him; that, briefly (to use a most appropriate slang phrase), "it hits him where his house is." But as this all comes under the heading of what is known as "education," it should be conspicuously posted on the credit side of the ledger, naïve bookkeeping though it is, and let it go at that.

Yet even if these things are true of present-day systems of propaganda it is nevertheless doubtful if they have the force commonly ascribed to them. That they have wider scope for influencing the human mind than did the systems prevailing in the Middle Ages is no doubt true but that such influence is intensified is extremely questionable. And especially is this true in a State where many racial habits and traits are at variance. The point almost commonly lost sight of by the State is that the propagandist is himself surrounded by hosts of instincts, hates, fears, and superstitions which fail to strike responsive chords in large masses of common men. And inasmuch as such masses can be moved by certain stimuli and no others, other things being equal, the State has only two courses open to it. In the one case it is possible for the State to choose as henchmen, as its propagandists and political bullies (if one would make invidious distinctions) those who cover the widest of ethnic ranges. But while it is possible for the State to do this, it is, except under

remarkable circumstances, improbable that it will for the almost obvious reason that the State itself is essentially national in its instincts, having the hates, fears, and superstitions almost common to one type of man. It but seldom sheds itself of such chrysalises even when to do so will prove to be of inestimable value to it. It reacts to the same stimuli as its common men, by rote eventually accepting its own falsehoods as truth. Whence follows the well-known principle that a State's moral sense of justice is on a par with all but the lowest of its common men. In the other case, of course, when the State's systems of making opinion prove unavailing, there is one final, unfailing element at its disposal: Force. Yet even force, used indiscriminately, has certain drawbacks. It may be used only according as the principles involved are minor or major to the national existence. Its constant use may be costly to the State in the matter of its international relationships. If the State inject force into its proselyting of its subject people at the wrong time or without sufficient justification, such offending State may become morally odious to other States, subject, of course, to the world's temper at the moment. As for instance (though the case is not strictly parallel) France's sympathy with the colonists during the American Revolution. Also as was the case during the World War. No instance is recorded that I know of in which any of opposing States reproached any allied State for using force when milder persuasions failed, though all of the opposing States involved were free enough with their reproaches for each and every State opposed to them. The thousand and one cases of flagrant injustice (not even yet all amended in the United States) later reported in the American and continental press made but few of us blink an eyelash. But this by the way. The aim of the State Jesuitically hallows the means. And whether we believe in determinism, or that propaganda have all the insidious appeal as is said, or whether it be necessary to throw force behind it to make it really effective; if none of these things have a vestige of truth to them there is little difference in the final result. For in the face of the hords of instincts and habits of thought which have been cajoled and attuned to the national interests (interests which may be called moral, or immoral, equivalents to the natural egoism of the common man) to ask the common man to adopt an ironic scepticism, to reason in a manner different from those in the schools, classes, and sub-classes to which he is accustomed is to ask for the millenium out of hand. Only a confirmed idealist would have the temerity, or an utter idiot the effrontery, to do so.

But let us push such irrelevancies aside. I stated a short time ago that the feudal lord had hardly more influence over his vassals than the modern State has over its common men. Even allowing all the foregoing argument bearing upon propaganda as making such a statement invalid there are still other considerations to be laid down, viz: First, it is almost common knowledge that the key-stone of the early State was the desire for mutual protection. But as this desire with relation to the common man in the large modern State is either non-existent or is figurative, it will have to be thrown out as being contradictory to the premise. Second, that under even the greater feudal States the common man was in a position to lose life, or goods, or both, a position which in no wise confronts him today. In but few of the great, modern States does he possess goods, and his life, under more civilized (sic!) conditions of warfare, is safer: provided of course that he be a non-combatant. Third, that if mutual protection, and not the dependence upon a plutocracy, were the motive for cohesion in the modern State, anarchy would reign in all but a few of them within a week. In this respect, the plutocrat has merely changed places with the feudal lord, the former standing in the same position to the common man today as the money lender stood to the latter upon the breaking up of the feudal system in western Europe. Fourth, and finally, the thin slap of difference existing between the position of the common man under the older regime and that of today is barely discernible to the naked eye. He occupies, if anything, rather a less enviable position in that while the vassal had a tenure of a type for which it was to his interest to aid his lord, since there was always the usufruct, the common man of today gets out of his services to the State whatever subserviency usually gets from impersonal gods. And as the State, well intrenched behind the justice of its territorial phase ("aut Caeser aut nulles," as Sir Henry Maine has it), goes on encroaching farther and farther into the domain of the common man, e. g., controls his opinions, this subserviency will keep on increasing. One can't say to a State, an entity which depends for its very existence on human brawn and brain, that its most worth-while individuals are untrue to a type. True in a chemical experiment such organisms are considered the most interesting of phenomena, but in social chemistry men who prove untrue to type, or what the State obscurely imagines to be a type, and whose amalgamation in the herd always remains incomplete, become apostates, anarchists, subverters of all principles

of national autonomy. From Socrates down through the ages such men have always paid the penalty of freemen.

Yet who can advance arguments versus the State on this score? Since the State is composed of individuals and as it is but seldom that the individual is rhadamanthine in his sense of justice, is he any the more subject to a careful exercising of it when the unit becomes a thousand or a million fold? When the very natural propensities, and the thousand possibilities of the single mind to err are increased to infinity? Hardly. For as the individual germinates into the mass, that is, the social mass, he becomes a more powerful, a more emotional, a less mental organism, and hence he has grown the body, the nerves, and the mind of a nascent tyranny. Thus we bring back the argument to its original starting-point: That conditional upon average individual judgments on both sides being in balance a more equitable justice will be awarded by the individual than by man in the mass. The whole theory that a juridical tribunal maintains justice on a higher mental plane than does an individual I believe to be false. Since laws have been written and collated by individuals all their authoritative strength is actually vested in an individual opinion. Their strength—except from a standpoint of force—does not vest in society just because society has come to adopt them as true. For if it be conformable to fact that no opinion as handed down from the dawn of history by an individual (I except such debatable things as mathematics and the inductive sciences generally) has proved indubitably true, how much more so has this been proved of the opinions of society! And what has proved true of opinions as a whole has proved true of laws. For to assume because a consensus of opinion is that one point of law is more just or more reasonable than another is no reason for saying that such an opinion is the opinion of the mass. It simply means that the mass agrees to, or concurs with, the opinion as finally laid down by, one. For, in the last analysis, to increase the adjudicating powers, that is, numerically, merely adumbrates and does not clear the issue. The greater such powers the more highly tempered and complicated are the emotions and the more easily are the vestigial instincts of the primitive man set oscillating.

The foregoing being true of the judgments of men in the mass, to charge the State with immorality for doing away with those of its citizens who fail to accord its dogmas and its gods the degrees of sanctity to which they are no doubt entitled or because it uses the common man whenever it can is as fatuous as to believe that

biology itself is immoral. Since its dogmas have, assumptively, been bruited even in the farthest corners of the State and its gods apotheosized by its political pontiffs, ignorance of their sanctity avails one nothing in extenuation. And if one is not ignorant of the sanctity with which they are invested the very power of their sponsor is enough to make a sane man pause. Yet that stupid quality in man which is termed reticence, that gross-headed obstinacy in him whereby he goes to the torture chamber without opening his lips, has painted the whole history in lurid flame. As Nietzsche has pointed out an apology from Socrates would have saved his life. His persistence, contumacy, fanaticism, what you will, were his real executioners. As the popular opinion is ever ephemeral and as only a difference of opinion existed between him and the Greek senate that condemned him to death, he should have genuflected, smiled like a gentleman and no bigot, and apologized—as did Galileo, Roger Bacon and Voltaire—then gone on unheedingly in the way his particular gods directed him. Yet who can say that he didn't? To say that men go to torture or to death under the impulse of a free-will is pure sophistry. Unless under the constraint of acting at the *fiat* of some unknown nexus of ideas, a latent, imperious urge, or a Satanic afflatus, no one short of an imbecile would do so. Nor, on the other hand, whether Socrates was so urged or not, would one expect a State, even a comparatively small city-state, to suffer a changement of opinion for the sake of one individual.

Yet the State itself is not entirely free to act always in relation to its own self-interests. Occasionally it may be bound to a narrower sphere of influence by the collective opinion of its citizens with respect to its internal policies; in its external it is not alone prescribed by the military power of neighboring States, but by the opinions of those States as well. While philosophically the individual man will be free under a theoretic anarchy, factually, however, he will never be free under anarchy since there will always be the possibility of others combining against him and thus restricting his scope of freedom. In the same manner as this is the State circumscribed with restrictions. Except under a condition of world dominion as of Rome under the Antonines, the State is always subject to chastisement by other States once it becomes too "free." Thus its imperialistic measures are curbed sheerly by the same "moral" considerations as those which restrain a sound man from striking a cripple who offends him: there are bystanders present. Justice in such cases is usually a negative, and not a positive, reflex; the

State considers the force alone which can be brought to bear. An impending and temporarily withheld force thus restricts the State to a modified, one might say a more decent, policy of imperialism. Cases are numerous enough on this head; offers to mediate by third parties between States when, usually, the third party would lose were the two offending States to indulge in war-like enterprise. Thus the offer of Argentine, Brazil, and Chili, to mediate between the United States and Mexico in 1914; the acceptance of the latter for no other reason than to save its "moral" face at the time; the offer of A, B, and C, conditioned sheerly as a matter of self-defense: to have Mexico as an intervening cheval-de-frise between them and United States; while the United States later went into the doldrums called "watchful waiting" by which it no doubt meant that its gun was at its shoulder and it was ready to march.

All of which comes under the head of freedom. And whether it applies to the State or individual makes no difference. There is no freedom where there is no power to exercise it. For, by the same token, a freedom that is dead, that emanates from the fetid breath of a political edict is no freedom. Man is free in direct proportion only as the restraints surrounding him are few in number whether such restraints are said to be good for civilization or not. Every new law behind which the State stands in a contradiction of liberty. Even laws affirming a general liberty as are now promulgated by some few republics are a negation of liberty since the really free man does not court allowances. He is free only so far as he owes nothing and morally he feels bounden to the State when a right to which he is innately entitled is conferred upon him as an afterthought, as a further right to his consideration. To paraphrase Napoleon, not only God, but Freedom, is on the side of the strongest battalions. As to the Freedom of the State, Lord North is authority enough. "Oh! . . . miserable and undone country! not to know that right signifieth nothing without might; that the right without the power of enforcing it is nugatory and idle in the copyhold of rival States or immense bodies!"

It is organic of man, as of tropisms, that he wants to move in the line of least resistance. Let it pass that this statement may prove objectionable to Puritans. However, let us say that the individual wants to be free or wants to have the idea of being free in respect to whether, in the first case, he is exceptional to the species, or, in the second, he is common to it. The exceptional man wants the substance of freedom for the same reason in principle that makes the

wolf hunt alone rather than with the pack. Not because he doesn't realize that such a freedom will always be unattainable; he is nearly fully aware that even in primitive times he was engulfed by the gens, house, or family, as he is aware today that the future holds out for him nothing but being engulfed by larger and larger units as time goes on. Nor is it that he is less social than the other because in the long run he is more so. He sees that the future of the race depends more or less upon a practical initiative of the individual, a reasonable amount of *laissez-faire*, just as in economics a reasonable competition will tend towards balancing costs. That he is not less brave than the common man almost goes without saying if bravery means to try new paths and have moments when habits go-by-the-board as his brother-in-kin did back in the dark ages on sunshiny days when he temporarily forgot his fear of the elements. He is willing to take a chance in any political world barely short of an absolute anarchy. Hence, while his ideal is anarchy, his practicality points out that anarchy is a *pons asinorum* as a means to happiness. But he rebels against anything else; it is his heritage to hate the feel of harness, the click of the whip along his back. Not so, however, the common man. While the proclivities of his ancestors remain with him he can't restrain his fears. He wants something to which he may pay homage, something that will take out of his hands the initiative that he himself should exercise so that he may be left free to perform his ordinary duties of obtaining food, breeding and getting a shelter. In the past he left nearly all questions beyond these things to a god, a totem, a patriarch, a tyrant, a lord, a king. But whereas he trusted his fate to these in the past, because he attributed to them an all-powerful divinity, he has almost nothing today in which he can trust except what one may call a proxy. And proxies are not divine. Hence, when the common man sees initiative in others, he is incensed to the extent of seeing the need to limit it. He knows that though at present it may not even be remotely directed against himself, some day it may. Hence the need of whatever action he is capable to control it.

There are two ways in which the common man can do this. He can join the larger of two or more factions with which he may have interests in common or he may have recourse to the law, in either case vitiating by force the power of any real or imaginary attempts against his well-being. The very nature of the common man, his hates, his fears, his jealousies, his ever-quavering need for self-protection, are thus the nuclei of numberless laws and prohibitions

which will restrain the initiative of all individuals whose interests are opposed to his. And especially is this so in the democratic State. It is almost an open forum where thousands of insignificant grievances may unwhirl themselves out of stupid brains; where by the simple expedient of gaining a few cackling votaries almost any imbecile can become his own Justinian, having his own pandects eventually incorporated in the statute books. Everything he fears and can't abide (either because he can't or has no desire to indulge them) lie ready at hand to add to the discordant din of the legal charivari.

This is one of the reasons that a democracy will seldom function as efficiently as an aristocracy. Whereas the laws in the latter are usually fundamental and few in number they can be rigidly enforced, those in the former are almost purely adventitious and numerous and their enforcement entails thousands of courts and depends on fortuitous factors. The aristocrat is wary of unlimited legislation for the simple reason that it will in time rebound upon himself, while the common man is constantly skipping from legal panacea to legal panacea, now distrusting legislation, now a fanatic about its powers to cure. Thus the State instead of remedying things by paternalistic laws which are supposedly to cure common men of their diseases is unconsciously impoverishing itself. For instance, the Drug and Prohibition Acts in the United States. None but the blind has failed to see how impotent the government is to enforce them. Still somehow we do manage to go lumberingly towards the millennium, whatever it will be, increasing laws, taxes, police forces, not to mention intolerance which is the primary cause for dissolution of the State as polarity within the atom is primary cause for dissolution.

The common man is, of course, satisfied with all this as indeed we all must be. The legalistic horizons to which he has so long been habituated, the innumerable "Keep Off the Grass!" signs which since the days of Hammurabi keep augmenting hour on hour and which fimbriate every highway and alley of modern life, have no terrors for him. He is satisfied not because he is interested in the State *as* State. He is interested in it sheerly because he believes that if the State engrafts upon itself a number of prohibitions gross enough he will be surrounded by an impenetrable armour, protecting him always, perhaps even saving him from thought. He will again have his totem. There is nothing paradoxical to him in the verity that when these prohibitions have reached a point where they

become intolerable to a large mass of men his armour will dissolve into a filament where he'll be compelled to meet his fellow man almost utterly devoid of self-reliance. Just as the State, in attempting to cure all the common man's ills by law, weakens itself, so does the common man with his supra-tendencies towards sociality, his allowing the State to preempt more and more the prerogatives which he himself should assume, weaken himself. There is a balancing point between tolerance and intolerance which should never be passed. Whenever it has been passed onto the side of the latter the common man will have no State left to protect him nor will the State have common men enough to uphold it.

As the rights of the democratic State persist only by the sufferance of the majority of its citizens, whose toes are respected, and hence who believe collectively in the sanctity of the State, it is to the majority the State looks to validate its behests. It is therefore the majority who have what are called "rights," which means in essence that what the State can't help acceding to it, the State accedes. Practically, as I have shown, there are no "rights" except those residing in force. The minority therefore have no rights. They are merely the by-products of a heterogeneous society. And as by-products they supposedly add nothing to the value of the State it may be economy to treat them negatively. Yet in this, too, I think the State errs. That is, of course, the democratic State.

Men in society, I presume, may be divided into three groups: the apathetic, the idealistic, and the realistic. Politically, we call them conservatives and reactionaries, progressives and liberals, radicals, etc. The first two of these may be said to belong to the apathetics if we open the term to every one indifferent to, or opposed to, political evolution. The third, fourth, and fifth, are about evenly divided between the idealistic and realistic groups. Though it is true, of course, that no austere classification such as this can be made where individuals are involved, it is a biological truism that almost in direct proportion as the number of individuals examined become greater the more will they reflect characteristics in common. Thus when a few "apathetics" are examined many slight differences of opinion will be found among them. Where many are examined these differences will pare off by insensible gradations, the general agreement of their opinions rising predominantly above them. More, I think it will be found that the larger the group whose ideas fall into definite categories the more indifferent to those ideas will the group be. One Athanasius or one Luther has more feeling for his particu-

lar creed than ten thousand converts. Only exceptionally small groups of G. B. Shaws, Anatole Frances, H. G. Wellses, or say, Bertrand Russells and Jacques Loebs could ever be formed. Hence we may say in general that the "apathetics" will be found largely among the majority, the idealists and realists the minority. Though all trickle in and out of these two groups I think the hypothesis approaches fact. It is almost banal to point to history to show that almost everything has come from the minority, nothing from the majority. And by majority I mean, of course, those who are "for" the dominant thoughts of the community or State, the general level of its ideas and tenets, and by minority those who are against them. In the United States, for instance, the majority believes in Protestantism and industrialism; the minority does not. And while the United States *as* State recognizes heterodoxy in religious matters, in principle, officially it is Protestant. As witness its refusal to interfere with the persecution of Catholics by the Klu Klux Klan in the South. As I shall show in the next paragraph it is such stupidities on the part of the State which breed anarchy.

Hitherto I have shown that every State (with exceptions noted) was constrained in its acting upon other smaller States by the temporarily withheld force of other large States. When the power of any State is aggrandizing too swiftly, other States, sensing a threatening of their own autonomy, will check it by combination or counter-combination, sheering strength from the too powerful State, disposing it if the result will warrant, upon weaker States from which they have nothing to fear. It is the only check against a free imperialism and sometimes a most effective one. Within the community, however, we have no such checks. Where one faction in it is weak and the other strong the last will dominate over the first and intolerance will set in. Where neither is the strongest there will be no attempt at coercion for where their force is co-equal their one or several differences of opinion will be passive. The democracy, therefore, that maintains its various factions, its minority and majority groups, in equilibrium will most nearly approach the ideal democracy. It will be strengthened because all men will be for it. That is, as much as all men can ever be for a godhead.

Democracies ever fail to see this. They recognize creeds to the denial of everything contrary to them. They perpetually heave up prohibitions and legal restraints against natural humours which erect factions that lead the common man into mazes from which he can only extricate himself by adopting a devout nihilism.

It is true that the police and military forces of the democratic State may at all times seem omnipotent but they are not things apart. For the common man to assume that they will always be ready to protect him againsts all of the State's mistakes is an egregious error. They, too, are common men who take their part in the day's doings, who join their factions, and who, when these are to be put down by law, will either not bear arms against them or will take arms with them if there be the slightest chance of success. Every common man is, therefore, wherever factions exist, a potential force which may be brought to bear against the State. And factions, as I have already shown, are indirectly the children of innumerable laws.

Thus it is that the tendencies of the democratic State towards the creation of numberless prohibitions and the multiplication of intolerance is not combated by the common man. They are combated by the rare individual whose scalpel goes far beneath the surface respectabilities leaving the raw, naked stupidities exposed. It is the rare individual only who has the capabilities and the perseverance to be not alone his own surgeon but the State's. He stands in the same relationship to the State as a great critic stands to the novelist. He chastens —not because he loves the State first—but because he loves it at all. He sees in the integration of laws the gradual disintegration of his individuality and he also sees that in that integration there is a greasing of ways towards launching another mightier State which will cause still further disintegration. He would rather take present evils than those . . . etc. Call him conservative if you will, yet from the standpoint of the State with the interests of its subject people at heart, he is the only constructive influence such a State has. One Spencer is worth a thousand Cecils. England up until the early decades of the Nineteenth Century, perhaps the "freest" nation in modern history, was made so by its free-thinkers, its liberals, and radicals to whom the increasing powers of the courts were anathema. It was they who kept the legalistic restraints down to a norm compatible with a reasonable amount of individual liberty because that and that only meant the greatest sum of collective happiness. It was as these bars against the increase in laws weakened, as a few leaders of opinion became less febrile in their denunciations, that England became less and less an ideal State for the individual and therefore for every citizen in it. But while it is true that England is still far from approaching the United States in its insidious penchant for multiple law making, its committees, its governmental

bodies of this and that, it is fast riding the current which will lead it into Socialism—or worse.

I have before me a Socialist pamphlet that says: "The tendency of social evolution always was and forever will continue to be towards a state of ever-increasing restraint of the individual by society, and that this will continue till a state of existence will be attained in which the individual will be constrained by society." This passage, except for the absoluteness of "forever will continue," seems to accord with the facts. Constantly as civilization reaches farther and farther out, and as the nomadic, pastoral, and agricultural habits of men are slowly broken down, it becomes increasingly harder for him to live without its limits. His tendency is ever towards adhesion to larger and larger groups. He follows specifically Spencer's doctrine of evolution: from incoherent homogeneity to coherent heterogeneity: from individual to family, family to clan, clan to tribe, tribe to nation. And as the indispensable condition to living in these is conformity to their laws and customs, he comes up through them each in turn singeing from him some of his individuality. He becomes in the end merely the unknown "X" in an indeterminate equation. He may have one special value or he may have a dozen. He may still retain some individuality or he may retain nothing except values common to his kind. And in a democracy, the present end of social evolution, such values are bound to be common.

So it is that if evolution (if one may call it evolution) of the State is to go on it is in some manner in which the common man will play more of a supposititious part. The signs are fairly intelligible that such evolution will be towards a stultifying democratization of values. The State slowly but surely gives way before the common man; all but him are being swallowed in its ever-widening maw. We have Utopians, Socialists, Communists, Bolsheviki, all tending to eliminate physical competition and take out of the common man's hands the initiative that has so long irked him. Socialism, Communism, and Bolshevism are all for feeding the common man assuming that thereby all individualism would be drugged into a profound coma. Yet doing this would rouse long dormant psychological possibilities in the common man which would start another type of individualism all over again. Haven't the Utopians forgotten the restlessness of man, even of the bovine type, except that he be restrained by a rigid dictatorship? Graze the common man on the vastest of meadows and he'll want any fences that surround him taken down,

that done and he'll want someone to do his grazing for him; do that and he'll reach out for things still farther fetched. If the inherent traits of common men are hardly much higher than the Neanderthal man, if a physical Utopia could be created tomorrow, he wouldn't appreciate it any more than Adam appreciated Eden, which, contrary to the orthodox doctrine of original sin, may just as well be interpreted to be a parable on man's discontent; even with the most perfect world known to man.

Any world in which man is to be happy will be one that comes through slow, transitional stages of growth. Even the common man will rebel at the regimentation of the current interpretation of what socialism means. His whole underlying psychology will have to be trained in new habits, new ways of thinking before any such millenium can come to pass. Ah! but then, says the Utopian, the common man will become a real part of the State, an owner; he will become blessed with a transcendental spirit of mutual aid, brotherly love, civic honor, etc. A place will be found for the halt, the maimed, the blind, the stupid; all will be the State! And I ask where, except for a very thin tincture, is there the spirit of mutual aid as would be necessary under socialism or communism? Where, except that exhibited by some very rare individuals and that voiced in stupid maudlinism, is there the brotherly love? As for civic honor, 999 times out of 1,000, if delved deeply enough into, it is found to be actuated by self-interest. No would-be socialist can be trained in these things by empty words. He can't get the spirit of them by studying economic history. Except to make him aesthetically unhappy with the present world, dangling socialism constantly before his eyes gives him nothing. He may dream that tomorrow morning he may wake up and find himself in a new world. True, dreams can only come true by first dreaming them. But dreams, as Freud has pointed out, are inhibited desires and as man has probably dreamed for millions of years, one can doubt whether the perfect Utopia will ever arrive. His desires will ever keep in front of him like the tortoise in front of Achilles. Yet Liberals of one kind or another are attempting and will probably go on attempting to make the common man suddenly into something that he is not; mayhap in time they will succeed. They have done it since the Middle Ages: from Martin Luther attempting to convert every comman man into being his own metaphysician down to Jean Jacques Rousseau and other super-democrats making every man his own politician. Yet metaphysics has now become a horror and as a politician the com-

mon man is a wanderer in a gloomy wilderness. Yet that the world will ultimately shoulder some such thing as socialism or bolshevism there is little doubt. As the whole world has a democratic bias and as such means the exfoliation of power from the hands of the few into the hands of the many (even though such power is really fictitious) some equivalent of socialism is bound in time to come. Exactly as the democratic State increasingly wades into labyrinthine mazes of government ownership pulling many common men, by the golden threads of democratic doctrine, after it, so does it increasingly give itself over to a large petty officialdom, a bureaucracy whose disposition is more and more towards socialism, creating sinecures to keep alive that sense of superiority of rank which under the most perfect of democracies is so necessary to the common man. If a vicarious egoism has glitter to him—what matter? And he gets this vicarious egoism out of being an official whether in a civil or a governmental organization. Shut off from a lack of the general qualifications necessary to a business success "on his own" in the one case and a decent respect for his own dignity and powers in the other, is it any wonder that he takes it out in a putative ownership and lords it over those whose interests are most in accord with his own? As he but seldom views things subjectively how can one blame him? If you make ethical comparisons anent whether things are to be judged foolish or wise, or good or bad, then maybe the common man is foolish. But then whatever is, is, and by playing the hobble-de-hoy mentor to him you don't make him any the wiser. And as the democratic State retains its power through his lack of wisdom one should be loathe to criticize. To appreciate this one has only to know that to give the common man a shilling different in wages or to clothe him with a purely fictitious inequality of office and he will be like a god where the difference between him and his kind will be greater than that between a peacock and some cull of the barnyard. Each will direct him next below him in rank with the pomposity of a strutting idiot.

Thus, the State with its orders, stars, garters, medailles d'honneur, jobs, "Toys," as Napoleon called them, temporarily strengthens its power yet each such acquisition of power by the democratic State, where a new political sinecure is made available, is a nail in its own coffin. For each gainer there must be a loser and for each non-productive sinecurist there must be one or more productive common men and each new sinecurist makes the onus all the heavier on the remaining common men. True the common man who is proclaimed

a hero pinning a tin medal on his chest is hardly liable to detest the State nor is the common man who is fed at the public crib nor indeed is any man who is infantile over pacifiers. Since a large bureaucracy quiets a large number of common men via the reason that they are within the sanctum, are "in the know," and as even a post-office clerk is in the same macrocosmic world as a Prime Minister, his uniform, by ascription to himself at least, covers the same great virtues, the same great secrets of State. Yet while satisfying the common man's thirst for purely egocentric indulgence other common men must pay in ever-stiffening sums as time goes on.

Am I assuming that an aristocracy would be free of such absurdities? I point to history and that hackneyed line about the beggar on horseback. *Magistratus indicat virum.* True it is that all aristocracies have not been composed of Solons but the castes out of which aristocracies have sprung have nearly all sent with them daimiosian (to coin an adjective) codes of honor from which few true aristocrats have deviated. The promiscuousness of the common man, his practical inability to realize any codes of honor except those inspired by fear, the venal habits of his kind to "get it while the getting's good," his supine dependence upon surface expedients, are all against any form of self-discipline. "There is," says Mr. H. G. Wells in his "First and Last Things," a base democracy just as there is a base aristocracy, the swaggering aggressive disposition of the vulgar soul that admits neither of superior or leaders. . . . It resents rules and refinements. . . . It dreams that its leaders are its delegates. It takes refuge from all superiority, all special knowledge, in a phantom ideal, the People, the sublime and wonderful People. 'You can fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time,' expresses, I think, this mystical faith, this faith in which men take refuge from the demand for order, discipline and conscious light. . . . The community is regarded as a consultative committee of profoundly wise, alert and well-informed Common Men. Since the common man is, as Gustav Le Bon has pointed out, a gregarious animal, collectively rather like sheep, emotional, hasty, and shallow, the practical outcome of political democracy in all large communities under modern conditions is to put power into the hands of rich newspaper proprietors, advertising producers and the energetic wealthy generally who are best able to flood the collective mind freely with the suggestions on which it acts." And, as de Tocqueville says: "*Presque tous les peuples qui ont agi fortement sur le monde, ceux*

qui concu, suivi and execute grand desseins, depuis Romains jusqaux Anglais etaient dirigé par un aristocratie, et comment s'en etonner?" But, of course, by aristocracy I do not mean alone those who are so conditioned by fortuitous circumstances, wealth, birth, etc., but those who have risen from the primordial ooze of slothful ignorance and unreasoning worship of ancient gods. It is, however, a melancholy paradox that our most militant cohorts of democracy are our most unreasoning—not aristocrats—but autocrats when it comes to "business as usual."

And why not? No business can be successfully run by other principles. To speak of absolutely democratic co-operation is to speak of chaos. And so too is to speak of government from a standpoint of efficiency. Democracy is expensive, wasteful. No single man with the most extravagant of retinues could ever be as costly to the common man as modern democracy. No Heliogabalus, Nero, Commodus, Louis's with a hundred de Maintenons and Du Barrys have been. The sooner we realize that, to make government cheap and efficient, which it ever should be, that democracy is a poor way towards its attainment. Precisely as a business run on a theory of democracy with a thousand directing heads would eventually put the richest corporation in the world in the hands of the receiver so in time will the whole theory of democratic government have to be scrapped no matter to what point it eventually reaches. A policy of accumulating numerous hangers-on who add nothing to the value of the State, whose constructive value to it is inversely co-extensive to the depths they have their arms into the public treasury, eventually will drain that treasury dry, even though, like the United States, its resources for taxing the common man seem inexhaustible. No matter what theories are, facts are worth ten thousand of them that are found wanting. And from viewing history we know that no policy within the State, if we want cheap and efficient government, except that of stiffening and centralizing the powers, will work for long. No policy of indifferentism as to how many men are engaged in running the government will. Thus (without justifying anything) Germany was before the boon of democracy overtook it, an example of what a policy, which was rigorously adhered to by its political masters, could show in the way of national efficiency. True, Germany has been pointed out by social biologists as a society in a lupine State of evolution and hence may, at this date, be an invidious comparison due to its late questionable barbarisms. Yet whether this be so or not, the fact remains that where the centralization of

power is most effected: where a few fundamental laws are most rigorously enforced; where a rigid, national credo, a political fundamentalism, is unwaveringly adhered to, there, from the nationalist's point of view, will the great State stand. Whatever odium that attaches to a hundred men who advocated the great State through the instrumentality of the mailed fist, have we not come to see that from the promontory of national truth they were right? Caesar, Machiavelli, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Treitschke, Metternicht, William the Third, Roosevelt, not to mention less boisterous types such as Mazzini and Cavour, all go to show that a national efficiency as well as an exalted patriotism flourishes best when cultured by the hands of fanatical autocrats.

Patriotism rests on just such considerations. But as it depends on who imparts it and how harshly it is imparted no appeal to the common man's tribal instincts by a lackadaisical high-priest will do. Patriots are not born in political Laodiceas. But while he must have his civil heroes, those who engender in him a proprietary interest in the welfare of his country and make him see this interest through a wide-meshed veil of religiosity, he must as well have his military heroes: the eternal Homeric ode that lives in man's instinct to deify those who have vanquished their enemies. Who could resist the incandescent spangle and glitter of military genius of a Nelson or a Napoleon? Under whom was patriotism at its flood here in the United States? Under Wilson with his peace policy or under Roosevelt with his swash-buckling jingle and clatter of the sword? Had the latter the influence he accumulated just after the Spanish War one million men and perhaps five would have shouldered arms over night just as our optimistic sooth-sayers of patriotism said they would. That they didn't is because Roosevelt had lost power; democracies are notoriously forgetful; their heroes are those of the moment.

But while having national heroes is a consideration towards breeding patriotism, there are still deeper lying instincts which must be accounted for.

There are two: first, the herdal instinct of self-protection, the long-buried assumption from a bye-gone day that national war means the extermination of a whole race and not that, at most, of a very small sub-division of a race; second, the psychological heritage from the tribal ages that every national aggression in some way means loot. Since in the first case the common man has an inherent feeling of superiority over all those not of his own kind, which by some

turbid ethnological reasoning are supposedly differentiated by national boundary lines; and since he fears the unknown, of being amidst the beliefs and superstitions other than those to which he has been used, he assumes that his patriotism acts as a buffer against whatever the vicissitudes of life may bring him in the way of such things: that in the herd, labeled and tagged with definitive tribal names, French, English, American, etc., he will be game for any crowd heroism; that without it he will waver with uncertainty, lurk in the darkness of loose quandary.

All of these assumptions are fallacious.

Since there are no hard and fast boundary lines, either anatomical or ideological, where races begin or end, all, in the first class, imperceptibly moving downward until we have reached a common stock; and, in the second class, there are but few superstitions or rites which are absolutely indigenous to one soil, all being more or less evolved from a few general ideas, it would take but a short time for the common man to adapt himself to new national beliefs. This, of course, in the event of the nearly total extermination of a nation. Which, as I have said before, is very remote under modern conditions where no resistance is offered to an enemy nation. Conquering nations no longer enslave the conquered. And while I do not believe in the transcendental benefits that, say, Mr. Bertrand Russell, attributes to non-resistance, because militarists are seldom if ever as civilized as he, still, if all militant patriotism were to be subtracted from the vast sum which make up the inhumanities, few nations could be spiritually conquered; as, for instance, India and China have not.

I come now to the second instinct, the more iniquitous of the two; the tribal instinct for loot without which no imperialism can come into being.

If we go back to the age of the gens we find that wealth was more or less communal; that every man within it knew every other's possession as more or less his own: that every goods inequality was more fictitious than real. This was, too, more or less the case when the gens had grown into the tribe. As the tribe was nothing more or less than a greater gens, formed for the purpose of mutual protection, all property which had belonged to the various gentes became *de jure* the property of the tribe and hence communal. Thus every addition to the common stock of the tribe was conducive to the welfare of the individual; and, conversely, every lessening of the common stock, or every tribute paid marauding chiefs or loss made

through inter-tribal warfare had to be paid for by the individual. As the tribal goods ebbed and flowed through the channel of the individual, it was he who had to pay in every instance. It is almost needless to say further that it was but seldom that there were additions made to the common stock except those gained through warfare. As the smaller and less war-like tribes but seldom kept a surplus of stock, it was to the tribes in the middle status, to those constantly oscillating between warfare and such domestic arts as might engage them, that the larger tribes looked to replenishing or augmenting their goods. But as the smallest tribes were most constrained to follow pursuits of a peaceful nature it was to them that all others looked to gain through warfare those things which they were too lazy to gain through industry. They were ever the prey to all and as such were eventually parceled out as slaves when the tribute became too small to further warrant their freedom.

As it is very doubtful, however, that slaves would be held by the tribe in common, because no organization had been perfected whereby they could be made to work collectively for the group well-being, it is a natural assumption that they became the property of the dominant members of the tribe to whose lot they fell: who, usually, were chiefs, petty chiefs, etc., those who, by a prescriptive right to war-like distinction, were looked upon with no little awe by the rest of the tribe. There would, of course, be distinctions: such as the more attractive women falling to the chiefs, the less attractive women and perhaps men apportioned to lesser members, according as the prescriptive right to supremacy did not intervene. Where it did of course, there was plenty of room for club law or whatever other species of equity prevailed.

The question was: what was to be done with such property? In the nature of things the women slaves alone had value. In most cases it was found cheaper to knock the men on the head; in others it was found that he could be made to perform menial tasks; he could even, on occasion, be pressed into service as a warrior such as his older brother does without the slightest compunction. But be that as it may, the male slave's value was more or less negative, may hap he was tolerated as a hanger-on out of a nascent, egocentric pity, a pity that has since grown, under modern government, into an indefeasible right. Eventually, however, as the tribe's depredations grew apace, as fewer tribes were left to conquer, and as the tribal goods kept running lower and lower, it became a necessity to put such male slaves into a service whereby the community would

be benefitted. Such opening appeared in agriculture, fishing and other domestic arts. It was satisfactory to his kingship, his headship. As long as the common stock grew, war became unnecessary. His kingship had no labor to perform; he was happy. "But uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" and because at least one crowned head was uneasy, the idea of private property was born.

Ideas thrive where there is mental and physical leisure. And since the king or Old Man or whatever he was called, was, in the ancient tribe as well as in modern society, the one to whom the most leisure was allotted, he it was who first saw the idea of private property clearly once he had begun to realize the value of slaves. Just as they later had a value to the imperator under the Roman *fiscus caesaris* so did they have a value to him. They were more conducive to leisure than war, hence it followed because of the increased stock, the more slaves the less war. What if he were to own all the slaves? Make a pronouncement, say, that all slaves taken henceforth in combat were to be the property of his kingship?

It might be worth while to pursue this further but as I intend to refer to it again with more definite material at hand at present it would be useless. Nevertheless, I believe it to be true that in some such manner as this slavery was the hub around which the status of property held in severalty moved to private ownership.

Yet paradoxical as it may seem to the foregoing argument, it was this very idea of private property which made the tribe more war-like than ever.

We have seen that in nearly every case of the tribe's taking to war in order to replenish its stock there was never the interest of one separate individual involved. It was as the stock of the tribe ran low, as famine, perhaps, or the fear of famine, came to inoculate all its members with the desire to ward off the evils incident to these things that the collective mind was badgered into a war-like ecstacy. To seek an augmentation of their stock without a dire need would be absolutely contrary to what we know of primitive psychology. Since the tribesman lives without forethought of the morrow it may be doubted that there was ever in prehistory a tribal gloating over excess of stock. Just as long as the collective goods lasted each member was welcome; when it ran out there was nothing for the tribe to do but what it did do: engage in rapine upon neighboring tribes or starve.

From this it will be seen that there was always a collective interest at work. The individual was ever subject to checks and balances.

When his ambitions roved and settled upon considerations which could not be satisfied out of the common stock the tribe pow-wowed and a decision made whether such considerations were of sufficient community interest to vindicate the concerted effort involved. If they were not the individual could suck his thumbs in silence. Thus the individual whose desires for gain eclipsed his desires for safety would have to go it "on his own," which meant his banishment, and, unless he were adopted into a neighboring tribe, his death. Only within the tribe lay comparative safety and sustenance.

This was probably true of the individual for a long while, even after private property in slaves came into being. Since power had vested in the head of the tribe, once the community interests depended more or less on the labor of his slaves, the individual was suffered to remain in the tribe only on condition of his sacrificing his interests to the head's will. Whereas before the individual did have some chance of having his selfish extra-tribal ambitions satisfied through the community "aye!" now he had none. The head of the tribe had become not alone the leader in war-like enterprise but the arbiter of the individual's fate. Law, sagacity, dignity, and divinity were exhumed out of purely aeriform considerations and were mantled about his pontifical shoulders. Though his headship had not changed in reality, the glamour of his property, like "the lamplight streaming o'er," surrounded him with a halo of purity, verity, valour and justice. He was the fountain-head from whence all blessings flow.

And such things have tranquilizing values to those who go in for that sort of thing. Whether they be created out of the fictions of history, legends, mythology or out of the more realistic and impressionable clay deities and fanciful folk-lore of the moment but few men can withstand their lure entirely. Whether they be rare excerpts out of the annals of the State, such as carefully colored pictures of William Tells, Rolands, Cids, Bayards, Cromwells, Martels and Grants, some of whom never existed except as universal legends common to all peoples, or if they be merely canons plentifully fertilized with what passes currently as truth; if such things are coped about (to go low in the scale of royalty) a mere headship and whose sole claim to distinction is being, comparatively, a Barney Barnato for wealth, the result is the same as if he were an Aristotle, a Charles the Hammer, a Louis the 14th, a Lycurgus, and a Beau Brummel all welded into one piece. He becomes a shaman and a Holy of Holies who spills wisdom and emanates courage from

every pore. His spirit fills every quarter of the realm; he breathes a divine breath; his shadow fills every darkened forest, dell, cave. All of which is meant in no ironical spirit. Things as they were and are, were and are. To say that they had and have fictions of prior ages hanging to them is no cure. Nor is it any reason to abuse them.

However, we'll assume now that the headship was about to die. After seeing the glittering effect that wealth had upon the rest of the tribe the most natural thing for him to do would be for him to leave it to those of his posterity who could do the most with it; namely, those who had the most becoming dignity and the strongest arm. Thus to cut the tale to less than professorial prolixity, his favorite club went to his eldest male; his stone axe to his grandchild, his quartz necklace to his warrior brother, etc. Thus in some such way as this chattels personal or the theory of them came into being. Private property, in its less invidious aspects, was now in *status quo*.

We come now to the effect that private property had upon the individual ambitions of those members of the tribe to whom this property descended.

The headship, we'll say, had fallen to the lot of the eldest son. Now we'll further assume that such things as constituted the common stock, such as eatables, utensils, stone pots, etc., were still in the same status as heretofore. The younger brother of the headship had still the use of this common stock; he could use anything in this way that he could before but—there was something else he craved: his uncle had a quartz necklace and he had seen such a necklace on the neck of a warrior of a neighboring tribe some weeks before. It is but a short step from a craving to the desire to satisfy it. He would see his brother, the headship, and since his word was law now it might be possible to get that necklace. The headship loving, or perhaps fearing, his brother acceded; the tribe put on its war gear; and the coveted yellow pebbles slipped easily over one headless neck and fell upon the brawny chest of the brother of the headship.

But it did not end here.

The uncle of the headship had once seen in the hands of a neighboring tribesman a club just like his nephew's. He wanted it and as he was a brave warrior and had many friends among the tribe (and his nephew knew it) he got it.

Such cases were, in essence, the impelling deliriums which started the tribe out upon new crusades of extermination. What we may now term the royal family became the sole shepherd of its warlike flock; concomitantly with every augmentation of its wealth its power over it grew. But while most of this crusading spirit of the tribe was induced out of, mostly, royal considerations of gain, it needs but little probing to ascertain that the tribal common man as well had not been slack "in getting his." While royalty was engaged in getting its club or necklace there was loot for the common man. Since war-like enterprises presupposes derelictions from peacetime moralities, royalty was blind to what the common man got: the club was the thing. But always for centuries following centuries the common man got something. Thus he was, for all purposes of tribal ambition, though in a less modern sense, a patriot. His tribe now possessed a thousand axes and necklaces. His heart glowed with a sturdy and proud manliness.

We need not nurse this idea farther since for all purposes of argument we have the basis upon which the patriotism of the common man in the modern State is founded. We have seen a coercive force come into being out of pure obliquities; and we have seen that that coercive force was wealth. And since no other consideration but to protect or to obtain wealth has been the stimulus that formed the modern State, it is no far-fetched corrolary to say that wealth and wealth alone controls its policies. It is a corporation which legally never dying, has fallen heir to all the prerogatives, rights, customs and laws of the ancient tribe, which have been amended at the will of the State's masters as time or the case warranted. As being in the nature of a corporation it is controlled by and through those who hold a majority of its stock, who are, and by no consideration could be other than, its propertied class. Since minority stockholders cannot control civil corporations they cannot control the policies of the State as a corporation irrespective of whether the voting power within the State be co-equal or not. As the majority stockholders have coercive powers it is they who will control the votes where any measure is important enough to extenuate it. They can throw out subversive opinion, buy up demagogues, hire political machines, indoctrinate the common man with lies, call upon thugs, vote-breakers, political bullies. Thus where the propertied class is collectively in agreement the common man has a chance in a thousand. Disagreement among it alone adds weight to the common man's opinion. It thus follows that the greater the number of the

propertied class (in proportion to the population) the more gain will there be for the common man. In the tribe it was jealousy that distracted royalty from taking thorough cognizance of the common man during its raids; it is dissentient opinions and jealousies among the propertied classes that lightens his saddle today. "When thieves fall out honest men get their dues" may sum it up though it is an entirely unjust comparison. Thus the proprietors of the latifundia of Rome, having nothing left to squabble for when those great estates had all been taken up, went in for *lex talionis* and the common man came in for his own. Obversely, the power of the United States resides in its industrialists who guide the native genius in the way it is most willing to go. True, its heart is not with industrialism but its stomach is and as long as there is conflict between the two it will never be happy. This evidenced by its appalling inefficiency as a State. Yet the extravagant benefits of industrialism will probably be believed in by a majority of its people for many a long moon to come. The graph of the public opinion concerning it shows but few undulating lines upon its surface.

The common man is, however, usually a most willing subscriber to such doctrines. Since in the tribe the headship and his various relatives took on numerous attributes of virtue, benevolence, illustriousness, heroism, dignity, etc., the difference existing between them and their counterparts of today is of little moment. The analogy existing between the putative virtue of the tribe possessing a few billion dollars or francs is surely close enough. The same considerations that made the common man a patriot within the tribe make an obedient patriot out of him today. He worships his tribal goods.

Of course, there are some differences. The axes and necklaces have become more complex in their nature and are more in harmony with contemporaneous philosophy. And since philosophy, once undeniably true to the common man, should be undeniably true to every body else, one should not heckle its advocates. Thus industry is true to the common man because it is a direct means to a closer worship of God if it is not to hold a direct communion with Him. Thus the extent of the tribal domain, having no value to the common man of an earlier day, now comes in for his proud boasting. So does the past and present glory of the State; after military victories or a diplomatic group coup d'etat patriotism receives a new impetus. So does the industrial efficiency of his State over that of foreign States: the canny ability to "put one over" on his neighbors. From every

tax upon their goods he is in some obfuscate manner to "get his." Every addition his congeners make upon foreign territory in the way of rights, concessions, etc., is, in some queer manner, to be divided unto him and is cause for his rejoicing exactly as he rejoiced when he came in for his modicum of the spoils during tribal days. Or when, as in the medieval "scolae" he got his "fred" or "feeding" for protecting his wealthier neighbors from marauding bands.

Such things all go to make up the sum total of the national egoism. Only lately we had the spectacle in the United States of a severe agitation for a merchant marine. "American goods, carried by American bottoms, manned by American seamen," was the hardly appetizing bait thrown out to the American common man. "Keep the American flag on the High Seas" was the slogan that beset one on every side. Yet inane as it sounds in what manner the common man was to gain or that it made any difference to him whether goods were carried by American or Phoenician vessels would be beyond a horoscopist to say. Since not one per cent of the American population had any more interest under what flag goods were carried than they had in organized prostitution they might just as well been taxed upon the latter as upon the former. Except to those who liked that kind of thing because they drew down dividends or fat salaries for running the vessels nobody short of an idiot could fail to see through the blarney of the benefits which the common man was to accrue. That he is still paying for the upkeep of a merchant marine even though the Subsidy Bill did fall through is well or ill as you regard such things. As long as the common man likes the ring in his nose and likes to be lead whithersoever those who lead him like to lead him so much the worse for him. If most of us suffer with him perhaps we can the easier afford it and thus treat it as high comedy.

Further than this, no one with even an elementary knowledge of economics can fail to see what pleasures the common man takes out of a protective tariff. As the importer pays this (sic!) those interested have all the phraseology necessary at their finger tips, infant industry, protection for revenue, protection to American, French and Italian workingmen, etc. Which in the common man's obtuse thinking is not alone a gain to him but is a positive injury to foreigners and as such comes in for his risible enough commendation. Except to raise the price of domestic articles of a similar nature which is therefore a direct tax upon the common man it is nothing but part of the State's generosity to those most privileged

to be accorded favors. Yet in some manner, out and beyond even a metaphysical logic to unravel, the common man is "getting his" from the tariff which is enough to make all others keep their mouths shut.

Of course, patriotism, though eventually resting on such considerations as these, must be first quickened into life by another consideration, if it is ultimately to culminate in its real purpose—warlike enterprise. When the tribal man subjugated himself to the power of a ruler he quelled all feelings of a sense of equality beneath a becoming servility. He did not dream that the headship or his relatives breathed the same air as himself. His ego was, in other words, suppressed. Only on warring expeditions did any dormant belief in himself come out in shrieks and yells of co-equality with royalty. In peace times he was humble squatter by the family fire, lord perhaps within that circle, but not without it. Not so the common man of today. His ego is inextricably linked with that of the national egoism by perfectly invisible ganglia. So it is that it is only when he has been told that the national egoism has been wounded, the national pride humbled, the national honor insulted, he is beset with the fighting spirit of his ancestors. Much as he reveres his rich countrymen, at heart he hates them. But when their goods are threatened or when some foreigner has "skinned" them a bit in international chicanery or business deal (if it calls for strong measures of reprisal) he is told that the national honor or pride has been sullied and there is much show of diplomatic crimination and recrimination: there is a great to do about the reprehensible conduct, "National Honor Dragged in the Dust" read the headlines, and the genial and good-natured common man is dragged out upon a punitive expedition, as if national pride, once having fallen, could be placed again on its pedestal by such a method.

Montesquieu said that patriotism flourished best under democracies. If it be true that a worship of material things is most exuberant under democracies then it is no doubt true. The reason for which may be that the possessions of the few are nearly always, at least impliedly, the possessions of the many. In the modern State, it goes something like this: The goods of my nearest neighbor have always more value to me than those of one remote. Where my neighbor is poor in goods, I, comparatively as poor, am all the poorer by his not being rich. Hence when he is threatened with loss of his goods by an invasion of a public enemy I cannot see greater loss of goods than my own, which, if I am poor, are hardly worth while giving my life for. However, when my neighbor is rich in goods I

visualize wealth which I may some day attain going to an alien from whom I may never wrest a particle. So my wealthy neighbor is one whom (with the help of all my poor neighbors) I should protect. As he but holds a feoff on goods I may one day hold everything in my power should be done that he should keep his feodary right until I am able to take as much of his goods as I can get as a vested right.

Which may be pure sophistry or a reasonable theory. And if it be reasonable it is nearly impossible of cure. As long as the common man is an out-and-out materialist he will be an out-and-out patriot. The terms are, as one sees it, more or less synonymous.

True, patriotism as an appellation has the ring of an old and virtuous coin and may be for all one really knows one of the great and laudable and sacrificial virtues. Yet even here a little thought will disclose an underlying self-interest. The common man still fights for Holy Grails but less and less as time goes on.

I am not assuming, of course, that the common man does any such psychological diving as the foregoing when his patriotic emotions are awash. I simply mean that the opinions as given may be pertinent to a study of the basic psyche of patriotism. That the common man's intra- or extra-analyses of the things he is taught seldom get beyond the foetal stage because he seldom frees himself from the chains of his environment and the habits of thought which gyve him to that environment is surely well known enough. And as long as patriotism is one of those habits any such thing as outlawing war will be an impossibility. As long as the common man is actually a patriot, potentially he is in the way of being a warrior. Which, being of benefit to those who are interested enough in such virtues, is surely warrant enough for perpetuating patriotism—as long as we do not want to "revalue our values."

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

CHAPTER VI

The Nature of God

WE HAVE spoken of the metaphysics of the Gītā as dualistic, as recognizing two fundamental principles, the soul and the non-soul (body, or material nature). But it is impossible to read far in the Gītā without finding that this description does not fully represent its author's metaphysics, at least in his most typical mood. It leaves out of account his idea of God, which is as it were superimposed upon the dualistic system outlined in the last chapter.

How does God fit into this system? Is He a sort of third principle, higher than the other two and distinct from them? So we are told at times, perhaps most clearly in the following passage: "There are two *souls*[71] here in the world, a perishable and an imperishable one. The perishable (i. e., material nature) is all beings. The imperishable (i. e., the soul, spirit) is called the Uniform (unchangeable). But there is another, a supreme Soul, called the Highest Spirit (Paramātman), the Eternal Lord who enters into the three worlds and supports them." [72] Here the Supreme Soul, God, is definitely set off against the individual soul and matter, as a third principle. Somewhat similarly in another passage, we first have a statement of the ordinary dualism: "This body is called the Field; him who knows it (the soul) those who know the truth call the Field-knower"—which is immediately followed by this: "Know that I (God) am the Field-knower in all Fields." [73]

[71] The word used is *purusha*, which elsewhere means strictly "soul" and is not applied to the body or material nature; yet here the "perishable soul" can obviously mean nothing but *prakriti*, material nature. This is an example of the loose language which not infrequently confuses the expression of the Gītā's thoughts, and reminds us that we are reading a mystic poem, not a logical treatise on metaphysics.

[72] 15.16, 17.

[73] 13.1, 2.

But even in these very passages let it be noted that God, though in a sense something other than either material nature or the individual souls of men, is at the same time regarded as immanent in them. "Whoso sees Me in all and all in Me, for him I am not lost, and he is not lost for Me. Whoso, attaining to (the concept of) oneness, reveres Me as located in all beings, he, the disciplined, though he may abide everywhere (i. e., anywhere), abides in Me."[74] "Attaining to (the concept of) *oneness!*" Thus through its idea of God the Gītā seems after all to arrive at an ultimate monism. The essential part, the fundamental element, in every thing, is after all One—is God. "There is nothing else that is outside of Me; on Me this All is strung like necklaces of pearls on a string."[75] "Also the seed of all beings, that am I. There is no being, moving or motionless, that is without Me."[76] "I am the moisture in the waters, the light in the moon and sun, the sacred syllable Om in all the Vedas, sound in the ether, manliness in men. The goodly odor in the earth am I, and the brilliance in the fire; I am the soul in all beings, and the austerity in ascetics. Know Me as the eternal seed of all creatures. I am the intelligence of the intelligent, the glory of the glorious."[77] God is the animating principle in everything; it is He that "makes the wheels" of the universe "go 'round," that acts in all natural activities and processes: "The Lord resides in the heart of all beings and makes all beings go around by His mysterious power (*māyā*), as if they were fixed on a revolving machine."[78] "The splendor of the sun that illumines the whole world and the splendor that is in the moon and in fire, know that to be My splendor. Entering into the earth I support (all) beings by My power; becoming the juicy soma I make all plants to grow. Becoming fire (as the principle of digestion, regarded by the Hindus as a "cooking" by bodily heat) I enter into the bodies of animate creatures, and, joining with the upper and nether breaths, I digest their food of all four sorts. I have entered into the heart of every man; from Me come memory, knowledge, and negation (in reasoning). I alone am the object of the (sacred) knowledge of all the Vedas; I am the author of the Vedānta (summation of the esoteric doctrines of the Vedas), and I too am the sole knower of the Veda."[79] So, of course, God is repeatedly declared to be the Creator, Supporter, Ruler of all that is; the origin and dissolution of the universe,[80] "both death that

[74] 6.30, 31.
[75] 7.7.
[76] 10.39.
[77] 7.8-10.
[78] 18.61
[79] 15.12-15.
[80] 7.6.

seizes all and the origin of creatures that are to be," [81] "both immortality and death, both the existent and the non-existent," [82] "the beginning and the middle and the end of beings." [83]

Such thoughts lead to the question of the existence of evil and how to reconcile it with the concept of an all-embracing God. Every theistic religion has its difficulties with the problem of evil. In describing the manifestations of God in the universe, the Gītā, quite naturally, tends to emphasize the good side of things; but at times it does not shrink from including the evil also. Since *all* comes from God, it seems impossible to deny that origin to anything. "Whatsoever beings (or, states of being) there are, be they of the nature of purity, activity, or dullness (the three *gunas* or qualities of matter, as set forth in the last chapter), know that all of them come from Me alone." [84] In another passage, God is declared to be the source of all mental states and experiences, *good and bad alike,* though the good predominates in the list: "Intelligence, knowledge, freedom from delusion, patience, truth, self-control, peace, pleasure, *pain,* existence (or, presence; or, coming-into-being), lack (non-being, or deficiency), *fear,* and fearlessness too; harmlessness, equanimity, satisfaction, penance, alms, fame, and *disrepute*—the states of creatures, of all various sorts, come from Me alone." [85] More definite recognition of the origin even of evil in God is found in this: "I am the gambling of gamblers, the majesty of the majestic; I am conquest, I am adventure (of conquerors and adventurers); I am the courage of the courageous. . . . I am the violence of conquerors, I am the statecraft of ambitious princes; I too am the silence of the taciturn (or, of silent ascetics), I am the knowledge of the learned." [86]

If even in these passages we seem to find a tendency to slur over the evil of the world and its necessary relation to a quasi-pantheistic God, in other places the Gītā feels it necessary to qualify its semi-pantheism by definitely ruling out evil from God's nature. Thus to a passage in the seventh chapter which is strongly suggestive of pantheism, and which I quoted on the preceding page—"I am the moisture in the waters, etc.; I am the intelligence of the intelligent, the glory of the glorious"—there is added this significant verse: "I am the strength of the strong, *free from lust and passion;* I am desire in (all) beings (but) *not* (such desire as is) *opposed to right-*

[81] 10.34.
[82] 9.19.
[83] 10.20, 10.32.
[84] 7.12.
[85] 10.4, 5.
[86] 10.36, 38.

eousness."[87] Thus the Gītā strengthens its appeal to the natural man, or to "common sense," at the expense of logic and consistency.

This stricture (if it be considered a stricture) seems to me not unfair, even though I doubt whether it can be said that the Gītā ever commits itself to absolute pantheism. It undoubtedly comes very close to it, as in some of the passages I have quoted. That God is *in* all, or all in God, it frequently says; and hence we may fairly ask whether God is also in that which is evil (or it in Him). But this is not exactly saying that God *is* all, that God is identical with all and all with God, there being no remainder on either side. Such a definitely pantheistic statement is not, I think, to be found in the Gītā. Certainly we find many expressions which seem to deny it. And that in two ways. In the first place, God's nature may be limited by the exclusion of certain parts of the universe or forms of existence. And secondly, God is thought of as extending beyond the universe, as including more than "allbeings."

As to the first point, the word "limited" as applied to God's nature is my own, and would undoubtedly have been strenuously repudiated by the author of the Gītā. He would have said—indeed he does say again and again, in many different ways—that God is limitless, that He includes *all* forms. Yet we have seen that at times he feels compelled to deny that God manifests Himself in certain forms of existence which are felt as morally evil; although at other times he swallows even this dose. Whatever terminology one uses, the fact remains that the Gītā repeatedly manifests a tendency to find God only in the best or highest forms of existence. The worse and lower forms are at least implicitly left out. This tendency is so natural as to be almost inevitable in a writer who is, after all, pervaded by a spirit of ardent, personal theism—however tinged with quasi-pantheism. Philosophically, the doctrine that God is *in* all leaves a loophole which can be stretched to admit a good deal. God is the soul, the essential part of everything; this may be interpreted as meaning the highest or noblest part of everything. Now lay the emphasis on the word *part*, and the trick is turned. Any entity may be regarded as a part of some larger whole, just as any entity (except perhaps, for the time being at least, the modern electron) may be treated as a compound whole and analyzed into parts. By choosing your "whole" and making it sufficiently inclusive, God can be found in some "part" of every "whole," and yet excused from responsibility for anything that would seem unworthy of Him. I do not accuse the author of the Gītā of deliberately practising such

[87] 7.11.

sophistry. Of course, his mind did not work in that way consciously. But unconsciously I think something like this must have gone on in his thoughts. Otherwise it seems impossible to account for such passages as the long series of verses found in the tenth chapter,[88] in which God is identified with (*only!*) the first, highest, or best, of every conceivable class of beings: "Of lights I am the sun . . . of stars the moon, of Vedas the Sāma Veda, of gods Indra (the king of the old Vedic gods), of sense-organs the mind . . . of mountains Mount Meru," and so forth indefinitely.

On the other hand, the Gītā's theism differs from pantheism also in that it regards God as *more* than the universe. "Whatsoever creature possesses majesty or glory or greatness, know thou that every such creature springs from a *fraction* of My glory. . . . With *one* part of Myself I remain the support of this entire universe."[89] "I am not in them (all beings); they are in Me."[90] "By Me all this world is permeated, by Me whose form is unmanifest. All beings rest in Me; and I do not rest in them."[91] In the next verse after this last, the author retracts even this statement; it is too much to say even that the world is in God: "And (yet) beings do not rest in Me; behold My divine mystery! My nature is the support of beings, and does not rest in beings; it is the cause of being of beings."[92] This idea that the First Principle is more than all existing things, that the universe is only a *part* thereof, is at least as old as the "Purusha" hymn of the Rig Veda,[93] in which the entire universe is derived from only one-quarter of the cosmic Purusha or "Person."

This is by no means the only point in which the Gītā's conception of God shows relationships with older ideas of the First Principle. While, as we have seen, the older speculations, so far as we know them, tend to impersonal and non-theistic formulations of the One, still many of the expressions which they use in describing that One can quite well be applied to a personal God; and they and similar expressions are so applied in the Gītā. Many of the Gītā's descriptions of God sound as if they were taken bodily from the Upanishads. Thus: "Thou art the Supreme Brahman, the Supreme Light, the Supreme Purifier; the eternal Purusha ("Person"), the divine, the Primal God, the Unborn Lord."[94] "The eternal Seer, the Governor, finer than an atom . . . the Establisher of all, whose

[88] 10.21-37.
[89] 10.41, 42.
[90] 7.12.
[91] 9.4.
[92] 9.5
[93] R. V., 10.90.
[94] 10.12

form is unthinkable, the Sun-colored, who is beyond darkness."[95] "I am the father of this world, the mother, the creator, the ancestor. . . . The goal, supporter, lord, overseer, dwelling-place, refuge, friend; the beginning, end, abiding-place, treasure-store, the eternal seed (of all)."[96] The term Brahman, favorite expression in the Upanishads for the Absolute, is frequently found in the Gītā; and often it is hard to say whether the author means to identify Brahman with God or not. The fact doubtless is that, as set forth in Chapter IV, the Upanishadic Brahman has contributed largely to the Gītā's concept of God, which has absorbed it along with other, more theistic elements. As a rule, no clear distinction is made between them. But in one or two places the Gītā shows a realization of a possible difference of opinion as to whether the Supreme is personal or impersonal. And, most interestingly, it definitely recognizes *both* beliefs as leading to salvation,—that is, as in some sense or other true, or at any rate not wholly false; although it prefers the personal theory. "Arjuna said: 'Those devotees who thus with constant devotion revere Thee, and those who revere the Imperishable, the Unmanifest (i. e., the impersonal Brahman), which of these are the best knowers of discipline?' The Blessed One replied: 'Those who fix their minds upon Me and revere Me with constant devotion, pervaded with supreme faith, them I consider the best-disciplined. But those who revere the Imperishable, Indescribable, Unmanifest, Omnipresent, and Unthinkable, the Immovable, Unchangeable, Immutable,—restraining completely all their senses, and keeping their minds indifferent in all circumstances, devoted to the welfare of all creatures,—they too reach Me after all. Greater is the toil for those who fix their minds on the Unmanifest. For the unmanifest path is hard for embodied creatures to attain'."[97] Could we ask for any clearer proof of the thesis set forth in Chapter IV? The abstract, impersonal Absolute of the Upanishads was more than the mind of the average man could grasp. The Gītā represents a sort of compromise between that speculative religion and popular theology. It provides an "easier way" to salvation, without denying the possibility of salvation to those hardier intellects which chose the more laborious, abstract path. We shall see later that in other ways, too, the Gītā tries to save men the trouble of mental exertion. It is quite characteristic of it to regard intellectual meth-

[95] 8.9.
[96] 9.17, 18.
[97] 12.1-5.

ods as difficult and unnecessary. It is "easier" for the ordinary man to worship a personal, anthropomorphic Deity than to fix his attention on an impersonal Absolute. So the Gītā, while allowing man to choose, recommends the belief in a personal God.

Elsewhere the impersonal Brahman is more or less distinctly subordinated to the personal God. Thus the following description is quite Upanishadic, except for the single phrase in which the Brahman is described as "consisting of Me": "The object of knowledge I will now set forth, knowing which one gains immortality; the beginningless Brahman, *that consists of Me*;[98] it is declared to be neither existent nor non-existent. It has hands and feet on all sides, eyes, heads, and faces on all sides, ears on all sides, in the world; it permanently covers everything. It has the semblance of all the qualities and senses (of material nature), but is free from all the senses; it is unattached, and yet it bears all; it has no qualities, yet it is the enjoyer of the qualities (of material nature). Both without and within all beings; immovable and yet moving; because of its subtility it cannot be known; it is both afar off and near. Both undivided and as it were divided, it resides in (all) beings, and it is to be known as the supporter of beings, causing their destruction and also their creation. It, too, is called the light of lights, that is beyond darkness; knowledge, and the object of knowledge, that is to be reached by knowledge; it is fixed variously in the heart of everyone."[99] The impersonal Brahman is nominally granted all the dignity which the Upanishads claim for it—and yet it depends on the personal God. "For I am the foundation of Brahman!"[100] Other passages in which the Brahman is spoken of as the Supreme Soul, the One that is in all creatures, or the "Possessor-of-the-Field," leave us more or less uncertain as to just how the author would have formulated his thought if hard pressed. "When one perceives that the various estates of creatures are all fixed in One, and that it is just from that One that they spread out, then he attains Brahman. Because it is without beginning and without qualities, this eternal supreme Soul (*ātman*), even though it resides in the body, does not act, nor is it stained (affected, by actions). As the omnipresent ether, because of its subtility, is not stained, so the Soul, residing in every body, is not stained. As the one sun illumines this whole

[98] Literally, "having Me as the chief (element?)"; it is hard to determine the precise *nuance* of the phrase, but it seems to me to imply some subordination of the Brahman to "Me" (God).

[99] 13.12-17.

[100] 14.27.

world, so the Possessor-of-the-Field illumines the whole Field (material body)."[101] Is this impersonal, Upanishadic monism? Or is the One implicitly thought of under a personal, theistic guise? Or, as in the foregoing, is God the "foundation" of It? In a preceding verse[102] we were told that "I (God) am the Field-knower in all Fields"; this suggests that the "Possessor-of-the-Field" is conceived as the personal God. Again: "But higher than this (world of perishable beings) is another, eternal being . . . which perishes not when all beings perish. It is called the unmanifest, the eternal; they call it the final goal, which having attained they do not return; *it is My supreme station* (or, *light*). This supreme soul (*purusha*) is to be attained by single devotion; within it all beings rest; by it this universe is pervaded."[103] Again, we might think that we were reading a non-theistic Upanishad, but for the little phrase, "it is My supreme station (or, light)." Does this mean something else than that "Brahman is God"? Let the mystic answer. The fact seems to be that the author subconsciously avoids careful definition of these terms. Or, to put it otherwise, he does not feel able to get rid of the Upanishadic Absolute, but he strives, doubtless unconsciously, to color it with his personal theism.

Elsewhere the idea of man as a dualism, a combination of "soul" and "body" or "material nature," leads to a macrocosmic dualism in which God, the Soul of the Universe, is set over against the cosmic or universal Prakriti, "Material Nature" as a whole, which is then thought of as *God's body*, as it were—God's material nature. So God too is dualistic; He has a double nature, a "lower" or material, and a "higher" or spiritual. "Earth, waters, fire, wind, ether, mind, will, and self-consciousness: thus is divided My material nature, eight-fold. This is (My) lower (nature). But know My other nature, higher than that. It is the Soul by which this world is sustained."[104] And just as the material nature of man confuses and deceives him, so that he thinks that what is really matter is himself (his soul), so he confuses God's body—manifest material nature—with God's unmanifest Self. "Deluded by these conditions of existence, that consist of the Three Qualities (*gunas*, of material nature), this whole world fails to know Me, who am superior to them and eternal. For this is My divine illusion (*māyā*, trick, piece of jugglery), consisting of the (three) qualities, hard to overcome. Those who devote themselves solely to Me escape this illusion."[105] "Fool-

[101] 13.30-33.
[102] 13.2.
[103] 8.20-22.
[104] 7.4, 5.
[105] 7.13, 14.

ish men think of Me, the Unmanifest, as having become manifest. They do not know My higher nature, everlasting and supreme."[106]

The adherents of the Vedānta philosophy interpret such passages as meaning that material nature is "illusion" (*māyā*) in the sense that it does not really exist. I believe they are wrong. The Gītā only means that the Soul—universal Soul or God as well as individual soul—is utterly distinct from material nature or body; the "illusion" consists in the apparent blending of the two. The wise man should realize the distinction; but this does not imply the non-existence of either. In my opinion the word *māyā* did not acquire its Vedāntic sense of "world-mirage" until long after the Gītā's time. The reality of material nature is clearly indicated in many passages in the Gītā. Thus it accepts the doctrine of evolution and devolution of all nature at the beginning and end of successive world-eons, a theory which is familiar in Hindu cosmogonic speculations, and makes God the "overseer" of the process, and *His* material nature the world-stuff out of which all material creatures evolve and into which they devolve. "All beings go to My material nature at the end of an eon, and again at the beginning of (the next) eon I send them forth again. Resorting to My material nature, I send forth again and again this whole number of beings, involuntarily (that is, by a natural law, not by special interference), by the power of (My) material nature. . . . With Me as overseer, material nature creates the world of moving and unmoving beings. This is the cause by which the world revolves."[107] This same process of successive creations in successive eons is alluded to elsewhere[108] and is there treated as wholly material, not even as supervised by the Supreme Soul, which however is mentioned in the following verses[109] as "higher than all that"; He does not perish when all beings perish at the end of an eon. But there is no suggestion in any of these passages that material nature is in any sense unreal.

In another very curious and interesting passage this creative activity is conceived as a sexual relation between God, as the Supreme Soul (the male principle), and the female principle of inert or receptive matter. Instead of an evolution of beings out of matter independently of the Supreme Soul, or with Him merely as "overseer" of the process, the Supreme Soul or God "plants the germ" in the womb of nature, and from this union all beings evolve. But here—most curiously—the cosmic matter is not called by the

[106] 7.24.
[107] 9.7, 8, 10.
[108] 8.18, 19.
[109] 8.20-22.

usual name of Prakriti, material nature, as we should expect[110] (although this term would be peculiarly appropriate to such a connection, since the word *prakriti* is grammatically of the feminine gender), but instead is called *Brahman*, which has neuter gender! "My womb is the great Brahman; in it I plant the germ. Thence comes the generation of all creatures. Whatsoever forms are generated in all wombs, of them Brahman is the great womb (mother); I am the father that furnishes the seed."[111] Brahman is used as an equivalent for Prakriti, material nature, in another passage also: "Whoso lays his actions upon Brahman and does his acts while avoiding attachment (or interest in the results; compare Chapter VII), to him evil does not cling, as water clings not to a lotus-leaf."[112] The context shows unmistakably that Brahman here can only mean "material nature," the "non-soul," which is, as we have already seen, solely responsible for all actions. In these passages a strange fate has overtaken the Upanishadic Brahman. Originally the Soul of the universe, it has been so far degraded as to be definitely deprived of all spirituality, and identified with the inert cosmic Matter, which is precisely all that is *not* Soul. No more significant indication could be found of the Gītā's personal theism. For nothing could be clearer than the reason for this dethronement of the Brahman. It was impersonal; and so, logically, it must either make way for, or be absorbed by, the personal God of the Gītā. Of these two alternatives, the Gītā, with the catholicity of the true mystic, chooses both, and neither. As we have seen in this chapter, Brahman (1) is absorbed into God, who assumes all its characteristics; (2) is differentiated from God and placed in some sort of subordinate position to Him, or made a lower manifestation of Him; and (3) still at times retains its ancient prestige as the Absolute, the One-in-All. All these positions appear side by side in the Gītā. Often its references to the Brahman are so vague as to leave us in doubt as to just how the author was thinking of it for the moment.[113]

[110] And, be it noted, as later speculations call it; for this same sexual figure is used in later philosophy.

[111] 14.3, 4.

[112] 5.10.

[113] There is no clear indication that the Gītā knew the concept of the Trimūrti, the supreme triad consisting of Brahmā (as a masculine deity, the Creator-God), Vishnu, and Shiva, which is familiar in later Hinduism. Only once does the word Brahman in the Gītā have masculine gender unmistakably; in some of its occurrences the forms are ambiguous and could be either masculine or neuter, but when unambiguous it is always neuter except in a single instance. In that one occurrence the god Brahmā is mentioned merely as one of the numerous beings that appear mystically manifested in the vision of the Deity's supreme form as revealed to Arjuna, in the eleventh chapter.

The whole material universe is, then, in some sense God's manifest form or material nature. But of far greater practical importance, for the development of the religion taught by the Gītā, is this further fact, that God, by the exercise of his *māyā* or "mysterious power," can and does take on empiric, personal existence as an individual being in the world of beings. "Though I am unborn and everlasting in nature, though I am the Lord of Beings, I enter into my own material nature and take on (empiric) being, by my own mysterious power."[114] This is of course a cardinal doctrine of the Gītā. Krishna, the principal speaker in the dialog, is himself such an incarnation of the Deity. He is not the only one; God appears upon earth again and again, to accomplish His purposes. And His purposes are expressed in the following famous verses: "For whenever religion languishes, and irreligion shows its head, then I create Myself. To save the righteous, to destroy the wicked, to establish religion, I come into being from age to age."[115] God condescends to become man Himself, for the benefit of mankind. This is the beginning of the famous system of *avatārs* or incarnations of God, which became so characteristic of later Vishnuism and a prime source of its strength. No Christian community needs to be told how such a doctrine of a loving God who is born upon earth to save the world can conquer the hearts of men.

Of course, God appears in such an incarnation not in His true, supernal form. That form is not only invisible to the eye of man, or even of the (popular) "gods," but also unknowable to their minds. "I know all beings that have been, that are, and that shall be; but no one knows Me."[116] "The companies of the gods know not My origin, nor the great seers (*rishis*); for I am the origin of the gods and the great seers altogether."[117] None but God Himself knows Himself, says Arjuna: "All this I hold to be true, that Thou tellest me; for neither gods nor demons know Thy manifestation, O Blessed One. Thou Thyself alone knowest Thyself by Thyself, O Supreme Spirit, Animator of Creatures, Lord of Creatures, God of Gods, Lord of the World."[118] But as a special act of grace, granted to the few whom God elects, and who serve Him with pure devotion, He may reveal His Supreme form. This He does to Arjuna, in the famous eleventh chapter of the Gītā, the climax of the poem—after

[114] 4.6.
[115] 4.7, 8.
[116] 7.26.
[117] 10.2.
[118] 10.14, 15.

first giving him a supernatural power of sight, since his natural eye could not behold the marvel.[119] The mystic vision is revealed by a pure act of God's grace. No amount of pious rites and performances can win it; it is granted only to the chosen of God, and, we are told, to Arjuna first of all mankind. "I in My grace have shown thee, Arjuna, this supreme form of Mine, by My own mysterious power; this majestic, universal, endless, beginningless form, which has not been seen before by any other than thee. Not by Vedic sacrifices and study, nor by almsgiving or rites or severe penance, can I be seen in this form by any other than thee in the world of men."[120] As to what Arjuna saw—of course, words fail utterly to describe it. It is the mystic's direct vision of God. The greater part of the eleventh chapter of the Gītā is devoted to the confessedly vain attempt to describe this indescribable. The ecstatic language of the description is hard to transfer to another tongue. Even in externals the passage differs from its surroundings; instead of the sober meter of most of the poem, it breaks forth into more elaborate lyric measures, which Sir Edwin Arnold imitates in his English version. The vision is described as "made up of all marvels."[121] "If the light of a thousand suns should suddenly burst forth in the sky, such would be His glory."[122] "Arjuna beheld the whole world there united, and yet infinitely divided, in the form of the God of Gods."[123] Therein were contained all creatures, the gods (Brahmā[124] and the rest), all the seers, the supernatural race of serpents, and all other beings;[125] there was neither beginning nor middle nor end to His form;[126] the sun and moon are His eyes, His face is flaming fire, He illumines the whole world with His radiance.[127] And so on. We recognize the type of ecstacy which so many mystics of all times and lands have told of, and which, they all agree, can only be realized at first hand, not described in terms comprehensible to another unless the other be a brother-mystic who has himself enjoyed the experience.

[119] 11.8
[120] 11.47, 48.
[121] 11.11.
[122] 11.12.
[123] 11.13.
[124] Here occurs the only unmistakable reference to the masculine God Brahmā that is found in the Gītā.
[125] 11.15.
[126] 11.16.
[127] 11.19.

THE NEW LIBERALISM

BY CURTIS W. REESE

HISTORICALLY, the basic content of religious liberalism is spiritual freedom. Out of this basic content has come the conviction of the supremacy of reason, of the primary worth of character, and of the immediate success of man to spiritual sources. Always religious liberalism has tended to replace alleged divine revelation and commands with human opinions and judgments; to develop the individual attitude in religion; and to identify righteousness with life. The method of religious liberalism has always been that of reflection, not that of authority. Liberalism has insisted on the essentially natural character of religion.

Believing that religion is best promoted in the presence of live issues, and that every age must achieve its own faith, liberalism has been willing to hazard its affirmations in an open field where the contestants strive for only the greatest service possible. And this experience has led liberalism not only to free religion from extraneous accretions, but also to think of religion primarily as conscious committal and loyalty to worthful causes and goals. Formerly, liberalism emphasized chiefly emancipation and freedom; now it emphasizes also committal and loyalty.

Liberalism has had to face, even more than have other forms of religion, the age-old philosophical question, "why"? That is, to what purpose—to what end—do we live? In answer to this question liberalism proclaims as the end and aim of religion, and of life, free and positive personality, loyally and intelligently associated, and cosmically related.

If liberalism can be reduced to a single statement, I think this is it: Conscious committal and loyalty to worthful causes and goals in order that free and positive personality may be developed, intelligently associated, and cosmically related.

Let us see where this leads.

first giving him a supernatural power of sight, since his natural eye could not behold the marvel.[119] The mystic vision is revealed by a pure act of God's grace. No amount of pious rites and performances can win it; it is granted only to the chosen of God, and, we are told, to Arjuna first of all mankind. "I in My grace have shown thee, Arjuna, this supreme form of Mine, by My own mysterious power; this majestic, universal, endless, beginningless form, which has not been seen before by any other than thee. Not by Vedic sacrifices and study, nor by almsgiving or rites or severe penance, can I be seen in this form by any other than thee in the world of men."[120] As to what Arjuna saw—of course, words fail utterly to describe it. It is the mystic's direct vision of God. The greater part of the eleventh chapter of the Gītā is devoted to the confessedly vain attempt to describe this indescribable. The ecstatic language of the description is hard to transfer to another tongue. Even in externals the passage differs from its surroundings; instead of the sober meter of most of the poem, it breaks forth into more elaborate lyric measures, which Sir Edwin Arnold imitates in his English version. The vision is described as "made up of all marvels."[121] "If the light of a thousand suns should suddenly burst forth in the sky, such would be His glory."[122] "Arjuna beheld the whole world there united, and yet infinitely divided, in the form of the God of Gods."[123] Therein were contained all creatures, the gods (Brahmā[124] and the rest), all the seers, the supernatural race of serpents, and all other beings;[125] there was neither beginning nor middle nor end to His form;[126] the sun and moon are His eyes, His face is flaming fire, He illumines the whole world with His radiance.[127] And so on. We recognize the type of ecstacy which so many mystics of all times and lands have told of, and which, they all agree, can only be realized at first hand, not described in terms comprehensible to another unless the other be a brother-mystic who has himself enjoyed the experience.

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Let us see where this leads.

I

The liberal is not satisfied with a religious experience acquired chiefly through confession, repentance and divine communion, and terminating in a heaven of subject existence. He is not willing to accept the promise of a distant estate of doubtful character and location in lieu of concrete worths and measurable values here and now. He believes that whatever the future may be or hold for him is essentially the outcome of his own spiritual achievements. Hence, he demands that his personality be free and self-directive.

The liberal is not satisfied with purely material ends. In his swing away from mystic union with entities of doubtful existence he does not plunge into the abyss of gross material satisfactions. He may go from one of these extremes to the other, but if so, it is only for a while. In the long run, he hangs tenaciously to the conviction that fundamentally his nature is spiritual—that a spiritual self adjusts and guides and controls.

The liberal is not satisfied with freedom alone. Emancipated from superstition and prejudice, he may lead a care-free and easy existence for a while, but soon the essentially positive nature of personality becomes assertive, and the liberal knows that positive committals and loyalty are essential to the full expression of himself.

The center of spiritual gravity is shifted from objective and supernatural forms to individual man. This is not the denial of the existence of significant and objective worths, but only the removal of the seat of authority from an indefinite something somewhere, to a definite self known to be native to human existence. This is not a hasty conclusion reached by the liberal. It is the plainly observable trend of history. The lesson of long experience of the race is that of the primary importance of human initiative and self-direction. Whatever contribution may be made by authority and coercion —of one person over another, of society over the individual, or of cosmic processes over personal experience—the greatest contribution of authority and coercion is to make themselves unnecessary.

The outstanding characteristic of modern liberalism, and indeed of all modern thinking, is the evaluation of personality as the thing of supreme worth. Hence, liberalism now affirms in terms unmistakable that institutions are only the tentative and temporary expressions of personality, that they are frequently outgrown and must, like the hull of the chrysalis, be burst asunder and left only to mark an epoch past. Institutions—religious, capitalistic, socialistic, or

what not—must now stand or fall as they are able or unable to serve effectively and efficiently in the building of free and positive human souls.

Let us now turn to another phase of the content of present-day religious liberalism.

II

Present-day liberals see the essentially interdependent nature of human beings; that the fulfillment of the individual self requires orderly, purposeful association with other selves. This thought finds expression in various terms: Brotherhood, solidarity, mutuality, reciprocity, fraternity, community. For a long time, prophets, poets and statesmen have proclaimed the ambition of the race to be linked together for mutual service; and now biology and social science agree that there is and can be no complete self-realization aside from co-operation with other selves.

Ideally this is the heart of Christianity. The organic unity of the race is found in the teachings of Christianity, Jesus, at his best, thought and spoke in world-terms. Human solidarity is the heart of the labor movement. This finds expression in the motto: "An injury to one is an injury to all." The red flag is meant to be symbolic of the blood of the race. The latest and best type of statesmanship thinks in world terms. We are now becoming accustomed to world issues, programs and achievements.

Religious liberalism constantly aims to promote the widest possible human comradeship and the closest possible human fellowship. And this aim is underwritten by the knowledge that co-operation and not competition is the dominant factor in the growth of the race.

In the most intimate of human relationships, the home, we know no complete satisfaction apart from the good of those whom we love. Notions of the exact character of this relationship, laws defining its social responsibilities may and do and should change with changing time; but always the race finds deep and abiding satisfaction in the solidarity of what we call the home. We now know that the positive sentiments and other hard facts of the solidarity of the home belong essentially to other social relationships. In industry we are trying as never before, and with a measure of success, to reorganize on the basis of community of interest. So with other relationships. The old notion that the individual experiencing good can be an isolated individual has gone forever.

The legacy from the best prophets of the past is a conception of

a united world. The coming order is a world order. And any religion that hesitates to proclaim this gospel is neither an heir of the prophets of the past nor the parent of the achievement of the future.

The cohesive principle in the achievement of this human world order is radical good-will. This leads to the new competition, competition in the rendering of the greatest service. The pride of the old professions—law, medicine, ministry—is in the rendering of the greatest service. The spirit of the old professions must be fused into the social order from bottom to top—from the corner grocery to the League of Nations.

Liberals think of democracy not only as freedom and equality of opportunity but also as mutual assistance in the use of freedom and opportunity. To take one class off the shoulder of another class is not enough. All people must work shoulder to shoulder.

Radical good-will alone does not satisfy modern liberalism. Now comes the demand on good-will, to develop a technique for making itself effective in the world of hard facts. Social science is still in its infancy. There is room for and need of creative statesmanship in the reorganization of human relationships. How to secure food, shelter, and clothes without losing one's soul is a pressing problem. At last humanity has rebelled against a state of affairs that requires the forfeiture of the soul in order to acquire a rag, a shack, and a loaf of bread. In the solution of the problems involved in the rescue of the soul from the clutch of mammon are causes worthy of committal and loyalty. Liberalism declares that the church needs to understand the economic expression of brotherhood, and that everybody needs to understand the spiritual significance of economic co-operation. The next step in world progress is the proper co-ordination of economic forces with intellectual, moral, and spiritual forces.

III

In the past, the basic content of most religions has been that of the submission of persons to supernatural agencies, and the consequent appropriation of worths. In these systems of religion man was worthful because he participated in or was possessed by supernatural agencies. In virtue of this relation man received a supply of finished goods. In these systems men got their rights, powers, and goods by servile tenure. This monarchic view of religion rose to its noblest height in the expression, "Thy will be done."

The realm of the divine is now subject to investigation. Here, as elsewhere, the scientific method is being applied. Here regulated

observation and experiment may result in new theological discoveries, and so liberalism must remain undogmatic in regard to God. The theology of Augustine and that of Channing, the theology of Billy Sunday, and that of H. G. Wells, might all be found utterly inadequate without consequent injury to the religion of the liberal. Liberalism is building a religion that would not be shaken even if the thought of God were outgrown.

Nevertheless, the liberal recognizes and zealously proclaims the fact that purposive and powerful cosmic processes are operative, and that increasingly man is able to co-operate with them and in a measure control them. What these processes be styled is of but little importance. Some call them cosmic processes, others call them God. In life there is wisdom beyond our present power fully to comprehend. This is seen in the amoeba as it adjusts its structure for the attainment of the ends desired; in the living protoplasmic cells on the ends of the rootlets of bean and of wheat, both apparently identical, the one refusing the flint, the other receiving it; in the co-operative colony of the sponge and the daisy, the bee and the wolf; in the marvellous neural arrangement of man.

To the ancients the contemplation of cosmic events led to the theory of direct supernatural operation or to that of the use of natural forces by supernatural agencies. But to an increasing number of serious thinkers and to an innumerable host of liberals everywhere the contemplation of cosmic events has given way to regulated observation of and experiment with cosmic processes; and this has led to conscious co-operation with and partial control of cosmic processes. The ancients bowed before the unknown; the modern man attempts to understand the unknown. Supernatural agencies and laws are giving way to natural modes and processes. With this must go much of the nomenclature and many of the forms of worship of the religions of the world; and in their place liberalism must institute a liturgy lyrical and modern, inspirational and creative, reverential and socially useful.

Liberalism understands spirituality to be man at his best, sane in mind, healthy in body, dynamic in personality; honestly facing the hardest facts, conquering and not fleeing from his gravest troubles; committed to the most worthful causes, loyal to the best ideals; ever hoping, striving, and achieving. To know one's self as inherently worthful, actually to find fullest self-expression in the widest human service and consciously to become a co-worker with cosmic processes is spiritual experience deep and abiding.

THE CHINESE STATE RELIGION

BY JULIUS J. PRICE

THE Chinese language, peculiar as it may seem, has like the Hebrew tongue, no generic term for the word religion. The word *"keaou,"* which has the meaning of "to teach," or, better still, "the things taught," "doctrine," or "instruction," is very often applied by the Chinese to the religious sects of Taou and Buddah, as well as to the ethical sect of Confucius.

The same word is also used by the Chinese to denote the Christian as well as the Mohammedan religion. The Chinese, however, do not apply this term to the State religion. Inasmuch as it only consists of rights and ceremonies, rather than something to be taught, learned or believed. The State religion has been practiced from time immemorial by the court at Pekin as well as by the other provincial governments. The *Ta Tsing Hwayteen* and the *Ta Ts'ng Leuh-le* contain the code of laws dealing with the State religion of China. From a careful perusal of the above two works, we can safely conclude: (a) as to the persons or things to whom the sacrifices are presented, or the objects of governmental worship; (b) the ministers or priests who are to offer the sacrifices, and the minute preparation required of them for the performance of this grave religious service; (c) the sacrifices and offerings, the specified times of presenting them as well as the necessary and peculiar ceremonies that must accompany them, and (d) the penalties for informality or the neglect to perform the prescribed ceremonies as directed in the above works.

Let us first consider the necessary objects of worship or the things natural to which sacrifices must be offered. It was customary to divide the state sacrifices into the following three classes: (a) The *Ta sze*, or great sacrifices; (b) the *chung sze*, or intermediary sacrifices; or (c) the *seaou sze*, or the minor sacrifices. The

Chinese priests also designated the last as *kiun sze*, or heard sacrifices. The word *keun*, "a flock of sheep," was used as a simple noun to denote multitude. In the following list which we quote below, the first, second, third and fourth are the specified objects or classes of objects to which the great sacrifices were to be offered; while, on the other hand, from the fifth to the thirteenth are those to which the intermediary sacrifices were offered; while those from the fourteenth to the end are offered to the minor sacrifices.

(1) *Teen*, which is used as a designation by the Chinese for "sky" or "heaven." This word is also sometimes translated by the "azure heavens"; while *hwang kung yu* is used to designate the "imperial expanse."

(2) *Te*, the earth.

(3) The *meaou*, which is used as a designation for "the great temple of ancestors." By this designation, the Chinese mean all the tablets on which are inscribed prayers to the manes or shades of the deceased emperors of the last dynasty. In as much as rank or dignity is always denoted by the height of the title which a Chinese emperor or nobleman has after his name, and in as much as the lines or columns of Chinese characters are always read from top to bottom, the Chinese were always careful when inscribing prayers to the deceased emperors or to their manes in placing all titles of equal size in height.

(4) *Shay tseih*, by which the Chinese mean the "Gods of land and grain."

(5) *Jeih*, the "sun"; called also *ta ming*, the "great light."

(6) *Yue*, the "moon"; called also *yay ming*, the "night light."

(7) *Tseen tae te wang*, the "manes" of the emperors and kings of former ages.

(8) *Seen sze Kung sze*, the "ancient master," Confucius.

(9) *Seen tsan*, the "ancient patron" of the manufacture of silk.

(10) *Seen wung*, the "ancient patron" of agriculture.

(11) *Teen Shin*, the "gods of heaven."

(12) *Te ke*, the "gods of the earth."

(13) *Tae suy*, the "god of the passing year."

(14) *Seene*, was regarded the "ancient patron" of the healing art.

(15) *Choo jin kwe che tse*, designated the "innumerable ghosts of deceased philanthropists, statesmen, scholars and martyrs."

(16) *Sing shin*, the "stars," are sometimes placed next after the sun and moon.

(17) *Yun,* the "clouds."
(18) *Yu,* the "rain."
(19) *Fung,* the "wind."
(20) *Luy,* the "thunder."

These atmospheric divinities are usually placed in one column.

(21) *Woo yo,* the "five great mountains of China."
(22) *Sze hae,* the "four seas"; i. e., "all the waters of the ocean."
(23) *Sze tuh,* the "four rivers."
(24) *Ming shan,* "famous hills."
(25) *Ta chuen,* "great streams of water."
(26) *Ke tuh,* military "flags" and "banners."
(27) *Taou-loo-che Shin,* the "god of the Road," where an army must pass.
(28) *Ho-paou che Sin,* the "god of Cannon."
(29) *Mun Shin,* the "gods of the gate."
(30) *Howjtooche Shin,* the "queen goddess of the Ground."
(31) *Pih keih,* the "north pole."

From the above, we may safely conclude that the Chinese State religion chiefly consisted in the worship of the material universe and in subordination to it, the celestial as well as terrestrial God, infernal ghosts, and the work of their own hands, such as flags, banners and destructive cannon. We can also strengthen the above contention that the material universe was the object of worship from other sources than those quoted. The imperial high priest was compelled to wear robes of azure color which was to correspond to the color of the sky when he worshipped the heavens. He, however, wore robes of yellow material representing the clay of this earthly clod when he worshipped the earth. When he worshipped the sun he wore red robes and when he deified the moon, he wore pale white robes. The kings, nobles and centenary of the official hierophants, however, were accustomed to wear their usual court dresses. The altar on which the sacrifices to heaven were performed, was round, so as to represent heaven, so to speak, while the altar on which the sacrifices to earth were performed was square. No reason was given for the use of either type of altar.

The "prayer boards" or *chuhpan* are of the same color as the emperor's robes. In the worship of heaven, an azure ground with vermilion letters was used; while in the worship of earth, the yellow ground was used with black characters; for the worship of ancestors, a white ground was required with black characters; for the sun, a

carnation with vermilion characters; while for the moon, a white ground with black characters.

In this, the second part of our paper, we shall consider the sacred persons who performed the rights of sacrifice. The priests of the Chinese State religion are the emperor, the kings, the nobles, the statesmen and the civil and military officers who are known as *pi kwan.* The emperor fills the position of high priest, the *"pontifex maximus"*; the lower dignitaries are subordinates to him. The civil and sacred functions are usurped by the *joo keou,* or "sect philosophers." Women and priests are forbidden entrance at the grand state worship of nature; the empress and the several grades of imperial concubines only take part in the sacrifice to the patroness of silk manufacturers, which takes place by itself.

The Chinese hierophants had to meet two requirements: they were to be freed from any recent legal crime, and were not to be in mourning for the dead. In order to perform the first order of sacrifices, they are required to prepare themselves as the priests amongst the Hebrews did, during the time when the Jewish temple stood in Jerusalem, namely, by ablution, a change of garment, a vow in the fast of three days. During this time, they must occupy a clean chamber and abstain from (a) judging criminals; (b) being present at feasts; (c) listening to music; (d) cohabitation with wives or concubines; (e) inquiries about the sick; (f) mourning for the dead; (g) drinking wine; (h) eating garlic. The above were carefully to be fulfilled in as much as sickness and death were believed to defile, while banqueting and feasting dissipate the mind and make it unfit to commune with Him who holds sway over this great earth.

The third division of this paper deals with the victims sacrificed and the things offered. The animals or bloody sacrifices that were made use of for sacrifices of heaven and earth were divided into four classes:

(a) A heifer, or *new tsze.*
(b) A bullock, or *new fco.*
(c) Oxen generally.
(d) *Sheeo,* or pigs.

The things that were offered were chiefly silk, about which we shall speak elsewhere. The first essential in sacrifice was that the victims should be whole and sound, while an azure black colored animal was much preferred. The victims were to be purified nine decades or cleansed ninety days for the grand sacrifices; three decades for the

intermediary class, or only one decade or ten days for the herd or flock of sacrifices. These seemed to be no ceremony connected with the killing of the animals. Contrary to the Greek custom of decorating with wreaths and garlands and the Jewish custom of sprinkling the blood, the Chinese sacrifice seemed to be simply slaughtered the day before they are to be offered and dressed. After being laid on the altar, they were ready to be distributed among the *tse fuh jou*, "the sacrificial blessed flesh," which the civil and military priesthood no doubt relished after a three-days' fast. The sacrifices are offered at specified times; on the day of the winter's solstice, those to the earth, and at regularly appointed times the others were offered.

The following ceremonies characterize the grand worship of nature: bowing, kneeling and knocking the head against the ground, or, as it is termed in Chinese, *pac kwei kow*. The emperor when he officiates in *propria persona* at certain sacrifices, bows in the place knocking his head against the ground. The emperor makes three kneelings and nine bows, instead of three kneelings and nine knockings of the head against the ground. The knocking or bowing, or, as it is known in Chinese, the *kow* or the *pac*, seems to effect a material or rather a feeling difference in the estimation of his majesty.

Our last topic deals with the penalty of informality. The forfeiture of a month's salary or a specified number of blows with the bamboo stick, which very often was avoided by the payment of a trifling sum of money, instead of the lawful punishment for the neglect of due preparations, imperfect victims, etc., etc. The displeasure of the things or beings worshipped is not considered; man's wrath is only to be appeased by a forfeiture or a fine. The number of blows adjudged to the delinquent determines the amount of fines. But while such easy penalties are reserved for the delinquents, for the hierophants and philosophical legislatures; the common people who presume to arrogate the rights of worship, being heaven and earth, announcing their affairs thereto, or of lighting lamps to the seventh stars of ursa major, are punished bonafide with eighty blows of strangulation. The State religion is in reality a worship regarded proper for monarchs and philosophers, and one that is not to be desecrated by the worship of the vulgar plebian. Such, then, do we find to be the worship of the Chinese State religion prior to the nineteenth century, before the Occident got a firmer hold on Oriental China.

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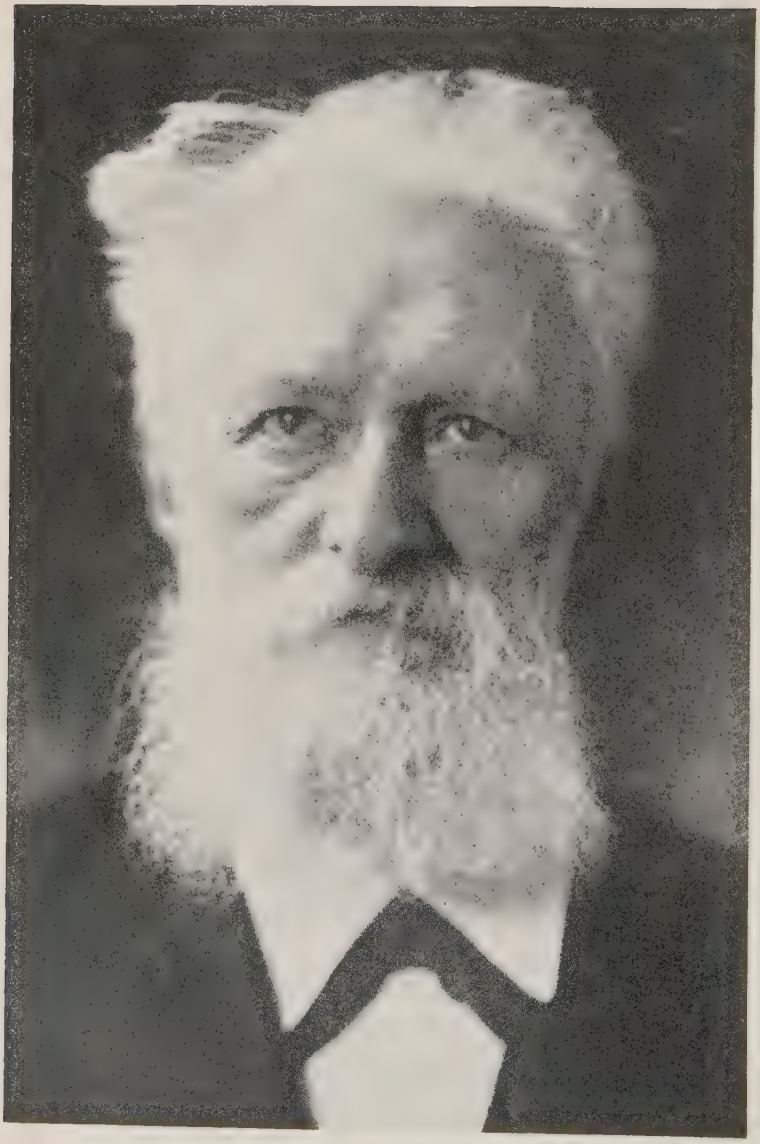

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VOL. XXXVIII (No. 5) MAY, 1924 (No. 816)

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RUDOLPH EUCKEN[1]

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

[Note: The following paper is from Papini's *24 Cervelli* ("Four and Twenty Minds"), published in 1912, before the author's conversion to Catholicism. It is one of the papers not included in Professor Wilkins' book of Papini translations.]

WHEN, a short while ago, a swarm of news dispatches announced among the list of Nobel prize-winners, a name deformed by German syllables, followed by the word Jena, certain Italian newspapers, better versed in matters of crime than in the history of philosophy, at once leaped to the conclusion that the fortunate recipient-to-be of one of these annual cheques was none other than the celebrated Ernest Hackel, who also resided in Jena. However, better informed journals and more intelligent persons understood at once that the savant in question was not the evolutionistic pope.

It is possible also that down there in Jena they would have been better satisfied if the prize had been awarded to Haeckel instead of to Eucken. The contemporary history of the little university town is well known but interesting. Behind its walls dwelt three great men. The first, Haeckel, is the patron saint of the city. There is a *Hackelstrasse*, and the tobacco shops carry cigar boxes displaying a large bearded face, with the energetically satisfied inscription, *Unser Haeckel!* beneath it. The second, Eucken, is known after a fashion, and while he has many friends and acquaintances, it might be said that his good fortune had made him known for the first time to a number of his fellow townsmen. The third, Frege, is absolutely unknown, in Jena and out, although he is, perhaps, the most original of the three. He is a modest mathematician, inventor of a logical symbolism, and, in many respects, worthy of a place beside our own Peano. There are not ten persons in Europe, possibly, who have

[1] Translated from the Italian by Samuel Putnam.

read and understood his works, but that detracts nothing from his glory. Now, however, the great European public knows that there exists a philosopher by the name of Eucken, and everybody wants to know what sort of man he is. The life of Eucken has in it nothing of the extraordinary. It is the life of a diligent professor, of a laborious writer, and of the faithful father of a family.

Rudolph Christian Eucken was born in Aurich, East Frisia, January 5, 1846. He studied at the university of Goettingen from 1863 to 1867; from 1867 to 1871, he taught in a gymnasium. In 1871, he received a call as professor ordinarius of philosophy at Basilea, and there he found himself in the company of Buckhardt and Nietzsche. These latter, however, as the celebrated editor, Diedrichs, another of Jena's glories, assures me, did not attach much importance to the young professor and took no notice of him, possibly for the reason that he did not possess, in their eyes, sufficient *personlichkeit*. From 1874, he taught at Jena, and from then on he never moved from that place.

When it is added that Eucken has a wife who is a great admirer of her husband, that he has several sons and many friends, practically all the necessary information about his life has been given.

The philosophic life of Eucken, on the other hand, has been quite an adventurous one. As a youth, through his masters, Trendelenburg and Reuter, he underwent the influence of Hegel, an influence which was never effaced. A little later, however, his own true masters were Plato and Fichte, and to them he owes that vivid sense of the reality of the spirit which fills his eloquent pages.

He began, as so many others have done, with history, with certain studies in the method of Aristotle, with certain thorough researches in philosophic terminology, with certain acute observations on images and tests in philosophy, and with a series of studies on the old German philosophers. His leading work, the *Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker*, is a species of philosophic history from Plato to Nietzsche, the whole viewed through the medium of his own novel idealism.

But Eucken, with the soul of an apostle and a moralist, could not remain in the field of history, even though it was history made to his order, and for twenty-three years he continued to expound, in books large and small, a group of ideas on life and the world and, above all, his conception of an independent spiritual life, towards the development of which he believed mankind must tend and labor.

He began, in 1878 with his *Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart* (Fun-

damental Concepts of the Present Time), which then became the *Geistige Stroemungen der Gegenwart* (The Spiritual Currents of the Present Time), in which, already, the central motives of his ideology were recognizable; and in a few days, the *Einfuehrung in eine Philosophie des Geistleben* (Introduction to a Philosophy of the Spiritual Life) appeared, in which the same motives are to be found again, with certain variations imposed by time. His most famous work, Life Visions of Great Thinkers, is not the one best suited to convey an idea of Eucken's genius. In it he is too critical, too preoccupied with the idea of showing the contradictions between other philosophers, and, to tell the truth, a little tedious, though the spirit of Eucken is naturally an enthusiastic, optimistic, and spontaneous one.

Eucken has written a great many books, but it is not to be assumed, for this reason, that he has put forth a large number of ideas. Some of his books are revisions of his earlier ones; others are repetitions, developments, amplifications and sometimes, it is to be regretted, dilutions of ideas which have been put forth by him ten and a hundred times before. He is fond of eloquence; he exhibits a tendency to moral sermonizing; and he draws out his thoughts a little as if they were symphonic themes. For this reason, in reading his works, one has an impression; if not of distasteful obscurity, certainly of prolixity; and perhaps, one who has read one of his books may be said to know Eucken as well as one who has read them all.

There should be no need, on the other hand, of drawing the unkind conclusion that this extensive literary output of Eucken is the result of an inordinate desire for money or fame; he has in himself a need to expand, to communicate his thought, to make known and accepted that which he believes to be true; and for this reason, he seems never to have been able to repeat any one idea often enough or to expound it with sufficient lucidity.

His philosophy, on account of this oratorical, poetic, propagandistic character, is not easily summed up. That with which Eucken is most preoccupied is life—with the manner in which we ought to live. Spiritual divisions grieve him, and he believes that metaphysical as well as moral salvation lies in unity. This unity is not to be found in the philosophers, who are perpetually in contradiction to one another; it is not to be found in the various conceptions of life which have been given us from time to time. It can only be realized in a deeper and fuller spiritual life.

One of the most important ideas of Eucken is that man, from a purely natural being, tends always to become a spiritual being, and that we have the right to speak of an *autonomous* spiritual life, one independent, that is to say, of the other vital and social functions, and one which ought ever to extend its dominion more and more. But we are not to be content with hoping that this spiritual life will be extended and deepened. We must coöperate more and more in the coming of its kingdom. We must *act* in order to aid it, and not content ourselves merely with contemplation. "This life in its orderly development," he says in one of his most recent books, "receives its coloring and its special tone by putting forth, above all, the fact that we do not belong by simple right of birth to a reasonable world, capable of being primarily reduced to contemplation and pleasure, but that it is necessary for us to hurl ourselves forth with energy against this world, and that for this reason there must be a revolution of present conditions." (*Grundlinien einer neuen Lebensanschauung,* Leipzig, Veit, 1907, p. 210.)

The philosopher, then, must not merely *know* the world; he must *change* it, as well. For this reason, he has ultimately given to his philosophy the name of *activism,* and for the same reason, that philosophy has been connected with the famous pragmatism, which has created so great a stir in America and in Europe in recent years. But Eucken holds us to an accurate distinction between his activism and pragmatism, and he has a right to do so, since he is more akin to the two masters of French spiritualism, Ravaisson and Boutroux, than he is to either James or Schiller.

To Boutroux he bears a special resemblance on account of the great importance which he attaches to religious questions. Many of his volumes treat of religion, and not everybody knows, perhaps, that in Germany he is one of those who have followed with the most intelligent attention the Franco-Italian modernistic movement.

With respect, however, to the religions of the past, as with respect to their philosophies, he preserves the attitude of a critic. No church truly can call him her follower, as no philosophy can call him its disciple. He is constantly in search of something which shall be at one and the same time a perfect religion and a perfect state of knowledge, of action and of contemplation. He has in himself the "torment for unity," and yet, he is constrained to recognize the dualism which is in all thought and the fact that thought must continually triumph. And so the contradictions which he finds in others are to be found also in himself. For Eucken, the great philosophers

are those seekers who have glimpsed little by little something of the truth; the great revealers of religion are the experimenters who prepare the way for the unknown God to come. But is there not something of this in Eucken himself? He also, a modern and therefore a dolorously contradictory spirit, finds himself caught in a dilemma from which all his beautiful phrases on the spiritual life are powerless to extricate him. He, as a religious soul, aspires to a union with God; as a prophet of the kingdom of the spirit, he believes in the coming of the Man-God; and for this reason, if he were consistent, he ought not to philosophize at all, he ought not to write books, but ought rather to live and to assist others to live in a manner progressively more noble. If the spirit is activity, as Eucken is always repeating, metaphysics has no further cause for being. The great problem is to know what to do, and philosophy is thus reduced to a moral issue. Eucken, often as he has combatted intellectualism, has not had the courage to lay aside the pursuit of knowledge; and so, in all his works, a contrast is to be perceived between a mystic spirit, tending to pure interior action, and an old-style philosophic mind, which cannot detach itself entirely from intellectualistic predilections. With a philosophic predication, he attempts to dissipate the contrast, but it is not possible. And for this reason, Eucken, while he is today a valuable worker in the field of spiritual education, will not be found among those who have given to humanity a new and decisive word.

SOME ASPECTS OF CHINESE POETRY

BY FREDERICK W. DUPEE

THE westerner who approaches with sympathy and understanding the fascinating yet little-explored field of Chinese poetry cannot fail to be impressed, first of all, with the tremendous age of the Oriental culture which forms its background. Before Shakespeare, before Horace, before Homer, before our Occidental civilization had even begun to take root, the Chinese people were singing their delicate lyrics of human longing, of valiant deeds, of unfulfilled love, and of nature's placid beauty. And with one's appreciation of the spirit of Chinese poetry there comes a realization how little man's fundamental nature is changed, after all, by time and place; how closely akin we are to these Oriental singers; how like our own their sorrows and pleasures, their aspirations and their failures.

While in our modern western world the poet is a highly specialized literary craftsman, and poets are consequently few in proportion to the population, in China during the classic age of Chinese culture every man was a poet and therefore the poet expressed not the ideas of the exceptional but of the ordinary man. And so it is that these ideas seem so like those of the common folk of today. They are expressive of human experience, unaffected by the limitations of time and geographical boundaries.

The educated Chinese, indeed, has always expressed himself almost as commonly and naturally in poetry as in prose. Training in poetical expression has been an essential part of his education. If he takes the examinations for a civil office, he must be prepared to exhibit his skill in verse construction. If he wants to write a letter or send an invitation, he is as likely to do it in poetry as in prose. In the days of the empire, if he heard a royal proclamation read he was chiefly impressed by its poetical qualities. He praised the cleverness of the verse or else he concluded that His Majesty was a poor

poet. If one can imagine President Coolidge delivering his recent message to Congress in the form of a Whitmanesque poem, one can appreciate somewhat the place which poetry held in the official life of China. It is said that a great emperor of the Sui dynasty once ordered a subject executed whose poetry, he feared, rivaled his own. Perhaps it is well that we Occidentals take literature a little less seriously. At any rate, European and American potentates are not as a rule over-jealous of their literary reputations. Frederick the Great, it is true, nourished poetical aspirations, but his relations with his illustrious temporary subject, Voltaire, so entertainingly described by Macaulay, led to ludicrous rather than tragic results.

The very antiquity of poetry in China explains, in a measure, the depth to which it has taken root in the Chinese mind. Scholars disagree considerably as to the date of its beginnings, but it is safe to say that the Chinese were writing verse as early as 1700 B.C. In the time of Confucius, three hundred lyrics, or odes, as they are called, were collected and polished up, and are extant today. These odes were remarkably naive pieces of work, written with the same unconscious art which characterizes the old English ballads, with something of the same element of tragedy in their content.

It was not, however, until the coming of the Han dynasty, in 200 B.C., that poets began to realize that they were poets, and that poetry began to be considered a serious art. The period of the Han dynasty, like the pseudo-classical age which followed the early era of poetry in England, began to show an elaborateness and artificiality, evident in technique as well as in subject matter. There was a stereotyped way of saying things, and only conventional things could be said.

When the Han family died out in 200 A. D., several minor dynasties occupied the throne of China for the next four hundred years. During this period, poetry experienced a distinct growth and began to react the influences of Taoism or the philosophy of inaction—"Do nothing and everything will be done." Poetic dreamers revelled in indolence. Like a subtle yet far-reaching perfume, this spirit pervaded all the works of the age, and went far on into the Tang period, giving everything a touch of its characteristic scent.

The Tang period was the ripe, abundant age of Chinese literature, the glorious age of fertile genius. Men like Li Po, Tu Fu, and Po Chu-i, produced a vast amount of unequalled poetry, and thrived under the adoring patronage of the emperors and the idealization of the people. Fully as colorful as the Romantic period in

England, the Tang era had its Keatses and Shelleys and Wordsworths, to whom poetry was more than art and more than religion. It was the age of natural idealists who saw life as it was, not all bitter nor all exultant, but an exhilarating mixture of the two.

A very definite verse form came to be adopted, more rigorous than our sonnet in its limitations, and made vivid by an element known as "tone." Somewhat like the difference between our stressed and unstressed syllables, all Chinese vocables have a difference of tone, the first being known as the flat, and the second as the deflected tone. Waley, in his introduction to *One Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems*, explains the method by which they are used: "In the first (the flat tone) the voice neither rises nor sinks. In the second (the deflected tone) it (1) rises, (2) sinks, (3) is abruptly arrested." These tones are arranged in the line in somewhat the same manner as our stressed syllables are arranged to form a metrical line.

Rhyme in Chinese verse was standardized in the eighth century on the basis of a likeness of vowel sounds, and although some of these, through changes in the language, have ceased to be rhymes, they are still used in good verse just as they were in the time of the Tang dynasty.

Real verse writing, however, included something more than the mechanics, which were difficult enough; it included a certain concentration of ideas, so that brevity, the great desideratum, could be achieved. We put no limits on our poets, but in China they are forced ordinarily to keep within eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, or twenty-four lines. There are, in fact, very few longer poems in the language.

The four-line stop-short is a very popular although epigrammatic mode of poetical expression and calls for a great deal of skill in construction. The third line is supposed to lead up cleverly to the fourth, which expresses a surprise, or a "denouement," as Giles terms it. The following stop-short translated by him is illustrative:

"The bright moon shining overhead,
The stream beneath the breezes touch
Are rare and perfect joys indeed
But few are they who think them such."

The element of brevity is especially important to the Chinese, because they do not read poetry with the idea of having an emotion or story fully described or told to them, but only to receive a sug-

gestion which will stimulate their imagination. The stage is set for them, there is a whispered hint, and then the words stop; but, as the notes of a bell continue to vibrate in the air after the ringing has ceased, so the thread of thought continues to unwind long after the poem has ended. This quality, when it is employed with clarity and simplicity, gives the verse a very appealing slenderness and subtlety, as well as a certain rather gripping charm.

A writer in the London *Times* very aptly expresses this aspect of Chinese poetry by saying: "The Chinese seem to play on a penny whistle, and then suddenly, with a shy smile, to draw the most wonderful thin music out of you." Another writer remarks that this quality has made Chinese poetry "the well and source of the diaphanous in literature."

Two poems of Li Po's, the first translated by Cranmer-Bing and the second by Shigeyoshi Obata, best illustrate this suggestive quality:

"The yellow duck winds round the city wall;
The crows are drawn to nest,
Silently down the west
They hasten home and from the branches call.
A woman sits and weaves with fingers deft
Her story of the flower-lit stream,
Threading the jasper gauze in dream,
Till like faint smoke it dies; and she, bereft,
Recalls the parting words that died
Under the casement some far eventide,
And stays the disappointed loom,
While from the little lonely room
Into the lonely night she peers,
And like the rain, unheeded fall her tears."

* * * * *

"Blue water and a clear moon. . . .
In the moonlight the white herons are flying.
Listen! Do you hear the girls who gather water-chestnuts?
They are going home in the night singing."

The latter, in its cameo-like beauty and transparent clearness, might have been penned by the great poet-seer of modern India, Rabindranath Tagore.

Li Po seems to be accepted as the foremost Chinese poet, although he shares his honors to some extent with Tu Fu, his contemporary

and close friend, and with Po Chu-i, who lived nearly a century later. The lives of all these poets appear to have followed a rather similar pattern. All were literary prodigies in their childhood; all went to the capital as young men and became favorites of the emperor or attempted to fill official positions. Then there came disgust with the artificialities of court life and a longing to get away again to the hills and fields. Inevitably there was flight or exile due to political intrigue, some years of wandering, and finally a settling down with a group of congenial companions, who drank a great deal of wine and who wrote melancholy verse to their hearts' content.

The familiar strain of grief and sadness runs like an obligato through all Chinese verse. The poet is ever yearning for the home he has left, for the friend he has lost, or for the happiness of other days. He sees an old pile of ruins and they recall to him the glories of a departed age. Frequently he chants in minor key the woe of a woman whose love has been unfulfilled. Times without number he pens poems of parting, inscribing them on trees or pillars, or presenting them on a piece of parchment to the friend from whom he is about to separate. Then there are the poems in praise of the emperor, of good wine, and of the beauties of nature.

Like Swinburne, the Chinese poets gloried in the sensuous imagery of nature, without attempting to attach any moral significance to it. Nature was their mistress and they threw themselves recklessly into her arms, giving themselves up to the gratifying of the senses, without any stirring of the intellect. These lines by Po Chu-i are aesthetic enough to be worthy of Keats and accurate enough to be Rossetti's own:

> ". . . At last
> Slow yielding to their prayers the stranger came,
> Hiding her burning face behind her lute;
> And twice her hands essayed the strings, and twice
> She faltered in her task; then tenderly,
> As for an old sad tale of hopeless years,
> With drooping head and fingers deft she poured
> Her soul forth into melodies. Now slow
> The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,
> Now loudly with the crash of falling rain,
> Now soft as the leaf whispering of words,
> Now loud and soft together as the long
> Patter of pearls and seed pearls on a dish
> Of marble; liquid now as from the bush

Warbles the mango bird; meandering
Now as the streamlet seaward; voiceless now
As the wild ice torrent in the strangling arms
Of her ice lover, lying motionless,
Lulled in a passion far too deep for sound.
Then as the water from the broken vase
Gushes, or on the mailed horseman falls
The anvil din of steel, as on the silk
The slash of rending, so upon the strings
Her plectrum fell. . . ."

This is from the "Lute Girl," perhaps the longest poem in the language and one of the few which tells a complete story. The story is a tragic one, but there is no moral to it and not a murmur of complaint or discontent ruffles its complacency. There is merely an acceptance of things as they are, without any attempt to alter them or to seek an explanation for them. And that is, after all, the primary expression of Chinese philosophy.

One who delves into the poetry of the Chinese is certain to be rewarded by an insight into the life of the people and a feeling for their philosophy. One experiences the same sensations as a traveler on shipboard who awakes in the morning to find himself anchored in a strange harbor, where the wind off-shore brings him his first whiff of the new land. He quaffs it, he breathes it in, he feels it taking hold of him, entering his blood, spreading through his system and although he is not a part of the busy life going on before his eyes, nevertheless by some mysterious process an understanding of that life and a certain sympathy with it, which perhaps he cannot fully explain, stirs within his being.

And in brooding over this rich field of poetry, one senses clearly the Chinese outlook on life, which is distinctly pagan, and contains much that is suggestive of the Roman Epicureans and of Omar Khayyam. "Carpe diem," and "eat, drink, and be merry"—there is something of them both in the Chinese philosophy. Life is short and unutterably sad. The poet weeps as easily as he laughs, and even his sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught. Here is the essence of the Chinese idea expressed in two lines:

"Oh, ruthless fate; oh, cruel boon!
To meet so late, to part so soon!"

This is as far as the poets of China ever go in lamenting the sadness of life; the nearest they ever come to a protest against it. They feel little resentment toward the ills of mortal existence; they would

change but little. They are quite well satisfied with things as they are and they find their solace in the external pleasures of the world. They immerse themselves unreservedly in nature, though they may dream at times of other and better worlds—the dream worlds of fantasy and imagination. Then, too, they have their friends, and an important part of Chinese philosophy is the glorification of friendship. To the Chinese philosophers, as to the Greeks and to some of the poets of the Renaissance, friendship between men partakes of a higher nature than love between the sexes. Women are apt to be looked upon with contempt, as a temptation to folly, and their pursuit regarded as degrading.

But perhaps a greater solace to the poet than nature, his dreams, or his friendships, is his wine cup. He loves to lie in the sunlight and drink himself into such a stupor that no tremor of conscious thought disturbs his inward peace. His jug, like Omar's, is always close at hand, and he has few other cares. After all, he wants very little from life:

"Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his wine cup?
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy,
And not to have the tax collectors coming to collect taxes.
My three sons married into good families,
And my five daughters married to steady husbands.
Then I could jog on through a happy five-score years
And, at the end, need no Paradise." [1]

Although life seems to him an experience shot through with sadness, we find the poet clinging tenaciously to it with both hands, and exhibiting an almost childlike dread of the inevitability of death. He does not try to comfort himself with the thought of immortality and a Deity; he is blind to all that and sees only the darkness and oblivion which lie beyond life. He is altogether a fatalist and cares little whence he came or whither he is bound. Life is a voyage on a rudderless ship; man must let the wind and tide bear him whither they will, though there may be sunken reefs along the course and he knows not the port toward which he is headed—if indeed there be any port at all. In the words of Li Po:

"In vain we cleave the torrent's thread with steel,
In vain we drink to drown the grief we feel;
When man's desire with fate doth war thus, this avails alone—
To hoist the sail and let the gale and waters bear us on." [2]

[1] Arthur Waley: *One Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems.*
[2] Cranmer-Byng: *A Lute of Jade.*

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LUDWIG STEIN[1]

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

I. General Nature of His Sociological Theory

1. *His Leading Works.*

ONE of the most important sociologists who uses the German language as a medium for expressing his ideas, and yet one who has been but little known to English and American readers, is Ludwig Stein (b. 1859), long professor of philosophy in the University of Berne, Switzerland, and since 1910 in Berlin. Stein is particularly distinguished for his work on the history of philosophy and sociology. The second part of Stein's major work, *Die soziale Frage im Lichte der Philosophie, Vorlesungen Uber Sozialphilosophie und ihre Geschichte* (1897, revised and enlarged edition, 1923), is as much the best history of the development of social philosophy since the earliest Greek writers as Paul Barth's work, *Die Philosophie der Geschichte als Soziologie*, which appeared in the same year (2nd enlarged edition, 1915), is the most comprehensive and satisfactory treatment of the development of modern sociology since the time of Comte. Stein's other important works, aside from special philosophical monographs, are *Wesen und Aufgabe der Soziologie: Eine Kritik der organischen Methode in der Soziologie* (1898); *Der soziale Optimismus* (1905); *Die Anfänge der menschlichen Kultur* (1906); *Philosophische Strömungen der Gegenwart* (1908); and *Einführung in die Soziologie* (1921), a valuable collection of his sociological essays and a handy summary of his social philosophy. Professor Stein's lectures delivered in the United States in 1923-24 are to be printed in a volume entitled, *Evolutionary Optimism*.

[1] I am indebted to Professor Stein for a critical reading of the manuscript.

2. *The Nature of Sociology.*

As might naturally be expected from a professor of philosophy interested in sociology, Stein holds that sociology is really a unifying philosophy of the special social sciences, in the same way that general philosophy is the unifying element in all science. "Sociology is social philosophy, a department of the whole philosophy which systematizes and brings into the most complete formulæ the unity of the different kinds of relations of men which are investigated separately by the respective specialisms." [2] This is essentially the view of Professors Schaeffle, Barth, and Ratzenhofer in Germany, and of Professor Small in America; it is sharply opposed by Professor Giddings and his followers and, in general, by the statistical school of sociologists.

The three main tasks of sociology, according to Stein, are: (1) the investigation of the history of social institutions; (2) the tracing of the development of social theories, and (3) the formulation of rules and ideals for guiding the social development of the future.[3] This outline of what he believes to be the proper scope of a system of sociology is strictly adhered to in his most important work, *Die soziale Frage im Lichte der Philosophie.*[4]

3. *Nature and Scope of His Social Philosophy.*

The fundamental principles of Stein's social philosophy are those of causality, teleology, and continuity.[5] Social causality is manifested in the universal tendency of the various social institutions to change with alterations in the fundamental economic and psychological foundations of society. A good illustration of this principle of causality in society is to be seen in the vast changes in political and social institutions which have taken place since the economic foundations of society have been entirely transformed by the Commercial and Industrial Revolutions. The principle of tele-

[2] *Sociological Papers,* 1904, p. 247. Cf. also *Wesen und Aufgabe der Soziologie,* p. 6, and *Philosophische Strömungen der Gegenwart,* Chap. xiii; Jacobs, *German Sociology,* pp. 39-41, briefly summarizes Stein's notions regarding the scope and nature of sociology. For his latest views, see his *Einführung,* pp. 11-19.

[3] *Sociological Papers,* 1904, p. 247.

[4] The citations from this work unless otherwise indicated, are based upon the French edition entitled *La Question sociale,* Paris, 1900. Though I have had available for revision of the manuscript the new German edition of the *Soziale Frage,* a comparison with the French edition and a conference with Professor Stein failed to reveal any essential changes of doctrine. Hence, I have retained the references to and quotations from the French edition because of the superior ease with which American readers can handle the French.

[5] *La Question sociale,* pp. 39ff.

ology in society is to be discovered in the changes which have been effected in laws and institutions by the conscious action of society—in other words, the attempt of society to improve its own condition. Finally, the element of continuity is to be discerned in the mutual interrelationship of different stages of social evolution, the principle of gradual development, and the almost invariable failure of every attempt suddenly to change the nature of the fundamental institutions of society by revolutions or direct legislation.[6]

The basic principle of Stein's interpretation of the phenomenon of association is the old Aristotelian dictum of the instinctive basis of social groupings. Stein's rather peculiar and arbitrary definition of *society*, however, precludes the possibility of his regarding it as an instinctive product. Like Ferdinand Tönnies, he distinguishes sharply between "community" and "society." Community life is an instinctive product.[7] The period of community in social existence is found in the primitive social groups of the family and horde. Here the bonds are consanguinity, contiguity, the sexual instinct, common intellectual interests. The economic and intellectual bonds prepare the way for the development of society out of the previous stage of community.[8] Society, according to Stein, is a more advanced form of grouping than community. It presupposes, besides contiguity and association, the additional element of conscious coöperative activities. Human groupings do not reach the stage of society until they become purposive organizations.[9] This distinction is, of course, very similar to the differentiation made by Professor Giddings between component and constituent societies, or, again, between instinctive and rational societies, and that maintained by Durkheim between segmentary and functional types of society.

In harmony with his view of the proper scope of sociology, Stein makes a sociological study of the evolution of the family, property, society, the state, language, law, and religion. He next presents his famous history of social philosophy, and concludes his work with an exposition of his program for the solution of the outstanding

[6] Ibid., pp. 40-51; 350-54.

[7] "La communauté représente cette trame sociale primitive où l'homme, dépourvu de conventions extérieures ou même de sanction légale, rend des services à son sembable, le protège et l'aide grâce à un instinct naturel." *Ibid.*, p. 63. Cf. p. 192.

[8] *Ibid.*, pp. 63-8.

[9] "Par 'société' je comprends un mode de coopération constitué par les individus et réglant leurs rapports réciproques. . . . Pour qu'il y ait société, il faut non seulement que les individus vivent les uns à côte des autres, mais encore une *coopération* de ceux-ci fut-elle instinctive, est nécessaire." *Ibid.*, pp. 114-15. Cf. Jacobs, *German Sociology*, pp. 33-5. Cf. R. M. Maciver, *Community, A Sociological Study.*

social problems of the present. Stein is an optimist and believes that civilization is improving and is capable of a high degree of further development through the conscious self-direction of society guided by the laws reached inductively by sociology. His erudition is unquestionable, particularly in the field of philosophical literature, though he is also familiar with the chief works in the field of anthropology and systematic sociology. His original work of 1897 dealing with the problems of social evolution, while well abreast of the average sociological treatments of these subjects, is now antiquated, as it is based upon the generalizations of the classical anthropologists such as Lubbock, Spencer, Tylor, Post, Max Müller, Letourneau, and Grosse. When the volume was printed, however, twenty years ago, these writers were *the* authorities upon the subject of historical sociology, and to question their conclusions was considered to be almost a sacrilege. It is a sad commentary upon the lack of scientific alertness on the part of sociologists that these very works are still quoted in most contemporary sociological writings with the same degree of reverential credulity which was accorded them a quarter of a century ago.[10] In his last work, the *Einführung in die Soziologie*, and the revised edition of *Die Soziale Frage,* Stein shows decent familiarity with recent anthropological literature.

II. Specific Doctrines Regarding Political and Social Problems

1. *Fundamental Concepts and Definitions.*

It has already been shown that Stein considers sociology to be the general unifying philosophy of the special social sciences. Therefore, political science is regarded by Stein as one of those subordinate specialisms, the results of which are used by sociology as the basis of its final and unitary survey and arrangement of social data.[11] Stein analyzes in detail the essential relations and differences between society and the state. Society may be regarded as the organization

[10] As a proof of the hopeless anachronism of current historical sociology compare the prevailing doctrines with the excellent synthesis of the newer point of view in R. H. Lowie's, *Primitive Society,* A. A. Goldenweiser's *Early Civilization,* and A. L. Kroeber's *Anthropology.* See my paper on "The Development of Historical Sociology," in *Publications of the American Sociological Society,* 1921.

[11] *La Question sociale,* pp. 14ff.; *Sociological Papers,* 1904, pp. 245-7; *Wesen und Aufgable der Soziologie,* pp. 6-7.

of the coöperative activities of individuals for the purpose of regulating their reciprocal relations. The state is a social institution designed to secure the protection of the persons and property of its citizens. Society is thus an earlier and more fundamental organization of humanity which prepared the way for the later development of the state.[12] Though society is prior to the state, it is not, in the opinion of Stein, the most elementary type of association. Society grows up gradually from the more primitive and basic stage of "community." Community, tribal society, the territorial state, and modern international society are the chronological stages in social evolution.[13] Looked at from another point of view, society is voluntary though conscious in character, and is the chief agency in promoting the interests of the individual. The state is a coercive organ which is mainly concerned with the interests of the community as a whole.[14] Again, society is a much more all-inclusive organization of individuals and is much more flexible and plastic than the state.[15] After viewing the problem from these various standpoints Stein formulates his final definition of the state as follows: "We may behold in the State, especially in the modern civilized State, the substantial organization of the inevitable subordination and superposition of the individuals and associated groups within it, with the aim of establishing an equilibrium of interests between the legitimate personal necessities of individuals and the interests of the nation and

[12] "Par 'société' (*societas*) je comprends avec Morgan un mode de coopération constitué par les individus et réglant leurs rapports réciproques; j'entends au contraire par 'état' (*civitas*) une institution ayant pour but d'assurer la possession de la terre, de la protection de la vie et de la propriété à l'intérieur comme à l'extérieur. En s'appuyant sur cette définition, il n'est pas douteux que la 'société' ne soit la première forme qui précède l'Etat et prépare sa venue." *La Question sociale*, p. 114. See also *Einführing*, pp. 286ff. This is directly contrary to the rather anachronistic views set forth by Henry Jones Ford in his *Natural History of the State*.

[13] "Société et Etat ne coincident jamais et nulle part. La société préétatique (*gens*) est le prius passager, la société actuelle le postérius de l'Etat. La *gens* s'est intégrée dans l'Etat. la société actuelle est une différentiation de l'Etat." *La Question sociale*, pp. 115-220.

[14] "La 'société' est surtout la gardienne du choix individuel, l'Etat, le rempart des intérêts communs." Ibid., p. 222. "L'essence de la société consiste don en une action combinée librement choisie, celle de l'Etat dans une action combinée exigible des individus unis en une société, ou en un Etat." *Ibid.*, pp. 226-7.

[15] "Les limites de l'Etat se trouvent ainsi plus étroites que celles de la société; avec ce rétrécissement d'horizon il possède en même temps une structure incomparablement plus ferme. La société est de par sa nature incertaine et fluide, l'Etat est au contraire stable et solide. Le lien de la société est le tact, celui de l'Etat est la loi. Les membres de la société sont retenus entre eux par les moeurs, ceux de l'Etat par le droit." *Ibid.*, p. 227.

humanity as a whole which are frequently in conflict with individual interests." [16]

In contrast with his lengthy discussion of the distinctions between the state and society, Stein devotes little attention to the equally important matter of the differences between the state, the government, and the nation. The term state is employed by him both in the strict usage of political science and in the popular sense as synonymous with government. At the same time he makes the state include the attributes which are usually assigned to the nation.[17] The state is "un système d'action réciproque des intérêts intellectuels et esthétiques, moraux et religieux des hommes." [18] Such a conception of the state is very similar to the usual definition of a nation. There can be little doubt that Stein's failure to differentiate carefully between the the state and the government, and his subordination of nationality to the state, are a result of his Swiss political environment, where, in a majority of the cantons, the state and the government are practically identical and where a common nationality does not exist, the state being the only unifying agency. In his *Einführung in de Soziologie* his differentiations are much clearer and he accepts the scientific distinction between the state and the nation.[19]

2. *The Origin of Political Institutions.*

Stein's theory of the origin of the state is a combination of Morgan's theory of social evolution with a moderate version of Gumplowicz's doctrine of the conflict of social groups. The first stage of social evolution was the period of community, which was based on the bond of practically unorganized or undifferentiated blood-relationship. In this period the only types of social organization were the extremely crude forms of the primitive family and the horde. In his theory of the evolution of the family Stein follows the scheme of development postulated by Morgan which is now thoroughly discredited.[20]

The next stage of human evolution, or the period of the beginnings of social relations, according to Stein's use of the term "social" came with the development of the gentile organization of society.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 230; cf. *Einführung*, pp. 334ff.

[17] *La Question sociale*, pp. 222, 227, 230, 265ff.

[18] *Ibid.*, p. 230.

[19] *Op. cit.*, pp. 253ff.

[20] *La Question sociale*, pp. 57ff., 82-3, 115ff. It should be kept in mind, however, that Stein was writing in 1900, when the newer anthropology had not been adequately formulated. In the *Einführung*, pp. 62-77, he modifies his earlier version in the light of the more recent anthropological research.

While this stage brought a system of regulation of social relations which was, on the whole, adequate to the demands of the time, gentile society was a period of idyllic democracy as compared to the present.[21] Stein's representation of the Iroquois as free from the burden of conventionality and custom which oppresses the modern man strongly resembles the Rousseauean variety of anthropology when viewed in the light of the later researches of Hewitt, Parker, and Goldenweiser. The alleged universality of the gentile organization of primitive society has been disproved by critical ethnologists, and even in those places where it did exist it could hardly be deemed the most primitive type of society, unless one accepts Stein's arbitrary definition of society.

Though the *gens* marked the origin of society, the series of changes which brought in the state began with the development of agriculture. Like many writers from Rousseau to Loria and Oppenheimer, Stein holds that private property in land broke up the primitive felicity and paved the way for the immediate development of the state.[22] Agriculture created a need for slave labor, and the ensuing raids upon neighboring bands to secure slaves produced the earliest wars and brought about the origin of the warrior class. The dangers of attacks from others led to a differentiation of the population of each group into two fundamental classes of warriors or protectors and laborers or producers.[23] Either offensive or defensive warfare, if successful, required an effective centralization of power, and when the *gens* conferred upon the leader the power to compel the group to bow to his will the essence of the state had appeared. Democratic communism was then well on its way to a transformation into absolute monarchy. The increased wealth of the chief made it possible for him to render his power more secure and enabled him to assume new functions. As industry and social relations developed, conflicting interests appeared within society, particularly between the servile class and its masters. The state was able to extend its influence here by adjusting the differences between these contending parties which threatened the integrity of society.[24]

This period of conquest and the integration of groups was an essential stage in the development of political institutions. Tribal communities and small nations have always been doomed to perpetual warfare and arrested development. Only by means of large-

[21] *Ibid.*, pp. 117-118.
[22] *Ibid.*, pp. 119-120.
[23] *Ibid.*, pp. 119, 124.
[24] *Ibid.*, p. 120-122.

scale warfare could a sufficient degree of integration be effected so that a compact and powerful state could be formed. Paradoxical as it may seem, centuries of warfare were required as a preparation for the final cessation of war.[25] Besides this, war provided a valuable discipline for the race.[26]

War being thus an essential agent in the integration of states and the discipline of society and the human mind, the more vigorous the warfare the more rapidly this bloody but necessary stage in social evolution could be completed.[27] Therefore, the great conquerors of history while morally little more than assassins on a large and picturesque scale, really rendered a great service to the progress of civilization without being aware of the fact.[28]

While Stein thus practically agrees with Gumplowicz, Ratzenhofer and Ward in regard to the process by which the State originated, he does not hold with Gumplowicz that progress must always be a result of the conflict of groups. The formation of the large and compact state by war is but the necessary preparatory period to the gradual cessation of war and the achievement of progress through the development of coöperative activities, the division of labor and legislation based upon the sound principles of sociology.[29] In this respect the doctrine of Stein greatly resembles the position taken by Lester F. Ward. Both emphasize the teleological nature of future progress.[30] The national territorial state is not, however, the last stage in social evolution. Already modern society, international in most of its interests and activities, has become more powerful and important than the national state. Man's voluntary activities, which are separate from the activities of the state, are

[25] *Ibid.*, pp. 123-2, 457, 461.

[26] "Un bon maintien du corps, la sobriété et la persévérance opiniâtre, l'éducation d'hommes vigoureux, une discipline absolue, la joie du sacrifice, les liens de la camaraderie, sont la propriété exclusive des peuples exercés par l'esprit militaire." *Ibid.*, p. 461.

[27] "Un massacre en masse conduisant à une intégration immédiate de l'Etat est préferable à l'hypocrisie des guérillas perpétuelles entre petites tribus et petites nations." *Ibid.*, p. 123.

[28] "Ces assassins grandioses donnent à la civilisation une poussée puissante égale à celle de plusieurs siècles. . . . Ils ont plus fait four la civilisation réelle que toute une armée de sentimentaux douillets." *Ibid.*, pp. 123-4.

[29] *Ibid.*, pp. 123-4, 352f., 450ff.

[30] Gumplowicz is criticized for his exaggerations, *op. cit.*, p. 119, note. Cf. *Einführung*, pp. 161ff., 226ff.

now preponderant.[31] The national state will be followed by the socialized state and a society of states.

3. *Sovereignty and the Principle of Authority in Human Society.*

In an interesting article entitled, "Die Träger der Autorität."[32] Stein analyzes the nature and value of the principle of authority in society and traces the changes in the nature, sources, and organs of authority throughout history. The principle of authority is as important for the maintenance of the race as the principle of self-preservation is for the individual.[33] Those who wield authority in society are the instrumentality for the education and discipline of the social will.[34] Stein finds that the organs of social authority have been successively: "1. die elterliche, 2. die göttliche, 3. die priesterliche, 4. die königliche, 5. die staatlich-militärische, 6. die rechtliche, 7. die Schulautorität, 8. die Wissenschaftsautorität."[35] Stein further maintains that in the course of the historic changes in the sources and organs of social authority, institutions have displaced persons as the bearers of authority in society; that, whereas originally authority was imposed by individuals upon the community, now the group imposes its authority upon individuals; and, finally, that, while in the past authority was wielded for the selfish interest of the individuals in power, at present it is consciously employed by the community for the purpose of securing social discipline and progressive improvement of the welfare of the group.[36] The changes in the nature, sources, organs, and conceptions of social authority have been correlated with successive stages of social development and different types of civilization.[37]

While Stein in no place analyzes in detail the nature and importance of sovereignty, considered in the technical or conventional con-

[31] Les rapports et traditions de *famille,* les *états professionels* dans toutes leurs ramifications, les *communautés d'intérêts* dans des complications et des déplacements sans nombre, les associations libres, professionaelles, sportives, religieuses, artistiques, pédagogiques, scientifiques, de compagnonage, etc., associations en partie internationales, dans leurs nuances à peine perceptibles; voilà ce que présente la 'société' moderne. . . . Aucun Etat avancé ne peut longtemps résister à l'ordre suprême de la 'société'." *La Question sociale,* p. 220; cf. *Einführung,* pp. 253-86, 441-54.

[32] Published in the *Archiv fur Rechts—und Wirtschaftsphilosophie,* Oct., 1907, pp. 44-65; cf. also *Einführung,* pp. 388ff.

[33] *Loc. cit.,* p. 44.

[34] *Ibid.,* p. 54.

[35] *Ibid.,* p. 49.

[36] *Ibid.,* pp. 52, 54, 55, 56.

[37] *Ibid.,* p. 49. This notion harmonizes with Professor Giddings view of the social foundations and the evolution of sovereignty; see *Political Science Quarterly,* Vol. XXI, No. 1.

notation of political science, he devotes a very considerable space to the treatment of the principle of authority as manifested in society. As a part of this general analysis he touches by implication upon the more specific problem of sovereignty. His treatment of the subject is to be found in the article on "Die Träger der Autorität," mentioned above, and another entitled," Autorität, ihr Ursprung, ihre Begründung und ihre Grenzen." [38]

Authority, Stein holds, is the basis of order in the social organism corresponding to the dominance of law in the mechanism of nature.[39] The development of authoritative control in society was the indispensable prerequisite for the passage from unorganized communal life to the stage of organized society.[40] This development of authoritative control in society goes back to the groups of animals where it has its origin in force and the imitative instinct.[41] Among men, authority begins in the power of the heads of families and the leaders in war.[42] Authority was the force which domesticated man and made him fit for society.[43] Civilization has never developed except as a result of the previous establishment of the principle of authority in society.[44]

The type of social authority which is to be found in any particular group depends upon the stage of civilization and the character of the composition of the group.[45] The more fierce and uncivilized the group the more severe must be the type of authority.[46] Force was thus the first basis of authority. Faith and credulity are the foundation of the second type of authority. Ancient and medieval priests and emperors exercised their control becauses the masses believed them superior and actually vested with the powers which they claimed. Beginning with the French Revolution there has developed a higher form of authority—that based upon intelligence.[47]

[38] Published in Schmoller's *Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung, und Volkswirtschaft im deutschen Reich*, 1902, drittes heft, p. 1-30. These two articles are revised and reprinted in the *Philosophische Strömungen der Gegenwart*, chap. xv; cf. also *Einführung*, pp 388-452.

[39] "Autorität," loc. cit., p. 3.

[40] *Ibid*, p. 2

[41] *Ibid.*, pp. 8-9.

[42] *Ibid*, pp. 10-11.

[43] *Ibid*, p. 4

[44] *Ibid.*, pp. 3, 14-15, 22. "Und so möchen wir den als oberste Formel der Begründung aller Autorität den Satz aufstellen: Keine Kulture ohne Autorität." *Ibid.*, p. 22.

[45] *Ibid.*, pp 4-5, 15, 20. "Jedes Volk hat die Autoritäten, die es vermöge seines Civilisationsgrades braucht und verdient." *Ibid.*, p. 5.

[46] "An der Schwelle der Kultur stehen durchweg blutdürftige Tyrannen. Wilde Bestien zu bändigen, giebt es nur ein Mittel: die Furcht." *Ibid.*, p. 4.

[47] *Ibid.*, pp. 4-7.

Though authority is indispensable in the evolution and functioning of society, it should not exceed its legitimate scope. When it has reached the point where it obstructs and restrains cultural development instead of advancing it, authority is to that extent an undesirable evil.[48] Egypt in antiquity, the Byzantine Empire in the middle ages, and Spain in modern times have been "horrible examples" of how an excess of authority can obstruct progress.[49] Reviving the Hegelian myth Stein maintains that the Germans have solved for future civilizations the age-long problem of the reconciliation of liberty and authority.[50] "Vernünftige Einsicht und öffentliches Wohl" has been the formula followed by them in making this notable contribution, and it is truly enlightening to learn that the main personal agent in grounding the Germans in this principle was no other than Frederick the Great.[51]

4. *Liberty and Authority.*

Stein, in his treatment of the abstract question of liberty and authority, takes the sensible view that liberty can be secured only through the protection of the interests of the individual by the state.[52] The anarchistic ideal of absolute liberty is a pure chimera.[53] Liberty, while important, is not the sole goal of social effort or evolution. Equal in importance are a just reward for labor, the intellectual development of the race, and the raising of the standard of life of all strata of society.[54] As a substitute for that liberty which is the ideal of the individualists, Stein offers that of the "socialization of law" (droit). By this, he says, "We mean the juridicial protection of the economically weak; the conscious subordination of individual interests to those of the State, but ultimately and fundamentally to those of mankind as a whole."[55] For a writer who is so favorably

[48] *Ibid.*, pp. 22ff. "In dem Augenblicke aber, da die Autorität so'che Dimensionen annimmt, das sie nicht mehr kulturfördernd, sondern geradezu kulturhemmend wirkt, verliert sie ihr logisches Daseinsrecht. In so'chen Fällen wird eben mit Goethe zu sprechen 'Vernunft Unsinn, Woh'that Plage'." *Ibid.*, p. 22.

[49] *Ibid.*, pp. 23ff.

[50] *Ibid.*, pp. 26-7. "An der hand der Germanischen Völker, welche mit der Wahrung des Autoritätenprincips ein hohes Ausmass individueller Freiheit zu verbinden wissen, soll jetzt der positive Beweis erbacht werden, dass in der Germanischen Versöhnung von Autorität und Freiheit die Lösung des probleme liege." *Ibid.*, p. 26.

[51] *Ibid.*, pp. 29-30. In his *Einführung*, pp. 449ff., Stein argues for the establishment of an international authority and a League of Nations.

[52] *La Question sociale*, p. 125; cf. *Einführung*, pp. 320ff.

[53] *La Question sociale*, pp. 296-7.

[54] *Ibid.*, pp 402-3.

[55] *Ibid.*, p. 304. See also *Der Soziale Optimismus*, chap. vii. Cf. Roscoe Pound. "A Theory of Social Interests," in *Publications of the American Sociological Society*, 1920.

inclined towards the socialization of the activity of the state the abstract question of individual liberty could only be regarded as a minor consideration as compared with the benefits which might accrue from reform legislation. Stein agrees with Priestley and Bentham that "the greatest happiness for the greatest number" is about as satisfactory a formula for the guidance of the social reformer as has ever been devised, in spite of the difficulties involved in its metaphysical interpretation and its practical application.[56]

5. *The Forms of the State and the Government.*

Stein makes no attempt at a comprehensive treatment of the different forms of the state and government. He merely touches upon the subject in dealing with other topics. In a republic and a constitutional monarchy sovereignty is vested in the whole body of the people, while in a despotism the ruler possesses sovereign power.[57] While he has great confidence in the Swiss democracy, Stein has no patience with the view that all men are created equal. He maintains that it is one of the primary principles of sociology that men are of unequal ability. While the state may adjust itself to these inequalities, it cannot hope to eliminate them.[58] Equality before the law is the only sense in which men can be held to be equal.[59] Democracy is founded on an aristocracy of ability just as much as a monarchy.[60] At the same time, the masses in a democracy are not entirely devoid of reason, as Le Bon would have us believe. Democracy does not necessarily mean mob rule.[61] In general, while Stein seems to regard the Swiss democracy as the most advanced type of modern government, he has a very high degree of admiration for the efficient German bureaucracy. This original veneration of the German polity, evident in Stein's writings, was somewhat stimulated by his German residence and the recent world war. His most recent work, the *Einführung in die Soziologie*, however, is notable for the moderation of tone, the absence of chauvinism, and the frank recognition of the inadequacy of the modern national state system.

[56] *La Question sociale*, pp. 288ff.

[57] *Ibid.*, p. 282. "Autorität," *loc. cit.*, pp. 4-6, 23.

[58] *La Question sociale*, pp. 231, 297.

[59] *Ibid.*, pp. 301-2.

[60] "Autorität," *loc. cit.*, p. 19.

[61] "Si LeBon, aveuglé par son horreur pour la démocratie, s'était donné seulement la peine d'aller habiter dans une cimmune rurale suisse, au lie de prendre pour modèles des gamins et des camelots parisiens, il aurait trouvé en pleine activité cette 'raison' qu'il refuse catégoriquement à la masse." *La Question sociale*, p. 215.

6. *The Scope of Desirable State-Activity.*

In regard to the question of the proper scope of state activity, Stein lays down the preliminary proposition that the range of legitimate action on the part of the state must necessarily vary with the degree of civilization. The higher the development of the group the greater the number of interests which it is the duty of the state to protect and harmonize.[62]

It is the prime duty of the state to preserve and protect the equilibrium of interests which are represented by its citizens. The state alone is able to harmonize the interests of the individual and the race, which achievement is the real goal of social evolution.[63]

After these few preliminary observations, Stein sketches what he believes to be desirable activities to be undertaken by the State. He states at the outset that he intends only to suggest the general outlines and will leave the details to be worked out by specialists.[64] While he denies that he can correctly be designated as a Socialist, Stein proposes a field of state activity which very nearly coincides with the program of state socialism, and he certainly is nearer to the views of the socialistic group than to the doctrine of extreme individualists, such as Herbert Spencer.[65] He says that his theory of state activity is a combination of the programs of the socialists and the individualists "qui nous assure les avantages d'un mode de production collectiviste, sans abandonner l'émail incomparable de ce qui est intimement personnel, le parfum enchanteur de l'individualité." [66] Stein makes the very pertinent observation that the amount of successful state activity which is possible depends upon the *morale* and efficiency of the existing governments.[67]

Stein enumerates a considerable list of activities and industries which should be taken over by the state. This list includes the postal service, the telegraph and telephone service, the railroads, distilleries, mines, the salt, match and tobacco industries, and all dangerous occupations.[68] Further, the state should assume all insurance business within its boundaries.[69] The state must guarantee to its citizens the right to live, which under normal circumstances, means the right to work. If the industries above mentioned are not

[62] *Ibid.*, p. 122.
[63] *Ibid.*, pp. 225, 231; cf. *Einführung*, pp. 275-306.
[64] *La Question sociale*, p. 290.
[65] *Ibid.*, pp. 232-4 and p 232 note.
[66] *Ibid.*, p. 267; cf. p. 278.
[67] *Ibid.*, pp. 271-2.
[68] *Ibid.*, pp. 269ff., 281.
[69] *Ibid.*, 286.

sufficient to employ all who cannot secure employment in private, it is the duty of the state to enter into other lines of industrial activity for which it is specially adapted, so that it may furnish the necessary opportunity for employment.[70] Moreover, the state should protect the interests of its prospective citizens who are yet unborn through "the taking over by the State of all the underground natural resources which have not been discovered, of all water power which the technology of the future will exploit for industrial purposes, as well as the exploitation by the State of the most important inventions of the future."[71] Stein holds that the state should control all the important inventions made by its citizens and should reward the inventors by salaries and official honors which would make the incentive to invention much greater than it is at present.[72] He believes that when the state shall have taken up the rôle of the enterpriser to the extent that he has indicated, it will be able to fix and equalize prices and will be strong enough to make private capital follow its lead.[73]

Aside from this direct participation in industry, Stein believes that the state should develop departments to adjust or eliminate the struggles between capital and labor and to prevent the exploitation of the citizens by monopolistic combinations.[74] As to the practical application of his program for the extension of state activities, Stein points with a considerable amount of justifiable pride to the fact that Switzerland may serve as a school of social reform for the rest of Europe.[75] Stein contrasts his program with that of the socialists in the following paragraph:

> The social democrats demand the extinction of the modern capitalistic State; we demand its conscious perfection; they desire a fraternal and international alliance of the proletariat of the world; we desire, first of all, a fraternal national alliance of all classes and of producers of all levels; they demand the elimination of all private property and the private ownership of the means of production, and the abolition of all wage employment; we demand the maintenance of an economy of private property under a socialized form, a mixed type of industry divided in control by the State and private enterprise, which would not entirely extinguish labor for wages, but would soften its repulsive harshness; they demand at once a social State, or, in fact, a "society," in order that they may build from within it a polity; we demand, on the contrary, first of all, a socialized law and polity from which there will naturally proceed, like ripened fruit, the socialized State.[76]

[70] *Ibid.*, pp. 270, 314-16.
[71] *Ibid.*, p. 283
[72] *Ibid.*, pp. 284-5.
[73] *Ibid.*, pp. 275ff., 291.
[74] *Ibid.*, pp. 276-7, 280.
[75] *Ibid.*, pp. 282-3
[76] *Ibid.*, p. 351.

7. *The State and Social Progress.*

Stein maintains that the evolution of political and judicial institutions must keep pace with general social evolution. If the political and legal machinery is not adjusted to the needs of the time it must submit to a radical reform in order to make it competent to deal with the present situation.[77] It is to be desired that political evolution move along gradually and peacefully, so that a revolution may be avoided. It was to escape the necessity for a political and legal revolution in the future that Stein formulated his program for the socialization of law.[78] Like Ward, Stein holds that the progress of the future should be primarily teleological. Legislation must be based upon the accepted doctrines of sociology.[79] The state will not disappear in the future, but, reformed and socialized, it will become an increasingly important organ in achieving social progress. It is folly to expect that the course of evolution will be reversed and that society will return to primitive anarchy and communism.[80] Stein, then, stands with Comte, Ward, Dealey and Hobhouse, as an exponent of social telesis."

8. *The State and International Relations.*

In regard to the question of international relations, Stein in 1900 took the position of the majority of sociologists, namely, that whereas war has in the past made important contributions to the advance of civilization, its mission has been fulfilled and it should give way to economic and psychic modes of competition. He believed that an alliance of European states would be accomplished in the near future and that international disputes would tend more and more to be settled by arbitration.[81] Quite in contrast with the views of Novicow and Tarde, he maintained that the desire of France for revenge was the chief menace to the future peace of Europe.[82] Europe cannot, however, afford to disarm even after the consummation of an international alliance or after it has agreed to settle its disputes by arbi-

[77] *Ibid.*, p. 232; cf. F. J. Goodnow, *Social Reform and the Constitution.*

[78] *Ibid.*, p. 313.

[79] *Ibid.*, pp. 232ff., 352f.

[80] *Ibid.*, pp. 128, 495. "Ce n'est donc pas dans le dépérissement, mais dans la construction complète et l'organisation bassée sur l'égalité économique, de nos Etats nationaux que nous voyons le salut social de l'avenir. Sans Etats nationaux, solidement construits, avec des législations nettement altruistes, l'humanité civilisée ne peut pas atteindre son but suprême; la constitution d'un type humain supérieur." *Ibid.*, p. 495. Cf. *Einführung*, pp. 286-89, 334-387.

[81] *La Question sociale*, pp. 459, 461ff.

[82] *Ibid.*, pp. 458-9; cf. A. L. Fisher, *Studies in History and Politics*, pp. 146ff.

tration. The danger of an Oriental invasion will render it necessary to keep large standing armies, but this expense will find compensation in the moral and cultural value of military discipline.[83] While Stein believed that war will ultimately be banished from Europe, he expressed the fear, which later events have proved to be well founded, namely, that war would not be eliminated in Europe until after a last great conflict.[84] But though there may ultimately be a cessation of war between states, a continuation of the conflict of interests within the state is inevitable and desirable. Competition within certain reasonable bounds is indispensable to progress.[85]

In his most recent work, the *Einführung in die Soziologie,* Stein develops still further his theories on the subject of war and international relations, particularly as they have been formulated as a result of the recent World War. His doctrine is a peculiar combination of the Marxian and Hegelian types of determinism. He takes the position that the wars of today are caused primarily by economic factors—by the struggles for raw materials. "The contemporary pattern of wars is the following: the parceling out of the earth according to the distribution of raw materials. As man earlier fought for pasture lands, so today he struggles for ore, coal, potash and petroleum."[87] Yet, ultimate world-peace, internationalism, and the league of nations are inevitably to be produced by the "immanent logic of history" in the service of the *Weltgeist.*[88] At the same time, this manifestation of the will of the *Weltgeist*—internationalism and the league of nations—can be secured in practice only through erecting an international organization with power to control and equalize the economic resources of the earth.[89] The following section best summarizes Stein's latest views on international relations and the league of nations:

[83] *La Question sociale,* pp. 459-62.

[84] "Malheureusement, le sociologue qui embrasse d'un coup d'oeil tous les facteurs, ne peut pas se débarrasser de la crainte que le type guerrier de l'Europe ne chante encore dans une dernière bataille décisive son chant d'adieu aux accents lugubres, avant de céder définitivement le pas au type industriel." *Ibid.,* p. 458.

[85] *Ibid.,* pp. 453, 461, 465f., 470. "Mais si le combat sous forme de guerre doit un jour se rétrécir et devenir insignifiant ou même entièrement disparaître, la cessation complète de la lutte sociale n'est ni souhaitable ni désirable. Religion et morale, science et art, langue et religion, tempérament et moeurs, commerce et industrie pourvoieront abondamment à ce qu'il ne manque jamais de matière pour une lutte généreuse, pour une incessante excitation au plus haut déploiement des forces individuelles. Si donc en ce qui concerne les relations politiques des peuples la solution est la paix éternelle, le mot de la concurrence sociale des individus est, au contraire; lutte éternelle, avec des armes loyales!" *Ibid.,* p. 470; cf. *Einführung,* pp. 226ff.

[87] *Op. cit.,* pp. 108-9, 449ff.

[88] *Ibid.,* pp. 450-52.

[89] *Ibid.,* pp. 449-50.

The political and social struggles of the human race can be ended only through a league of nations, of which we have now the first groping manifestations. If authority means essentially and primarily a focus of power, the league of nations will represent just as much authority as it has power. By power, I mean not merely an international army, such as was proposed two decades ago by von Vollenhoven but, above all, economic power—a tribunal of economic authorities for the purpose of settling the world-wide battle between capital and labor. Let us not deceive ourselves about this: The political wars are in their ultimate causes economic wars, and the longer they last the more pronounced this economic aspect becomes. The battle for fuel, for coal and petroleum, especially the struggle between capital and labor, dominated the present war far more thoroughly than was the case in the earlier religious wars or the dynastic wars of succession. A purely political league of nations, without the economic foundations for the purpose of regulating the economic intercourse of the world, will be futile. A rump league of nations without the United States of America, Germany and Russia is a torso.

The alliances and ententes, which characterized the political situation before the war, have furthered the idea of settling by jury such differences as do not involve vital issues between nations. The two conferences at the Hague, the Red Cross, the fourteen points of Wilson, the embryonic Institute of the League of Nations in Geneva, Harding's Conference in Washington in November, 1921, are plain evidences that the idea of the league of nations, as proclaimed by the Prophets of the old covenant and the *stoa*, has made more progress in the last three centuries than in the preceding three thousand years of history. One would have deliberately to close one's eyes to these impressive facts not to recognize that they reveal an inner logic of history. One need only review these symptoms to convince even those who are opposed to this idea on principle that the logic of social evolution tends to the final goal of a peaceful adjustment among the civilized nations, and that it does this according to immanent laws, tenaciously and unswervingly, even if only slowly and seemingly by circuitous routes.

It is for the sociologist to interpret this immanent logic of the historical process. Statesmen make history, sociologists explain it. Great men, says Hegel, are the instruments of the *Weltgeist*, which avails itself of all the human passions as motive power in order to accomplish the goal of human improvement all the more easily and swiftly. The statesmen believe they are pushing, but in reality they are forced by the immanent logic of history to steer a course that the *Weltgeist* needs.

There was originally opposition to obligatory trial by jury, yet how gladly was it recognized by 1908 that there was the Hague Tribunal as a permanent institution, and that in 1913 it had a fixed home. For history is not the crazy dream of a sleeping Deity but it reveals in large outlines purpose and plan, and reason and con-

tinuity. This continuity was first sensed in the stories and fairy tales, the legends and mythologies of our prehistoric ancestors in a kind of proto-philosophy, as Wundt has termed it. The religious myths are in fact a low kind of metaphysics, that is, metaphysics in a popular edition, in the phrase of Schopenhauer. The philosophic metaphysics, on the other hand, is meant for the intellectual élite of the human race: it is, so to speak, a dialectical pocket edition of the old mythologies, in the form of logical conceptual processes. After that come the augurs, seers and visionaries, the star-gazers and astrologers, and they proclaim the future of humanity. All science, says Comte, has this tendency: *voir, pour prevoir,* to understand, in order to predict. And thus arises the task for the sociologist, to interpret the evident processes of history. The theory of social articulation and institutions developed in these pages, is no mere abstraction of the study room, no speculation in the sense of Hegel, whose Triadic rhythm has been wittily parodied by Fortlage in remarking that it suffered from articular disease. But my sociology keeps closely in touch with the actual course of history. I use the facts of history only in order to explain its causes, in the words of Bacon: *Vere scira est per causa scire.* For that reason I see in cosmopolitanism, on the one hand, the historical stepping-stone to the idea of nationality, and, on the other hand, also the stepping-stone to the league of nations. Nationalism is the antithesis of cosmopolitanism, internationalism is the synthesis of cosmopolitanism and nationalism on a higher plane of consciousness. Internationalism realizes that section of the mutual interests of all civilized and nationally united people which demands a uniform regulation of their common interests and, therefore, accomplishes it by means of a conscious international convention. This regulation of the economy of the world by means of a kind of economic clearing-house is the basic function of the league of nations. Cosmopolitanism is the longing for, nationalism the limitation upon, and the league of nations of the future the fulfillment of, the idea of unity within the scope of what it is historically possible to realize. Cosmopolitanism is the dream stage of the idea of humanity, nationalism the waking stage of the idea of national unity, and internationalism, finally, as it is to be embodied in the league of nations, is the waking stage of the idea of international unity, inasmuch as it deliberately, i. e., by contract, puts together the common interests of all civilized nations.

Wherever, among civilized nations, there exist, in addition to vital national interests, which must be preserved first of all and most certainly, common interests and compromises of interests, international treaties will have to be made. The radically changed international intercourse, which brings to the fore the problem of a world economy, has smashed the dogma of the isolated national state. The goal of history is the league of nations, in accordance with the words of the New Testament: "peace on earth and good will toward men."[90]

[90] *Ibid.*, pp. 449-52.

9. *Extra-legal Phases of Political Control.*

Stein offers some pertinent observations regarding the extra-legal aspects of social control. Man, he says, is in modern society the slave of custom and convention.[86] A society of the modern type can hardly be said to exist where there is not a well-developed public opinion. In the highly developed states of modern times, society, in its most general sense, is more powerful than the state. Laws are not valid or enforceable unless they are supported by public opinion and, conversely, the state cannot successfully refuse legislation which is persistently demanded by the organized opinion of the group. The organ through which public opinion is moulded and society is enabled to exercise its control is the press, taken in its most comprehensive sense.[91]

10. *Political Theory and the Social Environment.*

Stein devotes about a third of his major work to a discussion of the history of social and political theories and the manner in which they reflect their contemporary environment.[92] Stein's own social and political doctrines in many ways reflect his Swiss environment. In the matter of abstract political theory, his identification of the state and the government, and his emphasis upon the state rather than upon the nation as the most important political concept, are tendencies which might well be natural to a teacher in the Swiss republic. His ideal of the socialization of law and the extension of state activities are in full accord with Swiss practice. He invites the attention of LeBon to the success of democracy in Switzerland, and holds that Switzerland might well serve for the model for Europe, both in regard to advanced social legislation and with respect to the formation of a successful and lasting alliance between the European nations.[93] Likewise his emphasis on the socio-political function of authority and the assertion that the Germans alone have succeeded in reconciling it with liberty, reflect Stein's German birth, education and affiliations.

While significant as a social and political theorist, it must be admitted that Stein excels as a critical expositor and historian of sociological and philosophical doctrine.

[86] *La Question sociale,* pp. 117, 125, 128. "L'Européen civilisé qui vit sous la domination du cérémonial en est l'esclave perpétuel. Seulement nous n'entendons pas le bruit de nos chaînes; nous y sommes habitués dès l'enfance; il est aussi imperceptible pour nous que les coups de marteau pour l'oreille d'un forgeron. Et pourtant, en réalité, nous ne sommes jamais délivrés du cérémonial, nous n'arrivons pas même à nous en défaire dans le coin le plus retiré de notre appartement." *Ibid.,* p. 117.

[91] *Ibid.,* pp. 220-21; cf. *Einführung,* pp. 51ff.

[92] *Die Sociale Frage,* pp. 145-385.

[93] *La Question sociale,* pp. 215, 292, 459.

"MORD" LINCOLN, THE WOMAN-HATER

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE lumbering stage that jolted its way across the rutted prairie from Carthage to Macomb, stopped for the exchange of mails at the little old village of Fountain Green, and a passenger descended. He was unusually tall, dark and lank, and wore a long, seedy black coat and a tall hat in need of brushing, and carried a cotton umbrella tied about the middle with a string. He also carried an old-fashioned carpet bag. Several of the men who were lounging about the store, waiting for the stage, identified him, for they had been at Carthage on the preceding day and had heard him speak. Carthage was the county-seat of Hancock County, a county that lay along the Mississippi River opposite the Keokuk Rapids. Boats ascending the river to Keokuk, or the Illinois shore opposite, often had to discharge their cargoes and take a new start. It had been these rapids that made a head of navigation in the early days, and that was what began the settlement of Fountain Green. That was a place, some miles in from the river, where the rank prairie grass gave way for grass of finer texture, growing around a many-mouthed spring. In this same county, but above the rapids, was the town of Nauvoo, where the Mormons settled. Joseph Smith had been taken from

[1] This article has interest as a story, and that interest is increased by the close relationship of its principal character to Abraham Lincoln. But it is not as a narrative, though evidently a truthful one, that the article has its chief value. It is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to answer the question, To what extent was Abraham Lincoln a Lincoln? Did his personal traits and moods come to him chiefly through his mother, or were there important elements in his mind and character which he inherited through his father? It is known that Abraham Lincoln saw practically nothing during his life-time of his father's relatives; this article mentions his isolation from his own family. In some respects he was quite unlike his father, Thomas Lincoln, who was a man of medium height, solidly built, while Abraham Lincoln was very tall and loose-jointed. Mentally, they had some traits in common. Doctor Barton has now conducted an investigation among the Lincolns most closely related to Abraham. The President left no surviving brother or sister, and his father died before he did. But there were first cousins in Illinois, and this article tells the story of this family, with some very suggestive facts concerning their mental traits, and especially those of one cousin, whose life story as here told cannot fail of interest.—THE EDITOR.

there, and was in the jail at Carthage when the mob captured the jail and killed him. The old jail at Carthage is now a shrine for the Mormons who visit it from other places. Joseph Smith was killed June 27, 1844. The events which this story describes occurred fourteen years later.

There was a political meeting in Carthage on September 11, 1858. Stephen A. Douglas, then a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, spoke before a great crowd. A tablet set in the wall of the court house commemorates the event. Eleven days later, on Wednesday, September 22, Abraham Lincoln spoke there. You will find a massive up-standing boulder in the court house yard telling you where he stood. And that boulder tells us the date of the stage ride, for Abraham Lincoln journeyed eastward from Carthage after his speech in that town, and stopped at Fountain Green. The joint debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were seven in number, beginning at Ottawa on Saturday, August 21, and closing at Alton, October 15, 1858. The days intervening between the joint discussions were filled by the two candidates separately. Douglas said that in the 100 days, exclusive of Sundays, between July 9 and August 2, he spoke just 130 times. Lincoln spoke not so often but almost always once a day, on certain days he spoke twice. Douglas traveled from place to place in a special car, often on a special train with a flat car bearing a cannon to announce his arrival and to echo the applause with which his speeches were received. Abraham Lincoln rode in the day coach, or in the stage. Four of the seven joint debates had been held when Lincoln spoke at Carthage.

Why did he stop at Fountain Green?

He stopped to visit his cousin Mordecai Lincoln. When the two men met in front of the little store at Fountain Green, it was easy to see that they were close akin. Their eyes and hair and gait were all alike. Abraham was taller than Mordecai, but Mordecai was a tall man, and his two brothers, Abraham, who died in 1852, and James, who died in 1837, were also tall men of the Lincoln type.

So far as I am aware, this meeting of Abraham Lincoln and his cousin Mordecai, is the only meeting that ever occurred in the life of the President between him and a first cousin of the name of Lincoln.

The isolation of Abraham Lincoln from his relatives of the Lincoln name was life-long and pathetic. His father, left an orphan at a tender age, became, as his distinguished son said, "a wandering

laboring boy," who from the time he left home saw almost nothing of his father's people. When Abraham was born, two of his mother's aunts were near at hand, and another was not very far away, and he grew up among the Hankses. In Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, the Hankses were with the family of Thomas Lincoln; but there were no Lincolns near. To be sure, the aged mother of Thomas Lincoln, Bathsehba by name, remembered by her grand-children as "Granny Basheby," lived in the same county in which Abraham Lincoln was born, but so far away that if she ever saw him in the cradle we do not know it, and if he ever saw her he appears not to have remembered it. It is said, though not on very good authority, that John Hanks was invited to Abraham Lincoln's wedding; perhaps so, but no Lincoln was there. And when Abraham Lincoln lay dead in the White House, and three weeks later was buried in Springfield, there was no Lincoln present on either occasion, except the President's widow and her two sons. Nicolay and Hay comment upon the fact that even the great fame and conspicuousness of the President did not call forth his kin of the Lincoln name. We do not know that he ever met any of his first cousins named Lincoln, except on that day in Fountain Green, and there was only one of them left.

I wish greatly that I could produce a kodak picture of Abraham and Mordecai Lincoln sitting together on that occasion, and that I might give a short-hand account of their conversation. I do not have it. But I have something almost as good, and in some respects better. I have a package of old letters and other documents of Mordecai, and some of the writings of his closest kindred.

They could all write. The Hankses could not write, except Dennis and a few others. But I have yet to learn of a wholly illiterate Lincoln. Even Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, could "bunglingly sign his own name" as the President said, and also could read his Bible. Most of them could do more, and Mordecai had the pen of a ready writer. So had his two brothers, while they lived. Both were Justices of the Peace. Abraham Lincoln, the President, knew very well that there was an Abraham Lincoln, Justice of the Peace, in Hancock County; he was familiar with certain documents prepared by him. He also knew of certain land records signed by James B. Lincoln. Both these men were his cousins, sons of his father's oldest brother, Mordecai. But both were dead in 1858, and the only one remaining was Mordecai, the youngest of the three sons of old Mordecai.

In the very year, 1830, in which Thomas Lincoln moved with his family into Macon County, Illinois, two of his cousins who in the year 1829 had removed from Kentucky, came into Hancock County, and there made their home. There lies before me a letter of the younger Mordecai, dated Leitchfield, Kentucky, January 19, 1831, in answer to one which he had just received from James B. Lincoln, dated November 4, 1830. The letter had been between two and three months on the way. At the time of writing, these two brothers, James and Abraham, and a brother-in-law, Ben Mudd, were living in "State of Illinois, Hancock County, the head of the rapids," as the address reads. The letter of Mordecai was really addressed to all three families, and also to his father, the older Mordecai, who had ridden through on horseback to visit his Illinois children, and see about making a home there. But that was the "winter of the deep snow." The older Mordecai was out on horseback on the day when the snow began to come down, not in flakes but by bucketsful, if the old settlers are to be believed. He had taken a good deal of liquor to keep out the cold, and the cold and the liquor together were too much for him. His sons Abraham and James, both carpenters and good ones, hewed a coffin out of puncheons, and as soon as the storm permitted they buried their father in a grave which cannot now be identified. He had been dead more than six weeks when the younger Mordecai wrote, but the news of his death had not reached Kentucky.

Before very long, Mary Mudd Lincoln, the widow of the older Mordecai, removed from Kentucky, and came to live with her Illinois children. She brought with her two unmarried daughters, Mary Rowena and Martha, both of whom found husbands in Illinois.

In 1836, the younger Mordecai left Grayson County, Kentucky, and thereafter lived in Illinois. He made his home with his mother, who was an aged woman at the time of Abraham Lincoln's visit, and died the following year. Mordecai lived until June 15, 1867, and voted twice for his cousin, Abraham. So far as is known, no Hanks ever voted for him except old John Hanks, who was transformed into a republican by the episode of the fence rails at the Decatur convention in 1860. Dennis Hanks, Lincoln's boyhood bedfellow, voted against him both in 1860 and in 1864. Some of the Hancock County Lincolns, also, were democrats, but not Mordecai. He voted for his cousin Abraham.

The two cousins had a good visit. Abraham Lincoln was interested in his own family history. When he was in Congress in 1848

he made inquiry concerning relatives who were descended from his father's Uncle Isaac. He did not know very much about his ancestry but the extent of his interest is suggested in the rather full account which he gave of the Lincolns, as compared with the very meager data he gave concerning the Hankses, in the two biographical sketches he prepared.

This story, which is getting under way more slowly than I could wish, yet which needs this background of accurate information, relates to the younger Mordecai, the one cousin whom Abraham Lincoln is known to have visited.

Like most of the Lincolns, Mordecai was skilled in the use of tools. Some mechanical aptitude characterized nearly all members of this family. Several of them were carpenters. They were good joiners, and could do mortising and beveling and mitering and dovetailing. I have seen specimens of their work, and it is good. Mordecai kept books. I have one of his account books now before me. He charged six dollars for a coffin, full size, and three dollars for a coffin for a child.

Mordecai was a shoemaker and also a tailor and a carpenter. He worked for high wages as they were then esteemed. Two dollars a day was what he reckoned his time to be worth. He was adept at the turning lathe. Two dollars paid him for making a large spinning wheel, and four dollars rewarded him for a set of six chairs. He made doors and windows, fitting the sash together and glazing them. Twenty-five cents paid him for turning out two large spools. He made a lathe for $4.50.

Mordecai Lincoln was a woman-hater. Every one said so.

He left Kentucky because a girl there was determined to marry him, and he was determined not to be married. Her name was Patsy, and we know, but need not here record, her other name. I have a letter from her father, written from Kentucky, January 29, 1837, to James Lincoln, and one still earlier, dated September 4, 1836, to Abraham Lincoln, the other brother of Mordecai. He tells of "the painful circumstances of Mordecai's departure," and the effect which that departure has had on Patsy. "What makes it the more strange," he says, "is that I cannot learn that anything happened, nor can I conjecture anything, without it was a little pecuniary embarrassment that he could have got through in six months had he stuck to the noble resolution he took six or seven months previous." Like his father, and like most men of the period, Mordecai sometimes drank rather too much, and I have a letter of his about

that. But he had made a "noble resolution" not to do so, and his financial embarrassments would not have been of long standing had he kept that resolution and married Patsy and remained in Kentucky, or taken her with him to Illinois.

He visited Patsy one night, as these letters show, and she never saw him again. That was the night of his "elopement" as his expectant father-in-law calls it.

These are dignified letters, from a man of standing and official position, and they disclose a father's sorrow for a daughter's disappointment. Why did Mordecai run away when he was to be married?

Some first-hand information exists concerning the younger Mordecai during his life in Leitchfield, Grayson County, Kentucky. Rev. John W. Cunningham, who was born in that town in 1824, and lived there until he was nearly fifteen years of age, was a lad between twelve and thirteen when Mordecai left, and he remembered the details with distinctness when at the age of seventy-nine, he wrote some of his reminiscences for the Elizabethtown (Kentucky) *News*, in September, 1903. Insofar as his recollections related to the Lincoln family, they were chiefly located in Hardin County, where Abraham Lincoln was born, and where Mr. Cunningham later preached. He related, however, that in his home in Leitchfield, there lived a Lincoln family, children of a brother of Abraham Lincoln's father. He wrote:

"I am not sure of the first name of Thomas Lincoln's brother in my native town. . . . (It was Mordecai, the older). He had a married daughter and a bachelor son in our village. The daughter's husband was George Washington Neighbors, who was for several years the acting sheriff of the county. . . . Mrs. Neighbor's brother was Mordecai Lincoln, first cousin of Abraham. He was commonly known as 'Old Mord,' though I did not think of him as an old man. He was the village shoemaker, and occupied a house of his own, with an upper story, where he slept, a lower room, that he used for his shoe shop. All of the little boys liked him because of the bits of thread and wax that he gave them. The house, I presume, is standing, and is one of the oldest in the village. Mordecai was a fiddler, and he had a fiddle that had been made by a Revolutionary soldier from pieces of sugar-tree wood with a shoe-knife as his only implement for making it. Of pleasant nights he would sit on an upper or lower porch to the house, and make sweet music for the town, and would sometimes call forth responsive wild-wolf howls in a neighboring wood.

"Some time after I left home for Elizabethtown, Mordecai went away to Illinois, leaving everything behind him. There were claims on his possessions which the law disposed of. On one of my visits home I found Mord's fiddle there and took it home to Elizabethtown with me. There, for two or three years, I scraped the strings of Old Mord's Revolutionary fiddle, but I never equaled the performances of the clever village shoemaker. I finally gave the fiddle to my brother, from whom it was stolen by a wandering clock-peddler. . . . I have heard Theodore Thomas' forty fiddlers, and many others of note in concerts, but the memory of Old Mord's long-meter fiddling is sweeter to me than any of them."

Mr. Cunningham contributed a later article to the Louisville *Times*, March 29, 1909, in which he gave some added details:

"Mordecai was a charming fiddler. In cold weather, he made music for his own entertainment in his own bedroom or shoe shop. In summer weather he made music for all who could hear his performance as he sat on the second floor of his two story front porch. He ate his meals wherever he made arrangements for them. All the small boys were his friends, and older people were kindly disposed to him. I remember him as a man not more than forty-five years old, but he was commonly called 'Old Mord.' One night he left his home, his possessions and the town, and went away to Indiana and never returned. There was no complaint of wrong-doing against him."

These two articles by a competent and truthful man assure us that Mordecai had no known occasion to leave Leitchfield and Kentucky, and it is but fair to say that nothing in the letters from Patsy's father, and nothing that has been learned from any other source, indicates that he had betrayed Patsy's confidence. Evidently the people of Leitchfield did not know that he had run away to get rid of Patsy and the prospect of matrimony. But he left from her home, and in the night, not returning to his house to take away his precious fiddle.

And he never owned a fiddle afterward, though he often visited at homes where there were violins, and when he did so, would take up the fiddle, tune it, and walk the floor playing it, the tears coursing down his cheeks. When he ran away from Patsy, he ran away from his fiddle.

All of Mordecai's near relatives wished he would marry. His mother was glad to have a son for whom to keep house, but Mordecai was not always a comfort to his mother. Mary Mudd Lincoln

was a devout Catholic, and she made Catholics, not all of them very devout ones, of that branch of the Lincoln family. But some of them revolted. Mordecai was almost violent in his opposition to his mother's religion. He uttered some harsh words about it while he was yet in Kentucky, and on the Sunday following one of these diatribes he heard the priest quote his words, and say that no man who uttered such words could prosper in this life or the next. Mordecai said that after that, and after some things which he said about the priest, the priest would never look him in the eye, either on the street or in the pulpit.

One of Mordecai's sisters went to a convent for a year. He tells the story in a manuscript before me. He says that when she went to the convent, it was promised that she should be educated; but she was not taught but was kept at hard work, weaving, and forgot much of what she had known before she went to the convent, and, moreover, came home weakened by the hard labor. He said that a new ecclesiastical name was given her, and the priest "slapped a veil on her." Mordecai tells how he went to the convent and brought her away. She later married, but did not live very long, and he said that her convent experience shortened her life.

We have no way of checking up these bitter affirmations. But we see that Mordecai had a passion for writing out his convictions. And all this denunciation of the nuns and the priests and the people of the church must have been hard for Mary Mudd Lincoln to hear.

His mother made efforts to change his mind concerning these matters, and she persuaded her other children; but Mordecai wrote a letter to "The Widow Lincoln and Her Family" declaring his independence.

But except for these matters, Mordecai Lincoln was a good son, and his mother loved him. And she saw that he did not care for women, and knew that she was likely to have him as her support as long as she lived.

It was a hard task which Mary Mudd undertook when, marrying the older Mordecai Lincoln, she endeavored to make good Catholics out of a stock that for generations had been Baptist. The measure of her success should have rewarded her in part for her difficulties. While none of the Lincolns who married Catholic wives became very ardent Catholics, and some of the younger generations revolted, there remains a strong Catholic strain in this branch of the family, and Mary Mudd introduced it.

But she had a hard time with her son Mordecai. He sat by the

fire and wrote long treatises against the Jesuits, and at times he burst forth into violent invective. Some things that he wrote would not look well in this article. And yet, Mordecai had a strain of reverence, and once, not having acknowledged any other religion, and being pressed for a definition of his own position, he said that judged by his own standards, and not by those of the priests whom he hated, he was still a Catholic. It would have gladdened Mary Mudd to know that after all the evil things he said about her religion, he would be buried, as he was, beside her, in consecrated ground. There is a forlorn little old cemetery, a half mile back through fields, where the little Catholic church once stood. Not one stone now stands erect. But in that cemetery Mary Mudd Lincoln and her vehemently protesting son Mordecai lie side by side.

Mordecai was a man of moods. So were nearly all the Lincolns. After the death of his mother, he lived like a hermit. He had a dog and a cat and his books—all the Lincolns managed to have some books, and Mordecai, if not a diligent reader, was a student. He had a great memory. A neighbor loaned him Victor Hugo's great story, and he read it so intently that the characters all became real to him, and he could relate the story almost verbatim.

At times, Mordecai worked with great industry, but he was a Lincoln in the matter of hard work. He was strong, and capable of working, and at times he showed steady industry. But his moods as to labor varied. He did not enjoy labor for its own sake, and there were days when he forsook his work and loafed and told stories, or engaged in acrimonious controversy. His cousin Abraham had a dangerous gift of sarcasm, and at times used it mercilessly; but he learned how to curb it. Mordecai never learned, and he was always ready to stop work and say harsh things about the people and institutions he hated. He liked his lathe, and did his work well. He made wagons and coffins and clothes presses and many other articles. But at times he stopped work and brooded, or went to the woods and was gone for a whole day, hardly speaking to any one he met, but returning in his normal frame of mind.

By fits and starts he visited his neighbors. No one knew when or why he was coming and seldom knew just why he had come. Sometimes he sat and talked politics or religion or neighborhood news. Sometimes he came to curse a neighbor or a relative or to tell his opinion of the priests. Sometimes he would enter a house and take up the violin, and play it, walking the floor, with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Crazy? Not at all. All the Lincolns were odd. No one of them ever went insane. But there ran through the entire family an unstable equilibrium of intellectuality and emotion.

Mordecai Lincoln cultivated flowers, and in that regard was most unlike his cousin Abraham, who said that in such matters, something appeared to have been left out of his nature. Hancock County still has its "Uncle Mord roses" which he propagated. He was fond of fruit, and the Lincoln farms have excellent fruit trees to this day. He had a trick which he liked to play at the Joe Duncan school. He would go there with a bag of big red apples, open the door, and roll an apple to every boy and every girl, carefully saving the biggest and reddest one for the teacher.

With all his cantankerousness, he was a likable man, and had many traits that endeared him to people. And, spite of all his crabbedness toward his mother on account of her religion, he was a good son.

In some of his dark moods, he drank so heavily that his friends were troubled about him. Some of them came to him and advised him to stop drinking. I have a letter written by him August 16, 1853, and it is rather more than possible that it was written to a Protestant minister, but the name is not given. In it Mordecai says:

"As for your hopes or wishes with regard to me, they don't interrupt my mind at all. I clame it as my rite to drink anything I please to drink and by the same rule I clame it as my wright if I think it best for my self to let it alone."

It will be noted that his spelling sometimes was erratic, but this was true of most letters of the period, and his handwriting was good.

Although he drank, and sometimes drank too much, he was not as heavy a drinker as his father, and was not accounted a drunkard.

The exact age of Mordecai I do not have. His parents were married in 1792, and his two older brothers appear to have been born before 1800. They both, and his sister Elizabeth, who married her cousin Ben Mudd, were married before they left Kentucky in 1829, but his two younger sisters were young and unmarried at that time. He was of age, and capable of attending to legal business in 1830, but probably was not much past 21 in that year in which Abraham Lincoln, the future President, came of age. Practically, he was of the age of the President, and in many respects much like him in his mental make-up.

All the Lincolns in Hancock County were men of ability, and their abilities were of the same general kind as those of Abraham

Lincoln. They were capable of close thought and sound logic. They were men given to wit, and like Abraham, had a merciless gift of satire, which he possessed but learned to control. They were men of moods, all of them, the men more than the women, though the women were not free from them.

It is in the matter of these moods we are especially interested. Abraham Lincoln had them. He went from boisterous merriment to depths of gloom, and often without any reason which his associates could assign.

Sentimental writers have no difficulty in accounting for these moods. Lincoln loved Ann Rutledge, so they say, and he almost went insane when she died. After that, he was a changed man. There is good reason to believe that Abraham Lincoln did indeed display great sorrow on the death of Ann Rutledge; but have we any reason to suppose that his grief on her account was the first outbreak of his melancholy? William H. Herndon affirmed that Lincoln was a sad man because he was unhappy in his domestic relations. That Abraham and Mary Lincoln sometimes made each other unhappy is undeniable, but is there any reason to believe that each would not have been more unhappy without the other?

Suppose we undertake to do what no one yet has undertaken, to discover whether Abraham Lincoln was a Lincoln in his mental equipment, and whether these moods were such as other members of his family had? We shall not discover the answer without some labor, but we shall find that not Mordecai only but others of Abraham Lincoln's first cousins and close kin had similar moods. The Mudd family, that by intermarriage descended from Ben Mudd and Elizabeth Lincoln, daughter of the older Mordecai, had "the Lincoln horrors" and called them by that name. "The Lincoln hypo" was a term well understood in the family and by the neighbors. We shall find, if we explore far enough, that we do not need either Ann Rutledge or Mary Todd to account for Lincoln's gloom. Many of the pioneers had it, in greater or less degree, but the Lincoln family as a family were peculiarly addicted to it.

Did Abraham Lincoln know this?

I doubt it. So far as I am aware, Thomas Lincoln was not particularly subject to these fits of depression. Abraham Lincoln was accustomed to think of himself as inheriting more, intellectually, from his mother than his father. He had his father's gray eyes and coarse dark hair, and his father's love of stories and other well-marked traits. But he and Thomas were not wholly alike in their

mental characteristics and he can hardly have been expected to realize how much or little he inherited from the Lincoln side, for practically, he saw no Lincolns. As for the Hankses, he lived among them the entire first half of his life; and his mother seemed to him, as he remembered her dimly from his tenth year, to have been nobly superior to other members of her family, it is little wonder he told Herndon, in 1850, that from her he inherited his ability to think and reason. Would Lincoln have been quite so sure of this if he had known more Lincolns? Would he have said it after he had spent a night with Mord Lincoln, and found in him the keen wit, the capacity for satire, the love of argument, the power of reason, which he found in himself?

That Abraham Lincoln was mentally and physically a Lincoln only those have denied who did not know the Lincolns. John Hay lived not far from them, but did not know them. After the Civil War, Hay retired for a time to his old home in Illinois, and went from it to be Secretary of the Legation at Vienna. He left his home in Warsaw, and he made this record in his diary:

"Rode to Carthage in the same seat with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of the late President. He is forty-one years old, looks much older. The same eyes and hair the President had—the same tall stature and shambling gait, less exaggerated. Drinks hard, chews ravenously. A rather rough, farmer-looking man. He says the family is about run out. 'We are not a very marrying set.' He is dying of consumption, he said very cooly. There was something startling in the resemblance of the straight thicket of hair, and the grey, cavernous eyes framed in black brows and lashes, to the features of the great dead man."

This Robert was a son of Abraham Lincoln's first cousin, Abraham. He died in Carthage, September 5, 1868, after making a campaign speech for General Grant. He did resemble the great dead man, and so did his brother Hezekiah, and a number of other cousins.

"We are not a very marrying set," said Robert Lincoln to John Hay. He spoke truly. The Lincolns, the men especially, were not highly matrimonial. A very considerable fraction of them did not marry.

"What kind of men were the unmarried Lincolns?" I asked different members of the family and their neighbors. "Were they dissolute men?"

No, they were not dissolute.

"Where they woman-haters?"

"No, except for Uncle Mord. He hated women. The others did not. Indeed, it seemed as if it was because they cared so much for women they were overwhelmed with the thought of marriage."

"That does not sound like a very good reason."

"It may not have been a good reason, but it is more nearly the reason of the Lincolns than any disinclination to marry or any lack of appreciation of the charm of women. They were great admirers of women, but they stopped short of matrimony. But Uncle Mord did not care for women."

"It was no physical disability that kept them from marriage?"

"Not at all. Those who married were generally happy in their married life. There was not a single divorce among them. Most of them had good-sized families. But they had some strange feeling of the solemnity of marriage that held them back."

I have too many friends in Springfield, Illinois, to raise at this point the question whether Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd set more than one date for their wedding, and whether Abraham Lincoln ran away from his own wedding. But Abraham Lincoln, who, as I believe, sincerely loved and greatly admired Mary Todd, and had loved several women before he met her, shrank from marriage. There was no physical disability in his case. His first son was born within a year, and after that there was a new baby once in two years until there were four children. Why did the Lincoln men shrink from marriage?

I think the disabilities were wholly mental. They grew out of the caution, the contemplative nature, the moodiness of the family, concerning which I have collected a good deal of information, all of it new to students.

This study opens doors for a number of interesting inquiries. For the first time we are in position to make a study of the mind of Abraham Lincoln as a Lincoln. We have some material, a good deal of it, indeed, toward a comparative analysis of Lincoln's temperament in the light of his inheritance. And some one, possibly the present writer, will go further toward such a study. It will stop a vast quantity of cheap sentimentality which has no scientific basis, and some alleged scientific study which is futile and misleading because we have not had the facts.

But now I must tell you a secret, and I do it under seal of confidence. This is the secret:

Mordecai Lincoln was not a woman-hater

I think he really cared for Patsy, the girl in Kentucky whom he kissed good-bye one night and never saw again, but he was afraid of marriage. He was never afraid of anything else, man, woman, pope or devil—he defied them all: but he was afraid of marriage. And from that time on they said he was a woman-hater. Read this:

"My Favorite Girl, Elizabeth:

"I can call you by no other name in my heart but My Favorite Girl. The first time I ever saw you in my life, my mind was filled with the site of your person, but sutch was the circumstances in my life that I thought it better for me never to see you or any other girl that there was any likilihood of my becoming so greatly attached too. But by that means I have added fuel to the flame that is burning in my bosom. . . . I believe that I now see a fairer prospect before me than I have beheld for 7 or 8 years; and if you could be as willing to risk me as I am to undertake, the time would not be far ahead till a great portion of all my time in business would be employed in trying to render you as happy as possible in this life. Elizabeth, I naturally hone for your company here with me, but when I look around you are not here. All that I can do is to nourish and cherish my strongest wishes for the welfare and happiness of the object of my affections.

"Affectionately yours,

"MORDECAI LINCOLN."

He went to Nauvoo or Carthage and bought tinted paper for this letter. It must have been a rarity: the shade is robin's egg blue. He wrote out his love in this fashion.

And he lost courage, and did not send the letter.

He continued to be known as Mord Lincoln, the woman-hater.

The years passed by. His mother died, and he was alone in the house with his dog and cat and books and lathe and his paper and ink. He was more than fifty years of age, a sour, moody and at times very angry man, and a confirmed woman-hater. So they all said. But on November 2, 1862, he wrote a letter which began "Dear Catherine." She was a school teacher, and had been slandered, and Mord had risen to defend her good name. He did it, if his letter is to be trusted, like a knight rushing in to smite down the hand that would be lifted to stain the name of a lady. And when he had done all this, he offered her his hand.

He was not sure that she would accept him. He wanted her "the worst of anything" and he made one small request. If she could

not accept him, let her think now and then of him; for he thought always of her.

Apparently he mailed this letter, giving it to his niece, Emily Lincoln, to take to the post office at Fountain Green, and what I have is his penciled first copy. Doubtless he copied it in ink.

This is where the story stops, and you may supply the rest of it as you like. I find no answering letter from Catherine, nor any record that indicates that she returned his love.

No wonder. By that time he was counted an old man, and was crotchety and moody and his habits were planted and grown. Catherine was a school teacher, and could do better, and probably did. But this old letter serves to show that even Mord Lincoln, the Woman Hater, was not as consistent in that hatred as some people thought him to be. It is easy to be a woman-hater, but few men are able to do it consistently. Mordecai Lincoln was thought to be one of the few; and you know more about it now than did his neighbors. Most men, it may be believed, at some period in life, have renounced women and all their works; but this world is not so constituted as to make it easy for a man to maintain that attitude forever. With a procession of attractive women forever passing down the pike, it is hard for a man to live very long in this world and maintain a steady and unswerving hatred for women.

I was not born when Abraham and Mordecai Lincoln had their one visit at Fountain Green, and therefore was not present. I greatly regret this delinquency on my own part, for I should like to tell what these men said to each other about women. Although I was not there, I have some ideas with regard to the matter, and I give them for whatever they are worth.

Both Abraham and Mordecai were reticent men. They did not talk lightly of the things that were closest to their hearts. But they were interested in each other, and in each other's affairs, and in their common heritage as representative of the Lincoln family. They told each other, I think, about the migration of the Lincoln family from Virginia to Kentucky, and Abraham was eager to learn what Mordecai had heard from his father, who was a lad of fifteen at the time while Abraham's father Thomas was only six. They rehearsed the story of the murder of their grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, by an Indian, and how Mordecai's father, Mordecai, took deliberate aim through one of the cracks in the cabin wall and shot the Indian dead. They talked of their cousins, the children of Josiah, who had removed to Indiana, and of the children of their

aunts, some of them in Kentucky and others in Missouri. And they surely talked a little about their own family life. Abraham was married and the father of four sons, three of them living and dearly beloved by him. Mordecai was, as we know, a bachelor, with no prospect of being anything else.

I wonder if Abraham asked Mordecai why he had lived his lonely life unmarried, and whether Mordecai told him that he had once come near to marrying a girl in Kentucky, but when the time approached his courage failed. And I wonder if Abraham said, "I, too, experienced a strange and unreasonable timidity as I saw my wedding-day approaching. I did not marry until I was thirty-three, and sometimes think it was almost a miracle that I married when I did."

I wonder if Mordecai, with his habit of doing the unexpected, said to Abraham, "But don't you find it a constant annoyance? Women are such unreasonable creatures; is it not a bother to have to live with one of them?"

And Abraham might have answered, "Women have their weak points, Cousin, and so have we men. Mary and I have our ups and downs, and our occasional disagreements. She has a hot temper, and I am an awkward fellow and often do things that are annoying. Still, we love each other, and we have our common hopes and ambitions, and we have our boys. I am glad I found courage to get married, though for a long time it was matter of profound wonder to me that it ever could have happened."

Some such conversation as this might have happened between the two men, and I do not think anyone can prove that words like these were not actually spoken by these two cousins to each other.

Abraham Lincoln went on his way, speaking practically every day, and meeting his three remaining appointments for joint discussion with Douglas. Mordecai went back to his bench, and made his spinning wheels and coffins. But as he worked, I wonder if he did not say to himself:

"My cousin Abraham and I are much alike in many respects. We look alike; we think and write and speak alike. And both of us admire women, and each of us had his strange shrinking from marriage. But Abraham found courage to go forward, and now he has something to live for, a wife and three boys; and I am lonely Mord Lincoln with no one to care. I wish I had married Patsy and not made such a fool of myself. For, in spite of what the neighbors think of me, I am a very unsuccessful woman-hater."

DOUBT, PRESUMPTION AND THE OPEN MIND

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

IT IS always in order to defend "philosophic doubt," or the right to criticize and re-examine accepted views and theories. We too often assume that settled questions stay settled; that, for example, the battle, or campaign, in behalf of toleration and free inquiry was won long ago and need never be renewed, and that, therefore, bigotry and obscurantism, though rife at times, constitute no serious menace to liberalism and civilization. Alas, the situation is not nearly so satisfactory. The Klu-Klux-Klan, the not wholly unsuccessful assaults of the self-styled fundamentalists and Bryanites on the doctrine of evolution (which they misconceive, by the way) and like symptoms bid us beware of an excessive optimism. No; science and philosophic doubt are not as safe as they are supposed to be; eternal vigilance is the price of intellectual as of civil liberty. Any reasoned plea, therefore, for philosophic doubt is still useful, relevant and educational.

But it is the fashion nowadays to preach and boast of the right of doubt in another than the philosophical sense. A new periodical has recently been started to uphold the general right to doubt and question everything. It is explained that the editors of this review are not "radicals" in politics or economics; they are, however, great, unterrified doubters. They are free from superstition; they take nothing for granted; they stand for the open mind; they have no respect for mere authority. They demand proof, facts, demonstrations in support of any and all theories and doctrines, whether new or old.

Curiously enough, there are hosts of shallow persons who applaud this supposedly bold, courageous, independent position. Is it not, we are asked, eminently rational, scientific, noble? Does not every real *savant* carefully verify his theories and conscientiously

examine all new facts presented to him? Why, then, should politics, ethics, sociology and economics frown on the gospel of doubt?

Those who ask such questions as these have little comprehension of the methods and procedure of science or philosophy.

Let us take some illustrations. We have today a new theory regarding the structure and composition of the atom. This theory may or may not withstand criticism and further research. We accept it, of course, provisionally. No one challenges our right to question the theory, to offer objections thereto, if we have any. But the handling of material things is not affected by our freedom to doubt. We don't say, "Stop all activity because we are not certain our theory as to the atom is true." We should regard that person as feeble-minded who should argue that we cannot cross bridges, live in houses, ride in trains or motor cars, because, forsooth, the atom is not a solid bit of matter, but a "center of force," a miniature solar system!

Again, Professor Einstein's relativity theory, which is so revolutionary in an intellectual sense, may or may not be finally established by adequate observations and tests. Meantime, Doctor Einstein himself assures the practical man that to him the ultimate fate of relativity will "make no difference." Practice, in short, is not affected by scientific doubts concerning relativity. If it were, Doctor Einstein would be the first to demand adherence to accepted ideas pending production of conclusive proof.

Finally, there is the old biological controversy regarding the transmissibility of "acquired characters." The majority of contemporary biologists affirm that "heredity is everything" and the influence of environment is comparatively slight. There is no substantial evidence, we are told, in favor of the view that acquired characters, physical or mental, are inherited. Are we, therefore, asked to abandon all efforts to *improve* the environment? Are we exhorted to pin our faith to eugenics alone, and proceed to develop a finer and better race? By no means. No level-headed biologist or sociologist lightly dismisses the factors of environment, education, social discipline, tradition.

In the absence of certainty, conclusive proof, what does the wise man do? He acts upon probability, upon presumption, upon empirical knowledge and common sense. He knows that dogma is dogma; theory, theory, and probability just probability. But life cannot be arrested and activity suspended while we await the establishment of truth in any given sphere.

Now, the superficial defenders of the right to doubt and challenge everything accepted and recognized tacitly assume, if they not definitely assert, that *to entertain a doubt is to acquire the privilege of rejecting any law, rule, arrangement concerning which the doubt is raised by them.* The freedom of inquiry, discussion, criticism is identified with the freedom of action in ways that civilized society with virtual unanimity regards as immoral and injurious.

For example, let us consider the apologies for Bolshevik tyranny and Bolshevik persecution of all opponents which many of our Liberals and Radicals have been solemnly making. Democracy, we are told, is breaking down and parliamentary government is a snare and a mockery. The world is turning to dictatorships—look at Italy under Mussolini, at Spain under the military regime of Primo-Rivera, at France under Poincaré. The party system is giving way to the group and bloc system; thoughtful persons are advocating the abolition of political parties and the substitution for them of temporary, limited, loose "leagues" for the promotion of definite objects. In these circumstances why make a fuss when the Russian communists destroy the "bourgeois" fabric of civil liberty, due process of law, representative institutions, universal suffrage, and free speech? The soviet regime, with its despotic features, *may* prove to be superior to the obsolescent systems cherished by the "doctrinaire" individualists or moderate Laborites and Socialists of the type now in control of the British empire. Why not give the Russian experiment a fair trial? Why not observe it with an open mind? Why not be objective, tolerant and lenient toward the Bolshevik departures from tradition and habit?

Of course, this line of argument is childishly fallacious, yet it is adopted in all seriousness by self-styled exponents of the gospel of political doubt and skepticism!

Political and social science is still in its infancy, and, of course, experiments in government are not only legitimate but necessary. Let the soviet system be tried fairly; let even communism receive fair play; but fair play does not require any honest, sincere, intelligent liberal or radical to condone or justify Bolshevik savagery, terror, and ruthless suppression of every vestige of liberty and democracy! When the communist dictators, with their bloodthirsty checka, were guilty of excesses worse than those of absolute autocracy; when they imprisoned, exiled and executed men and women who had fought czarism and other evils for years, it became the duty and right of every true, consistent lover of justice and liberty to

denounce them as usurpers and traitors. No amount of "open-mindedness" of the right sort can possibly lead any one to apologize for flagrant and monstrous injustice or to overlook glaring, riotous repudiation of first principles. Open-mindedness is not empty-mindedness, or total want of consistency and good faith.

Here is another illustration: The institution of private property has evolved and is still evolving. The conception of private property is not—and never has been—a rigid one. Do these facts warrant theft or embezzlement on the part of "open-minded" persons? Does any rational thinker entertain a plea of doubt or open-mindedness in regard to private property when advanced by a willful thief? What the future will do with private property may be a matter of doubt; for the time being we expect—all of us, not excepting sane communists—respect for private property, as for public property, from all members of society. Even revolutionary governments sternly forbid and punish "private expropriation," that is, looting, which is attempted sometimes in the name of some professed doctrine or relief.

We may say the same thing about other social, economic and political institutions. We may believe that the family is bound to undergo important changes, but this would not justify any rational person in disregarding present obligations toward his wife, or children, and throwing his burdens upon the community or his neighbors and friends. We may believe that education is very inadequate, but this would not warrant total neglect or abandonment of existing educational and research agencies. We may believe that the wage system will be supplanted in the course of some centuries by a more satisfactory and more equalitarian and libertarian system; meantime, as reasonable beings, we expect employers, managers, superintendents, foremen, workers and workers' spokesmen to consult reason and common sense in disposing of the hundred and one issues that constantly arise within the sphere of industrial relations.

But, it may be asked, what of the right insisted upon by Thoreau and other earnest and high-minded radicals—the right of "civil disobedience?" Is not the superior individual, whose reason and conscience are offended or outraged by accepted laws and standards, entitled to break such laws, trample upon such standards? Have not heroic and self-sacrificing men and women always defied and violated law in obedience to a higher moral conception? What of the Hampdens, the John Browns, the religious martyrs, the political and social heretics we now honor and revere? And is not the

example of such pioneers, leaders, rebels inspiring and compelling—one of the important factors, indeed, of progress? How can we preach to the young men and women of today blind, unreasoning obedience to law and convention because of alleged presumptions and probabilities in favor of such law and convention when history tells them that revolt by individuals and small groups of advanced thought and exceptional moral independence has made for reform and evolution in the past?

These queries are pertinent and important, and one must answer them candidly. Certainly the law may lag behind the moral sentiment and enlightened opinion of a nation, or section of a nation—witness the American conflict over the extension of slavery and the rigid enforcement of anti-fugitive slave laws. Certainly taxation may be oppressive, confiscatory, unfair, and government may become corrupt, tyrannical and imbecile. In such circumstances there is a duty of civil disobedience and there is a right to revolt. Nay, in a free state there is no escaping the conclusion that when conscience and moral duty clash with formal law, the latter must yield to the former. The statute books are full, and always have been, of so-called dead-letter laws which are honored in the breach rather than in the observance—which public opinion has outgrown and forgotten, and which no rational government would attempt to revive and enforce for a day. Laws are often annulled or repealed by custom and general evasion and violation. The so-called general property tax laws of our American states may be cited as one current and striking illustration of this truth. Everywhere intangible personal property escapes taxation, and everywhere governors, legislatures, assessors and prosecutors bow to the inevitable and treat the law as a dead letter.

But one must be perfectly sure that a law *is* unjust, obsolete, unreasonable, unwise and unenforceable before one decides to ignore or break it. The appeal to reason and conscience in such a case must be sincere, real, frank. The trouble with many social insurgents is that they mistake personal prejudices for convictions, inconveniences selfishly resented for high moral sentiments outraged, and that self-indulgence is mistaken for devotion to principle. In the name of philosophic doubt unstable and unscrupulous men demand the privilege of disregarding restraints imposed by moral decency, by the consensus of reasonable opinion, by respect for human dignity and social solidarity.

The true man of science is never dogmatic. He may frame

working theories, but he does not mistake them for established truth. He will adhere to his theory only so long as the facts sustain it. If new facts or new interpretations of known facts, throw doubt upon his theory, he will thenceforth treat it as doubtful and seek further light. He will welcome, instead of resenting, additional evidence, whether it tends to support or to undermine his theory.

There is, of course, no reason why economic, political, social and ethical questions should be dealt with in any other than the humble, tentative, scientific way. But science is not at war with common sense. It does not require us to be gullible, patient with manifest absurdity, willing to abandon positions taken after profound study and reflection and lightly swallow cock-and-bull stories. Prof. T. H. Huxley, for example, refused to devote time to the psychical research of his day on the ground that "inherent probability" militated against the worth or value of familiar "proofs" of spirit communication with the living—table rappings, medium trances, and the like. His mind, he protested, was not closed to real evidence; but he did not propose to waste his energy and valuable time on futile investigations. To engage in such investigations on slight pretexts is not to exhibit open-mindedness and tolerance, but rather to write one's self down as weakly amiable and wanting in discrimination. There is a time for inquiry, a time for suspending judgment, a time for revising a view, and a time for holding fast to that which has been tested and demonstrated to be true.

If science and philosophy must beware of undue conservatism, of pride of opinion, of arrogance, it must also beware of flabbiness, of superficiality, of excessive generosity to quacks and fools.

The proper study of mankind is perhaps man; but the indispensable preliminary study or discipline is logic and the correct use of words to express real ideas instead of pseud-ideas. The besetting sin of our age is loose thinking and loose writing. Persons who revolt against everything accepted in ethics, economics and sociology should be reminded of their inconsistency in not doubting their doubts, in not cultivating an open mind in respect of the results of earnest labor and reflection in the past, and of the teachings of vital experience. In their sweeping rejections they forget such principles as probability, presumption, preponderance of evidence, legitimate inference, and the like. Nothing is more futile, and nothing more impossible, *au fond*, to the rational human mind than universal skepticism. No science was ever born of or advanced by such an attitude toward the world.

MYSTICISM AND MAGIC

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

TODAY, just as it was in Balzac's or Nietzsche's day, the world is full of mediocre Christianity and gregarious Christians, religionists seeking the niches of saints through the tactics of vulgarians and philistines. If their religious spirit was not weak and worldly their flesh would not be so willing to join in the ribald jubilee of jazz triumphant; nor would they find it necessary to develop that herd instinct which is used to replace a higher faculty's development—mystic exaltation and spiritual communion. The modern age is seemingly set on that specious spiritualization of sensuality and commercialism which stops at nothing too sacred for spoliation, nothing too noble for debasement, and nothing too pure for adulteration or ravagement. This fake anagogy, this sham social uplift and phoney religious hypothecation, in practically every modern effort toward valid theological hypotheses, is the very antithesis and ultimate nemesis of both spirit and spiritual religion. It makes much over the delinquent delicacies of decadent art, the popularity of problem-plays, sex literature, Sadist love-science and matrimonial bliss, but wholly lacks the mystic faculty, energy and ambition which alone can secure us in an actual spiritual triumph and a consequent moral hegemony over the world's physical despotism and materialistic slavery.

There is no coward's valor, no sophist irenic, no philosophy by magic nor fiat science wherewith to obscure the issue, for we do not intend to be seduced by the rewards nor frightened by the punishments held imminently over our heads by a lot of sacerdotal soothsayers. Our one chief conviction and confessional finds the only valid source of spiritual security now and hereafter in the simple fact that man was meant to stand erect by his own volition and effort, not meant to be eternally propped up like a straw man with

external threats and penalties, seductions and rewards. It is no sign of virtue or spiritual achievement to always require the bolstering of outside discipline and dispensations, for these are cold institutional measures and do not function as direct congenial aspirations toward divine communion and enlightenment. True mysticism is spiritual exaltation and is not gotten like material acquisitions by addition from the outside world, but by inward effort, integrity and expression of soul. It has no magic formula for realizing spiritual truth or benediction, but rests its final goal on the merit of industry, the courage of faith, the innocence of piety and the *con amore* desire to live the life of Nature and know by direct contact and willing submission the laws of God and Cosmos.

Christianity is too often a negative religion; it is more often a vague and indeterminate renunciation of this world's duties and devotions than an intentional and whole-hearted embracing of whatever life awaits us in the next. It is also negative of humanity's best achievements because of its seeking to preserve the weak, helpless, afflicted, ignorant and foolish; in fact, it is really negative of the best possibilities of human life when it insists on limiting the genius and energy of exceptional personalities in order to maintain its mediocre ideal of a commonwealth of creed-foolish gregarians. It would set up a soft sort of artificial polity to replace the hard genuine provisions of Nature, and this negation of Nature is what will eventually prove its failure as a durable religion making perennial and priceless contributions to the world's future progress. It already effects but little persuasion on men of other mood or caliber than those of imbeciles and prebendary saints. Mystics, on the other hand, are neither conceited nor stupid, neither dogmatic nor negative in matters religious; they have no weak mercy nor maudlin sympathy for things worldly nor for delinquent people, for if these are corrupt they are to be shunned, while if they are malicious they are to be rendered harmless. Mystics have no sham ethics to hold them in emotional leash, and certainly no magic social hypothesis to give them a neurotic sense of freedom and happiness. Whenever they read the Old or New Testament they keep a good clear discrimination between the two gospels, appreciating the former for its patterns of human justice and the latter for its vicarious promise of Divine Mercy; but they read no external combination of Grace and Vicary into the Scripture that is now printed and published in a single binding—this being as ambiguous and misrepresentative of the original chroniclers' intentions as the Pocket Bibles which Cromwell

distributed amongst his soldiers, the so-called Murderers' Bible, or the Sunna exegesis of Zoroaster's creed.

Many people are forever seeking some magic solution to their problems, some easy exit out of the struggle for a worthwhile life. They pursue a morbid patronage of mediums, fortune-tellers, soothsayers and other Nature-fakers who loudly advertise their claims to superhuman faculty, but little actual foresight or sincere advice is ever derived from this lazy pseudolatry. From the narrow wicket and cramped casement of their rhyomistic resort it is no wonder that they see only an increasing measure of misery, toil and trouble in the growing complexity of civilization, in the anxiety of modern restlessness and industrial revolts, in the very seductions contained in the new barbarism of liberty and its vulgar bed-fellow, sexual unrestraint and promiscuity, easy marriage and easy divorce. There are only two castes in the modern world, mystics and vulgarians; everyone is either a God-seeker or a world-seeker, either devout and saintly, wise and just, or else cunning and corrupt, ignorant and selfish. It is the business of moralists and social workers to distinguish them and try to give the spiritually poor something besides part of the rich man's pelf. The common instincts of religion do not sense this difference but mystics have the necessary clarity of vision, sympathy of feeling and chastity of judgment to understand why the vulgarians are interested in freedom more than in discipline, in recreation more than in restraint, and yet not be a companion to their debauchery nor be seduced by their fallacious bribe-tactics. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole vulgarian program is that your foolish worldling follows daily this looseness of moral fibre and still expects to avoid ultimate disaster; he spends his life gaming and expects to always win the last trick with extreme unction and viaticums to heaven. Whatever moral or religious distinctions he does happen to offer in an argument or other expression of his mental outlook are invariably based on values derived from *below*, from the downtrodden, the poor, the weak, the helpless derelicts of society. The fabric of the vulgarian's philosophy is coarse and shows many broken stitches, many faded and often ugly splotches on the design. Too much freedom and self-determination will prevent anyone from being humble, devout, sensible of spiritual things or mindful of the mystic phases of life and livelihood. The vulgarian always thinks some sort of magic formula is at the bottom of his success or failure, but the mystic knows that life's only art and magic consists in a conscientious attention to duty, a courageous

approach toward all problems and situations, a clear and readily applicable sense of beauty, virtue, wisdom, justice and generosity.

There is no magic door into any of the good things of life; no clever ruse ever fooled Nature into giving up her secrets or dropping her blessings promiscuously among the good and bad. We cannot find anywhere an effective sesame with whose power to charm we can pass instantly into either vocational success of a virtuous life, nor can we find that secret elixir which can in a twinkling give us strength of soul and purity of heart and with these, courage to love and intelligence to learn the truth. These are, true enough, the constant aims and aspirations of mystics the same as they are the ever-present test conditions demanded by philosophers in any life claiming to be religious and devout. With the sophist vulgarian, on the other hand, they are valued automorphically and judged to be merely the shrewd counters against the crass catchwords of finite interests, worldliness and their less innocent propaganda. If some of us didn't give endless voice in preachment of the good and by our own example show the proper sort of emotional response to the inspiration of heroism, justice, courage, beauty and genius, the world in no time would become a veritable hogwallow, if not a desolate vale of ravaging knaves and gullible fools. It is the exemplary function of mysticism to forestall the ignorant superstition that a good life is won by magic or that spiritual rehabilitation may be realized by miracle or mimicry. A certain amount of honest effort, persistence and idealism is necessary, but without some degree of noble spirituelle and kindly disposition to start with, little and but slow progress upward can be made.

In those classical anticipations of pragmatism which felt no anxieties over ideas, opinions and value-judgments so long as these continued to give men happy moods or share with them some mysterious power over life and progress we can read no little measure of shrewd ethical device, for their principal function was the more or less direct ordering of men into social relations with each other. No one seemed to object to false notions or self-sought religions so long as these were useful, well-argued or preservative of past tradition; but they did object strongly whenever anyone attempted to challenge their vital lies and fallacies. Some such a similar condition is necessary for any sort of pragmatic religion to take root and flourish; there must be a general tenor of cupidity among the people, a popular approval of whatever is foolish, ephemeral, promiscuous and illusory. It is fashionable to be low-aiming and mercenary,

trusting to luck and placing faith in whatever magic formula happens to be the most loudly advertised. Just now we are passing through an age of irresponsible rhyomism, everyone appears to be hellbent on some pet fallacy of will, some private perquisite of power, some personal adventure patterned after the wild opportunism of Fortunatus. No wonder there are so many pragmatic sponsors of religion, so many clever manipulators of rewards and retributions. But the situation is not unique; there have been a thousand previous vulgarian ages at certain intervals in the world's past history, and nearly every one of them has been a dismal repetition of its predecessor.

The situation that *is* unique is revealed when we think of the occasional flourish of philosophy, how the world manages to forget its mad folly long enough to now and then produce an age rich in righteousness and reflection, an age of justice, honor, sincerity, courage and reverence. Then it is that we find a fair number of saints, sages, heroes and geniuses who know how to think with clear vision and free faculty, who have intelligent faith and soon grow impatient with the crude fallacies of creed and deed which surround them. They have no manufactured pedigree because their true ancestry is all the struggles, hopes, thoughts, dreams and disappointments of humanity's past experience. They have no artificial pose to strike, no magic formula to apply, for their ambition is sincere and they play fair tourney in winning life and livelihood from the world. This is one good reason why they are often misunderstood by the multitude which confuses them with those no higher souled than their own vulgarian companions or with those no more exalted or devout than the average rabble-ranter. The general mass of people never come in contact with anyone but fools and fakers, knaves and nincompoops, so we shouldn't wonder at them when they look on philosophers and saints also as so many Cagliostroes and spiritual rat-catchers.

I feel quite fertile whenever a discussion is raised as to the relationship, even the dependence, of a man's religion to his interest in such subjects as Art, History, Science, Mysticism, Government, Philosophy and Social Efficiency. I believe that whatever religious faith a man professes as well as the one he actually practices is vitally influenced if not almost wholly determined, by the amount of study or the degree of understanding he has of the principles and purposes of these great domains of human achievement. They are items in our cultural progress, our spiritual enlightenment and exaltation, so

why should they not be among the principal interests of anyone desiring to be religious and intelligent himself, or at least have a tolerant understanding of reverence and wisdom in others? Not being accomplished in *either* of these talents he is certainly a dunce and makes an unprofitable mate as well as a boorish companion.

True genius does not resort to things fantastical, false, mythical, uncertain or extreme in his attempt to work out a valid symbolism of life and art. It is the function of genius, the same as it is the purpose of art, to disprove and repudiate these very things, to certify the beautifully good and true in such a way as to inspire and teach others. It is only cynics like Nietzsche or La Rochefoucauld who regard art and religion as subtle narcotics to make us forget our cares and woes. *Some* consolation against this view may be had in remembering that other narcotic addicts like De Quincey, Coleridge and Poe have found more honorable security in art and religion than in the petty umbrage of a cynic philosophy. This phase of the question concerning magic and artifice in one's religious outlook cannot be ignored and evaded with empty cavilling or catch-worded ridicule. It is *live* enough to demand our attention and interesting enough to delight us with the advantage of understanding what it means. The mystic philosopher is no free-lance postichee, he works no magic tricks on his fellows, he is never the cheap miracle-monger who is forever spoliating the temple and obtaining an easy livelihood through his clever but fallacious manipulations. Instead of this he is a genius of genuine capacity, his unique nature is of noble origin and his loyal affections last through a lifetime. It is not because of fear, laziness or egotism that he often retires to a quiet refuge from the world, but because his superior spiritual powers reveal the utter vanity of worldly effort, the utter futility of all ephemeral aims and conflicts. His life then bears no petty spite or spoil, it does not exist for base utility or ease, but for the nobler cause of spiritual refinement, mystic exaltation and philosophic revery. He understands the true purpose of individuality, that it is the door to destiny, that its value is symbolic and its function is constructive, that its ultimate aim is to realize progressive transfiguration and its only justification is its power for happiness, for a wholesome life redeemed from meanness, folly, sin, mediocrity and the semi-animal poverty of our souls. The whole procedure is bound by a sense of piety and justice, feeling always responsible for what is done as well as accountable for what is not done. It is this piety perhaps which is the only really religious teaching which can be derived from mysti-

cism, but without it Christianity itself would be in need of salvation.

Religion may be of the Medici, the Grammatici, Physici or Mystici, but it is as Prof. Gilbert Murray so charmingly shows, a poor *religio* if it does not "free us from imprisonment in the rancor and wreck of the external present." Its aim is spiritual salvage and its method is heroic sacrifice, renunciation and intelligent self-control. The general attitude is one of reverence and responsibility, aspiration and sympathy with Nature, God and the Cosmic Consciousness. Pure religion is essentially a lifetime search for some means of establishing communication between man's mind, nature and experience with those divine existences which we call Nature, God, the Universe. It was the clear vision of this possibility and ideal achievement which inspired all the great saints and mystic philosophers of antiquity; it encouraged their speculations on divine things and ennobled their dealings with their fellow-men. It was a recognized fact which gave both foundation and validation to the mystic realism of Plato's ideal types and Spinoza's eternal forms; it is the constant cementing element giving coherence and inter-functional relation to Doctor Wallace's hierarchy of demi-gods and angels, cell-souls and exalted spiritual agencies. Many and various religions throughout the world's past history have found unity at least on this one feature of cosmic emotion, reverence and mystic exaltation. Among them may be mentioned those esoteric cults of theurgy and theosophy, Mithraic magic and Kaaba lore, mystic ecstacy and Neoplatonism, doctrines of creation and redemption such as Chaldean cosmogony and Logos-power, Gnostic Demiurgos and Byzantine Eucharist, oriental meditations and occidental industry.

The actual trend of religious progress and enlightenment has been away from miracles and magic toward normal experience and honest achievement. It has been a slow and laborious culture of man's soul, his mind and heart; not a sudden mysterious transfiguration or wheedler's promise of vicarious merit. It has been a natural process of time and effort, not a mythical emprise after imaginary golden fleeces. One of the first impulses toward religious feeling and aspiration was when some shaggy anthropoid began to wonder what made the stars shine or why the sun made him feel warm; then, after untold ages of vague observations, weird wonderings, superstitions and fetich-worship, the ancient peoples became self-conscious and adopted a veneration of heroes, tribal leaders and medicine men which soon gave rise to philosophies of man-made postulates and automorphic predications, to social theories of class, occu-

pation, government, customs and creeds. Two examples of what was perhaps the world's most unique program of mysticism are to be found existing contemporaneously in India and Greece during the days of ancient glory. Without making any close sectarian distinctions we find that there was a general practice and ritual built up in ancient India on the religious significance of a meditative asceticism which renounced all physical activity whether good or bad and which was supposed to give one power over the natural law of Karma which meant that one was enabled to evade the pernicious cycle of fate and all attachment to the seductions of sentient existence. Not only did the Hindus aim to free themselves from the vain exigencies of the external present, but they even went so far as to propose repudiation of the whole process and procuration of worldly life. In contemporary Greece we find the Eleusinian Mysteries offering their astonished devotees, who were usually erratic of mind if not erotic in emotion, a more or less enigmatic program of intellectual mystification under which (the flesh being willing and the spirit weak) was also given a teasing taste of emotional persuasion. The ultimate creed aimed at was a shrewd device of oracular manipulation whose only spirit and courage for good found expression in a specious ambiguity of advice which aimed to secure political power at a time when several states were jockeying for leadership in Greek sovereignty. In reality they were the feminine cults centering around the worship of Persephone and derived from the Egyptian cults of Isis; thus acting as correlatives to the masculine cults (Dionysaic Mysteries) centering around the Bacchanalian hedonism which Orpheus brought over from the Egyptian devotees to Horus. Very few of their rites were either religiously devout in the strict sense or sensually pure in the latitudinarian sense, and we should not reveal our own corrupt persuasion by considering them less devoted to cheap magic than to a hard-won sincerity in spiritual purity and mystic exaltation. Greek talent was more worldly than that of the ascetic Hindus.

Is it not a strange coincidence and commentary on our modern situation to find that among those who seek to minimize and extenuate religious fallacy and hypocrisy are reverend gentlemen hiding behind sackcloth frocks and rosaries de Cluny? How can a confessed casuist like Hastings Rashdall admit that the plain truth is not always the highest propriety and yet claim to be devout and loyal to a creed which frowns on all mischief and mendacity? Noncommittal assent to a falsehood will sooner or later prove to be culp-

able of greater wrong whether at the time found formal and literal or active and intentional. Neither casuist nor formulist can work up an eclectic relish for all that is good in even the major religions of the world, and still have such high respect for his petty "reservations" that he practically repudiates his cumulative credo. Twenty years ago an Anglican majority refused to change the Rubric, and although admitting a vast moral chaos in their own ranks, still decided to continue groping about their cavern of hypocrisy until such time as Divine Guidance chose to succor them.

A really welcome relief is to be had in the revival of Doctor Browne's practical interpretation in his *Religio Medici.* This revival appears in Canning Schiller's acceptance of Christianity as "an essentially human product like any other social phenomenon; it is a thoroughly pragmatic religion in which faith and reason perform mutually serviceable functions showing us that we must hold fast to the principle that the truest religion is the one which issues in and fosters the noblest life." Schiller's great friend and mentor, Wm. James, was another who looked at religion through similar spectacles and saw a similar sort of spiritual utility as its only valid excuse for taking up so much of our time and attention. In many ways like that famous neo-Spinozan who subscribed neither to casuist hypocrisy nor to formulist fantacism (Haeckel), James loved Nature and Nature's code, whence he affected no artificial theology because he had natural talent and a lovable character, and where these are neither artifice nor theology can long endure. There was nothing tender-minded about James' scientific temperament; he advocated a *tough* sort of mystic attitude which was able to doubt miraculous traditions and champion the possibility of plural religious situations at a time when literal theology and personal idealism were dividing the specious honors of a mutually eristic controversy.

Professors Royce was another protegé of William James. In "a constructive approach to the philosophy of religion" in his two great series of Gifford Lectures entitled, "The World and the Individual," he seeks to interpret Reality and Divine Being in a way that will solve the dilemma set forth in Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." Life is essentially the struggle to establish some sort of external validity for our spiritual outlook, our ideas and our talents, our wills and aspirations. That for the first or intellectual group is proven by the success or advantage of scientific discovery and invention, engineering projects and material achievements; that for the second or religio-moral group is proven by the *balance* of edu-

cation, social service, altruistic welfare, personal integrity and spiritual exaltation. Honesty in either mystic or pragmatic religion means that the motive or purpose behind our conduct qualifies the moral product of our activity as being acceptable to social justice and welfare, in the same way that the meaning or significance behind ideas validates them to take part in the intellectual content and philosophical tendency of our thoughts and plans. These also are the ultimate grounds on which to decide the good or evil of an action as well as the truth or fallacy of an idea. Religion and morality, science and philosophy, start with these first principles and erect their common barriers against man's mischief, folly, debauchery and delusion. Intelligent and purposive action, like discerning and teleological thought, is capable of realizing its aim only when and because it is grounded in reality and keeps company with truth and goodness. Both, in order to be whole and wholesome, to be of advantage to the individual and of benefit to society, must consider the three essential aspects of life; the supreme Sovereignty of God, the unity of the Universe or natural world, and the integrity of human personality. As Lotze once said, there is no universal integrity if we look on everything as separated or as lost from God. Religion is the emotional response while philosophy is the intellectual content to be found in our experience of these three orders of reality. While the laws and loves of the natural world share the same justice and inexorableness as those of the divine, we often find that the human spiritual world is plastic and appreciable enough to allow for a variety of interpretations, novel situations, spontaneity and initiative, numerous delicate variations and expressions of that piety and virtue which responds to law, that love and heroism which looks on beauty, truth and goodness with all the devout emotion of religious faith. Contrast and identity, plurality and unity, strife and harmony, sin and sobriety, iniquity and integrity—these are but different aspects of the ever-present conflict and antithesis between the ephemeral and the eternal, the finite and the infinite, the artificial and the real, the false and the true. And when we err in placing our confidence in the illusory rewards instead of the actual principles and duties of life, we cannot fail to be also wicked, miserable, ignorant, selfish and corrupt. And with these as sources to our further failure and unhappiness we are mad and vengeful because our petty purposes have been thwarted and overcome by others more ruthless or more diabolically determined. The whole finite scheme of falsehood, ignorance, pettiness, rhyomism and revenge must be

cast aside, and a more noble spiritual attitude assumed, a more devout piety, a more discerning disposition toward the good developed before one's life can be associated with the mystic nobility or even aspire to be divine.

As I said before, the proper conduct of life may be any of several sorts of mysticism, but there is no philosophy by magic nor any fiat science wherewith to solve the problems which so often stump us, thwarting our best efforts and ambitions.

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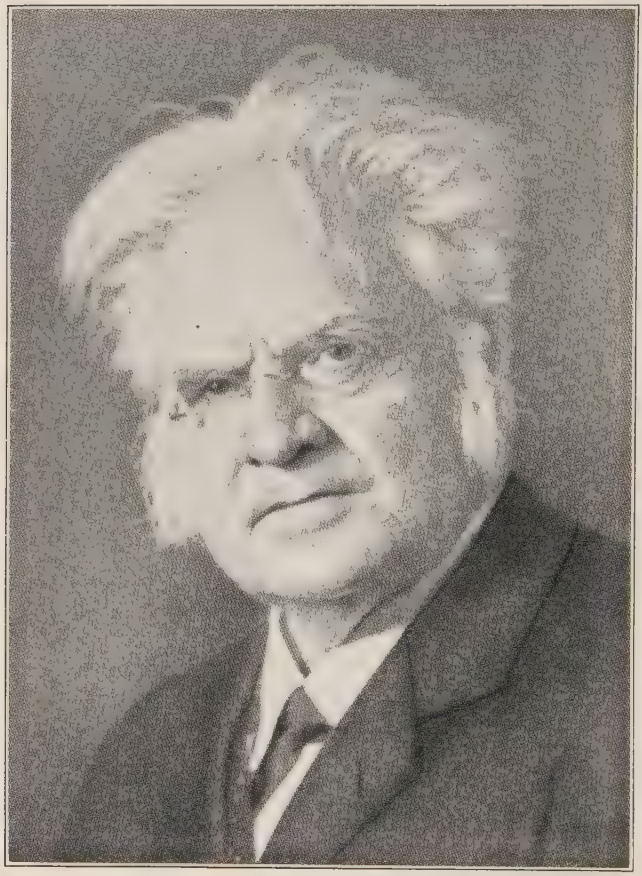

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THE MESSAGE OF BJORNSON[1]

BY GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON was born in a parsonage, the son of a clergyman. The date of his birth was 1832. His childhood home was in the highlands of northwest Norway, and he was educated in the University of Christiania.

At first, his interest was in science, but later he turned to literature. The men who influenced his life most profoundly were Darwin, Mill, Taine, and Herbert Spencer; the woman was Ellen Key. They were alike republicans in politics; freethinkers in religion.

Yet it would be more in line with my purpose to place Björnson alongside of Ibsen. Ibsen was only four years the senior of Björnson. Their friendship began early and, in spite of the breach which came later, the development of their inner life was the same, *pari passu,* on the whole.

Like Ibsen's, Björnson's life falls into two periods: his northern youth and his European manhood. The problem of a new era and a new science overtook both of them at about the same time—1870; later in Björnson's case than in Ibsen's perhaps. Yet the inner work was finished more quickly in the case of Björnson than in that of Ibsen, so that by 1875 he had published the first of his vision and thought in two dramas—*A Bankruptcy,* and *The Editor.*

Yet despite all this similarity in the outer and inner life of the two men—these two competitors for first place in the hearts of their countrymen—how different they were! We see Ibsen, the solitary delver into the subterranean recesses of life; the ceaseless doubter whose doubts deepened as life went on; later, we see him the resolute individualist, always striving to mount above himself but seeing nothing to mount on; with a bitter laugh upon his lips, more and more—laughing at God, at man, at his own works, his skeptical

[1] Edited by J. V. Nash, late Head of Department of Comparative Religion, the University of Chicago, from unpublished manuscript notes left by Doctor Foster at his death.

pessimism growing deeper and darker to the end. We find Björnson, however, a glowing wholesome man, full of faith; irradiating light and warmth, awakening love.

Such a man as Björnson may seem to us less profound than those gloomy men who are always peering into the night side and the seamy side of life, as was Ibsen! And, indeed, they *are* less at home in all the nooks and corners of human doubt and human misery.

Perhaps one must be decadent in order to be able to reach the ultimate depths in psychology; perhaps consummate finesse in unraveling human feelings is given to men with pale, thin, transparent hands. Saint Augustine and *Saintless* Friedrich Nietzsche, the greatest psychologists, were such men.

Still the healthy are not, on that account, less profound—the rectangular men whom Plato loved, because they saw truth without being consumed. One does not get the impression that Björnson shunned the problems of life because he was too healthy and normal. Another factor to be considered is that Björnson was the child of a pastor's home, and he never forgot the strength and healthiness and fullness that so often come from the privation of these homes. His pastors are not the caricatures that Ibsen sketched. Björnson knew them better than Ibsen did. Björnson never wholly condemned ecclesiastical Christianity, but only excrescences, using as criterion what Ibsen used—truthfulness and personal freedom.

With Ibsen, he stood for individualism, but he also stood for the two-fold content of Christian morality—love of man and faith in man. A reform of ecclesiastical Christianity, in the sense of inwardness, freedom, and truthfulness, found a champion in Björnson and a program in his works.

Yet Björnson knew pietism better than Ibsen did. Ibsen could only delineate in Einar that smooth self-deceiver, while Björnson has delineated in Ole Tuft (auf Gottes Wegen) a quite different nature, profound and truthful, showing its conflict, its losses in life, until Tuft penetrated to the new knowledge: "Life is supreme. After this day I will not seek God or God's will in a formula, in a sacrament, or in a book of any kind, or in a place, as if He were there especially: No, I will seek God in life—in life which is rescued from the depths of the anxiety of death, in the triumph of light, in the bliss of resignation, in the fellowship of life. God's best word to us is life; and the love of life is the supreme worship of God.

"Never again shall words become the supreme things to me—just as little shall science. Never again will I evaluate men as to dogmas which arose from the feeling of righteousness of a vanished

age, unless that dogma satisfies the standard of love of my own age. Never, by God! And never, because I believe in Him, the God of life, in His incessant revelations in life."

And this pietist, Ole Tuft, became a reformer of church doctrine that rose from the righteous feeling of ancient times. What is the consistency of our faith that war and oppression shall end, while we teach the doctrine of hell, with all its cruel revenge and barbarity, in all schools and churches, as God's righteousness and love?

This criticism of traditional Christianity by Björnson is of great importance. Ritschlian theology in Germany joined this criticism of dogma and church, but from the point of view of *Weltanschauung* and history. The criticism of ancient institutions must be made from the point of view of morality and of the spirit of Christianity. The moral peril of the old dogma and the old church must be summoned before the judgment seat of love and truth.

Perhaps Björnson is not too bold when he thinks that many a bishop could uncover his Christian heart and be surpassed by a Leonardo. In fact, Leonardo, in his great conversation with the bishop, represented Christianity as against Church, Jesus' love as against the "consideration" and "caution" of a clergyman. And it was a triumph of Christianity over Church when the bishop confessed that he had condemned too soon and too severely, that he had been a respecter of persons, that he had possessed too little love that could give him the courage to do right.

"And the congregation that I led but did not trust would have followed my example—for their hearts were good—if I had had the courage to go before in ways of love. But I was too poor in love to be able to do this."

All this is not weakly meant—it is strong and great, like the real love of a disciple of Jesus. This conversation between the bishop and his nephew ends wonderfully. After the penitence of the old man there comes the sacrifice of the new—for now and then love is given thus, that it may teach us to make sacrifices.

Few men have succeeded as this northern poet has in finding such words full of tenderness and strength, for the highest in the religion of Jesus, for faith even on the part of him who does not feel God's love, but will go through life without God.

How full of quietness and greatness does his novel close: "Where brave men go, there are God's ways." And how wonderful that other word, worthy of a place in the New Testament: "God's love is no prerogative of a believer. To feel His love, to rejoice in it, and in its name to make the impossible possible!"

Therefore, the traits of this Christianity are manliness and freedom; also kindness and tenderness and love and fineness. Therefore, the great northern poet is one of the most valuable forces for the reconstitution of the church, so that the church shall be redeemed from its hollowness, its insensibility, its narrowness—so that the church shall not encroach upon the tenderest possessions of the inner life, and man's faith, and man's conscience, with the means of the law, like the State; or of discipline, like a father; or of mere custom, like society. Through his positive contribution, which transcends mere criticism, Björnson offers the best that the individualistic movement at the close of the nineteenth century has given to Christianity.

Now, may all this be said of the double drama in which Björnson has spoken most powerfully to his times? Is "Ueber die Kraft" meant only as a refutation of a degenerate Christianity—or as a refutation of Christianity itself? And, no matter how the poet meant it, does it strike a blow at Christianity, or only at a malformation of Christianity?

It is not easy to decide this question, especially not if we ask it as to Björnson himself, because Björnson has sketched in Pastor Adolf Sang[2] a figure so full of luminous strength and wealth, so full of tender and kind Christianity, that it must be immensely difficult to separate between his personal characteristics and his religion.

A wonderful word shows us how he knew the definitive love of a disciple of Jesus. He really did not need to assure us: "By God, I am no pietist; I do not speak here as a parson," because he was something different, something that brings springtime into a sick room, something beaming and glorious, something victorious, in whose presence all bow.

And yet, he was one who did not require, but *did* the impossible, because it welled up from his innermost being. No word of censure and scolding passed his lips. When he saw, as Ibsen's Brand saw, that Christianity was half-hearted and time-serving and weak, he did not punish and coerce others with wild exactions, but spoke a word to his own soul: "If only one man dared, then would not thousands immediately dare, too? And so it grew clear to me that I must try to be this one man. And I think that every one ought to try. If he does not *try*, then he is no *believer*, for to believe is to have the conviction that nothing is impossible to faith—and then to show this faith."

The woman who shared his life, from an old nervous family of skeptics, bore witness, full of love and gratitude, that he had never

[2] In the drama, *Beyond Human Power*, First Part, 1883.

tried to persuade or force her to his faith. "That I must believe or be damned—that," said Sang, according to the woman, "that is God's affair. Our affair is to be true. Then we *will* believe, here or hereafter." The woman's sister asked her: "Yet he works for the spread of the faith?" "Yes," she answered, "in *his way*. Never, no never, with compulsion. He is against every kind of compulsion, do you hear? Against all, of any kind. Ah, there is none like him."

And this man's power of believing and loving was inexhaustible. He said to his wife, the only unbeliever he knew: "Everything passes before my mind that we have experienced together. Do you know, I believe I love you better because you do not share my faith? On this account you are incessantly in my thoughts. Your devotion to me springs entirely from your own will and nature, and has no other origin, and you maintain your own truth at my side—of that I am proud."

He even valued her faith higher than his own. To Sang, the virtues of unbelievers were not splendid vices, as Augustine called them. "We change," Sang said, "we give our *faith,* but you give your *life.* What confidence you must have in me. How I love you!" When his children came to him, confessing that they had lost their faith, this deepest pain of his life did not make him harsh or bitter—did not unsettle his faith. With full love and firm confidence, he said to his son: "You have always been honorable; if you have done it, you had to do it." This suffering was doubly heavy, because he would heal his wife with the help of the children. Yet his faith was brave: "Have I not doubted and waited for the help of others? Therefore, God took this help away from me. It has failed in the presence of the impossible. I see better what faith is now."

Adolf Sang is a transfigured Brand. We find nothing more of the Old Testament, nothing of zeal, hate, and censure in Sang, as there was in Brand. Björnson understands that true Christians are children of God, who are like their Father in heaven, causing His sun to shine on evil and good, and sending His rain on just and unjust alike.

Yet it is precisely this Pastor Adolf Sang who plunged himself and his family in misery, with his faith in the impossible, and with his requirement of an unconditional surrender for man. The sick wife, so long on a bed of pain, the wife that he loved so passionately, was a victim of his faith. It was an impressive, heart-stirring speech she made about Sang as he gave up his property—"It must be so; it is!" Again, as he risked his life in a tiny boat on a stormy sea, with one of the little children with him, she cried: "If I had not held out

against him, he would not be alive, nor the children, to say nothing of myself. And now for me the end has come."

The sick wife saw him sacrifice happiness and the life of his family to his unconditional requirement, to his doctrine that all things are possible to faith. With a militant, maternal love, she cried out: "I do not know what the children will live on. And those bad, wicked men—I do not know when he will perish in the mist on the mountain or in the storm on the sea. There, there, I have it—I will cast myself across his path. I will do everything, absolutely everything that I can think to hinder him. Suppose he would do it now? I have not stood on my feet for many months. But I could—I could. I am firmly convinced; I could. Then I also would do miracles, for I love him and his children."

To this superhuman requirement there belongs, according to Björnson, a superhuman foundation—miracle. Thus Sang understood. Therefore he sought miracle. Bratt expressed it: "Religion is no longer the sole ideal of man. If it is to be the highest, prove it. They can live and die for what they love—for fatherland, a conviction. And this is the highest that can be done within natural limits; and yet you will show them a higher—well, then, out above those limits! Show them miracle!"

The unconditional requirement which requires the sacrifice of all that is human is indissolubly connected with the supernatural. Adolf Sang wanted to lead the flat, stale, unprofitable Christianity of our day back again into the youth and power of its first days; and he wanted to do this *through miracle*. Then the woman put herself in the way of the sacrifice, because she was a doubter. Otherwise, she herself would have been able to make the sacrifice. And thus the tragedy of Christianity seemed to rise from this tragedy of miracle, for *ueber die Kraft* is the tragedy of miracle, and shows how miracle crushes him who has it, and his children to the third and fourth generation.

Two fearful truths there are which break in upon our hearts with annihilating power in the two dramas, after we have been led almost to faith in the impossible by means of a magnificent and compelling art. The upshot of it all is this: miracle remains eternally uncertain and crushes, through doubt, the man who stakes his whole upon the supernatural. That is the truth to which the first drama leads us—how we are forced under the ban of miracle.

At first we stand with the sister beside the bed of the suffering wife, and we hear her plaint and her husband's jubilant confidence, brought from the mountains and the spring flowers, and fortified by

his children. Today the miracle upon his wife *must* succeed, in spite of her unbelief. We hear the cry of his heart, when his children communicate their doubt to him, and we see his courageous confidence in the providence of God. Nay, he grows ever more triumphant through the unbelief of others.

Then we experience the first miracle: the mountain falls upon the parsonage and upon the church in which the solitary suppliant listens to the call. Yet just as everything threatens to collapse, he turns from the church without harm. The invalid woman[3] quietly sleeps without any inkling of the fearful danger. Do we experience a miracle, however? Was it an accident?

Then a second time we live through the problem. While hundreds of men on the outside of the church, in silent devotion, accompany the singing and praying of the believing man in the church, we enter the assembly of the pastors convened in Adolf Sang's house. Here we find no Ibsen caricatures! Björnson pictures them as men, genuine men of our day, weary of their office, dull; or else skeptical and clever—people who have learned to go with the instincts and traditions of the masses, but also with science.

Here Björnson, with extraordinary art, exhibits all the standpoints of the common run of theologians and all the standpoints of ecclesiastical becoming. And all these rationalistic, fatigued men of our day are powerfully affected—as we are—by the magic of a fiery man, who has entered to see a miracle and to find peace in miracle finally. Bratt has left his pastoral office to seek a miracle; he has been in all the miracle places of Europe. Seven years as a clergyman has he promised the faithful a miracle, because it is written that all things are possible to faith and that believers have power to do even greater things than the Son of Man!

"Seven long years, as the needy days came (and they came often, and sleepless nights, too) have I wrestled in hot prayer: where is the miraculous power Thou hast promised the believer?" And it is not for himself alone; it is for a whole world, for an age that was sick, that he seeks certainty and peace.

If a miracle should occur among us—so great a miracle "that all who saw, believed"—? At first, millions would come storming in—all who live in need and yearning—the disillusioned, the oppressed, the suffering, all who demand justice—in tears, in jubilation; yes, even if they run the risk of dying on the path, they would rather die on the path hither than to live on any other way. All who seek truth on the earth would follow them; in front, those whose thirst

[3] His wife, who had hardly slept in months.

for truth is greatest; the deep, earnest seekers, lofty spirits. Their glow would be most beautiful, their faith most important. It is not the stress for truth, nor the capacity of faith that they lack, but miracle—miraculously!

Now his words become more powerful, his heart is aflame with enthusiasm and longing. All tremble and quiver, and a sagacious bishop weeps, saying in a mild and trembling voice: "Ah, if it should come and I an old man should behold it!"

Then it comes—before our eyes. The sick wife rises from her bed. In her white robe she walks slowly through the room to the path that leads to the church, meeting the shouts of the people, in and out of the church, which announce the miracle. Adolf Sang appears in the doorway, quick and manly. The evening sun lights up his face. He reaches out his hands to his wife, who stands in the middle of the room. She sinks in his arms, and with a last effort whispers to him: "Thou shinest, as thou camest, my beloved!" Then she sinks down dead at his feet. He places his hand on her heart—he bows bewildered over her. As a child, he looks from earth up to heaven.

"But that was not the intention? or?—or?—" And he sinks down dead beside the corpse of his wife. The miracle has broken his heart? Was it a miracle? Is there miracle? Do all who saw it believe? What did he mean by that "or"? Thus they all ask. And there is no answer, except Bratt's: "I do not know. But he died through it."

The second part of the drama[4] preaches with fearful power the second truth, viz: men whose souls have been nourished with this impossible, are forever off the track. We find Bratt again as a Socialistic organizer of an enormous strike, by which, in exaggeration of the power of laborers, he makes the miserable more miserable, notwithstanding the fact that his heart is full of love. He ends in insanity. Elias Sang[5] dies as an anarchistic transgressor, after he has sent a whole assembly of manufacturers to death. And whence comes the fearful thing which destroys all that is human—in which alone it has thought there is redemption? Whence comes it that Elias Sang, who is kindness itself, flings dynamite about? For "the greatest thing in goodness," says Björnson, "is that it is creative." Kindness spreads itself, that joy in abundance may spring up in the will of others. What if it kills, however?" Whence comes this? In the last analysis, thus Rahel tells us, from education in the

[4] *Beyond Human Power*, Second Part, 1895.

[5] The son of Pastor Sang.

Christianity of the Fathers. "Elias has suffered with me all that a man can suffer from the inhumanity of miracle. And then he stumbles over the inhumanity of theories. His fantasy was filled with what was greater than the greatest. It has soared up infinitely. Anyone could have known that the desire for the superman would lead into error."

If Björnson thought that he had attacked the essence of Christianity with these two unsettling truths, he was deceived. He has really made the defense of Christianity easy, since miracle, as *proof of faith*, is sub-Christian, and belongs to the primitive religions.

Moreover, prayer, as *a compulsion of duty*, does not belong to Christianity, but to the lowest forms of religion.

As against all this, Björnson was right, ten times right. This miracle religion is not Christianity, though it be otherwise as Christian as Adolf Sang held it to be. Jesus himself agreed with Björnson, since Jesus clearly and sharply taught that to build faith on miracle was to build it on sand. "They have Moses and the prophets," said Jesus. "If they believe not these, neither would they believe though one rose from the dead." And history proves what Björnson presented, what Jesus said.

Even suppose many juristically and medicinally authenticated miracles did occur, at Lourdes and Treves, did all who saw believe, therefore? No, only those who antecedently held to the divinity of the Virgin of Lourdes and the trustworthiness of man. They believed therefore, not because they saw miracle, but because antecedently they had confidence of a moral kind in man and in God. Most of us overlook this because we were brought up as children through the false miracle faith.

Bratt's mighty words of yearning echo in us all, because this yearning was implanted in our child souls as the highest thing, and because they awaken the terrible hours of doubt through which we have all passed on account of the miracle faith. When will our children be spared this terrible evil? It ought no longer to be possible in Christianity, since Jesus arraigns the miracle faith more sharply than Björnson has done. He reproached the thirsters for miracle as faithless to God—a wicked and adulterous generation.

Whoever requires miracle will not, just because of his distrust and selfishness, bow to the ideal and trust God, until he has been antecedently assured, in an external way, of his cause, of his reward, of the divine help. Yet God never gives a sign except the sign of the prophet Jonah, which is not, as Matt. xii. 40 misinterprets, the

resurrection of Jesus, but the preaching of repentance to the conscience, as the old text in Luke xi. 30 distinctly shows.

Jesus here peers more deeply into the soul than does our modern poet. He has exposed the final root of every "proof" in religion, viz: doubt of the ideal—unwillingness to commit ourselves entirely to the ideal when our conscience is reached and aroused—the unethical requirement of guarantees that our sacrifice of our selfishness and happiness shall not be without its reward. This is all as bad as it can well be.

In truth, the miracle faith springs from pessimistic religion of Nature peoples. Already the great polytheistic religions have mounted above miracle. Their gods are orderers of things, kings and lords who disclose themselves in regular processes. The sun gods, the gods of spring, sky, stars: these are spirits of order and rule over the whole world. And the Father of Jesus Christ has inwardly nothing more to do with miracle, since he sends his rain upon the just and the unjust alike.

Bratt sought miracle as proof for his wavering faith, as an aid against his doubt. Adolf Sang sought miracle as proof of the genuineness and strength of his faith. Neither is according to the mind of Jesus, who would not give a sign, but would arouse the conscience. Miracle came to Jesus; he did not seek it—he condemned it. Nor did Jesus view prayer as a divine coercion. This is only to expect miracle, if one but prays fervently enough.

Jesus said finely: "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be ye not, therefore, like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." No prayer is needed by that Father who clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens without any petition on their part. And Jesus' greatest word is directly against Adolf Sang, who would force God to do miracle—"not my will, but thine, be done."

Therefore, Björnson has not dealt the heart of Christianity a blow with his tragedies of the miracle faith, often as this faith is confounded with Christianity today. Nor do I think that Björnson meant to do so. He meant Rahel to be the proclaimer of true Christianity, in harmony with all that is human—Rahel, in whose mouth he put his own most beautiful and most profound words. Indeed, it was Rahel who, at the end of the second drama, found the genuine Christian attitude to suffering: suffering is a blessing and a task; it alone fully ripens man; it alone makes man certainly a blessing to others. She says: "Men live, each of them, in his cloud of smoke.

They do not see. We are educated to it. I blame nobody. But God, whom we shall all understand better with time—He must have a share in all that we suffer through the supernatural. The more, the oftener, the stronger we cry, the deeper is God felt. Nothing is ours until sorrow touches it; no ideal, until sorrow breathes upon it; no understanding, until sorrow has looked us in the eyes. Our mind is like a room full of visitors until sorrow enters, quietly or quickly. Then it is our own. Then we are at home.

"Elias, Elias, first now do I understand thee as thou deservest. From now on I leave thee not again—that not for which thou diest. Our suffering shall purify us; our tears shall shine like the stars and save thousands."

True and beautiful and human as Rahel's Christianity is, it is yet not the whole of it. In Sang's Christianity, Björnson sketched a false kind. He rejected in Sang certain traits which Christianity cannot give up without sacrificing itself. Christianity is not just humanity in the sense of a harmonious symphony of all requirements. Christianity has a requirement which is *ueber die Kraft* of most of us, and a faith in the impossible which it can not surrender.

Yet Björnson opposed both of these as unhuman and dangerous things. Björnson let Elias wonderfully divine the requirement: "I call only him a Christian who has learned from Jesus the mystery of perfection and does it." All else is wish-wash ethics and compromise Christianity, thinks Elias. He says: "In life as in doctrine, they bow before *status quo*—before what exists in their day and place, before institutions, before conventions, prepossessions, economic and all possible conditions. They adjust themselves to what is."

We, however, must mount up to the ideal that is above our power. An ideal must be above us, else it can not draw us up to itself. Man moves ever upward and onward in his ideal to the unknown goal of his future. Björnson is an impressive witness against Nietzsche, who thought that Christianity was an overcome standpoint, since its gaze was fixed no longer on the distant sea and the undulating dawn. Yet this ideal is ever *ueber die Kraft.* Christianity is not a rigid law that can be overcome by another law. It is unwitheringly and eternally living. It is the disposition of love, which grows and deepens, until we know not what we shall be.

MOSLEM CULTURE TODAY

BY HERBERT LOEWE

THERE are certain subjects that seem fated rarely to be discussed for their own sake. The interests of the average man are strictly limited and it will, usually, be found that they can be included in certain well-defined circles, to overstep which is generally held to be a waste of time. The tyranny of convention is powerful: it decrees not only what a man ought to know, but also what he ought not to know and to disobey the decree is often to incur the name of a crank. But if certain subjects are unworthy of discussion and study, they are not, on that account, left to repose peacefully in decent obscurity since nobody troubles about them, they are common property and may be conveniently dragged from the lumber room, as useful red-herrings. They may be quoted, but only in a superficial way, and made to serve the needs of the orator and politician, who thereby, without fear of contradiction from the audience, gain, with the greatest ease, totally unmerited reputations for learning and originality.

It is the misfortune of Arab culture to be one of these subjects. When mentioned in debate, it has been unduly decreed or unreasonably exalted, according to the whim of the speaker and the exigencies of his brief. It is bad form to speak of Arab culture in society. One may speak of Homer or Dante with impunity and even with credit, but he who is rash enough to utter the name of Imrul Qais at a dinner table, is held guilty of "talking shop," a heinous crime. Adapting the famous remark of Robertson Smith, one may say that there have been periods in which Arab culture has been loved for its own sake and periods that have been indifferent to Arab culture for its own sake, but that it has been reserved for the present age to show itself sincerely hostile to Arab culture for its own sake. This can be proved from the theatre and no better method of proof need be sought, for the stage is a mirror of the mentality of society. Now, Tutankhamen is fashionable, because he was excavated by a nobleman, and the stage manager is therefore excessively careful to

be accurate when he wishes to treat of him. But in the last few years, when plays dealing with Islam have figured on the boards of London theatres, we have seen mummies introduced into Bagdad, as though they formed part of Moslem life under the Abbasids; we have been favored with well-known Arabic words, embroidered on curtains and printed on posters, unfortunately, in defiance of the rules of Arabic orthography, and we have heard a *Muezzin,* on the stage, recite the morning *Azan* (or call to prayer) just as the stage electricians were manipulating the limelight to turn day into evening. Flecker, who studied Islam, had to die before his play was produced.

Now the moral of this is plain. The public is proverbially sensitive in the matter of dramatic accuracy. Miss Snevellicci and Nicholas Nickleby had to convince Mr. Curdle that the unities of the drama would be inviolate in their keeping before that zealous defender of the arts would risk half a crown on a French farce. In "Verdant Green," that classic tale of Oxford life, Mr. Foote, amid the excitement of a "Town and Gown," took occasion to vindicate the purity of the drama to the "Putney Pet." Now if the dramatic instinct of the public is stirred into action in the matter of a trivial French farce or a boxing bout, how will it tolerate the absurdities which disfigure the stage when the life of the Moslem is depicted? The answer is that Islam does not count, and anything will do, so long as plenty of local color, a la Cook, is splashed about and the word Bismillah employed as a gag at frequent intervals. An actor-manager who desires to produce "Julius Caesar" is said to devote infinite pains to preliminary research. He dare not misspell a Latin word on his program. He will haunt the museums, he will study text-books, he will pay handsome fees to archaelogists to revise his setting, so that the smallest details may be scrupulously accurate. But when "Othello" or an Eastern drama is to be played, is he equally zealous to attain precision?

There was a time in England, not so long ago, when Islam was held to be worthy of serious consideration. The Dukes of Northumberland and Sussex were generous patrons of Oriental research: they were able to appreciate and to understand. A century ago in England the study of the Orient was pursued not because it was fashionable and patronized by the nobility, but because thought was untrammelled by convention. Classical studies, too, were more general and the common standard of culture was less prone to the limits imposed by unscholarly specialization. Haileybury, before it became a public school, was an East Indian college that implanted the seeds of Oriental learning in the young men whom it sent out to govern

the East. Indian officials, such as Sir William Jones, were distinguished for their proficiency in the Arabic and Persian literatures. England was genuinely interested in Islam and its culture.

But many indications show the change in public sentiment that marked the middle of the last century. The study of Eastern languages gradually declined. Hebrew was ejected from the curriculum of the schools. To this day, a student at Oxford can obtain a theological degree without being able to read a single word of the Old Testament in its original tongue. Arabic and Persian were penalized and a knowledge of these tongues used to be a severe handicap in the examination for the I. C. S. A candidate could gain for an entire Eastern language and literature, about the same maximum of marks as was allocated to a Latin unseen. France and Russia had splendid academies devoted to Oriental research and to the study of living Eastern languages; England, with the greatest Oriental Empire in the world, starved the Oriental Departments of Oxford and Cambridge, with their special provisions for current Oriental vernaculars. Until the London School was established quite recently, England possessed no institute devoted to the study of spoken Arabic, Turkish and Persian.

Nowadays there is perhaps a growth of interest in Islamic culture, due to the course of political events. But it is to be regretted that there are few signs of a corresponding growth of serious study of the subject. Politicians, who wish to introduce into their speeches references to Islam, prefer, in many cases, to derive their authority from the *Daily Mail* or *Daily Express,* rather than from the standard words of scholars. So it happens that opponents of Turkey systematically decry this said culture, of which they know nothing; they coin such phrases as "the blight of Islam." On the other hand, the opponents of Greece, equally misinformed, put forward for Islamic culture claims that cannot be substantiated. They are blinded by their zeal; their catchword, equally meaningless, is "the glamour of the East." Sometimes these two inconsistent views may be heard from one politician on two different occasions. Thus there are certain members of Parliament who wish to exclude Indian Moslems from the highlands of Kenya; their exclusion is advocated on the ground that the Moslem belongs to an utterly debased civilization. Those who use this argument, however, cannot find terms in which to express their appreciation of this same Moslem civilization when the topic of conversation shifts to the Moslems of Palestine. A guinea spent on press cuttings would provide some striking illus-

trations of this phenomenon. No political party would escape scot-free.

Islam produced a great and noble culture, for which, however, absolute perfection can be claimed no more than for any other manifestation of human genius. It is worth while briefly to estimate this culture, to examine its decline and to speculate on its chances of revival.

Islam is a manifestation of the Semitic genius, and it may be observed that the ancestry of its culture is a distinguished one. Thus, it may be remarked that the Semites gave the world one of the greatest boons. The discovery of the alphabet, or rather the simplification of a highly complicated system of writing, brought man nearer to man and broke down the power of a limited class by rendering it possible for a far larger number to record ideas and facts and to communicate with distant parts. It is true that mankind required centuries of time before appreciating and making general use of this grand invention. The greater, then, is the credit of the inventors if they were so far in advance of their age. From the twenty-two signs of the Semitic alphabet, not only the characters used in Europe had their origin, but also the forty-six symbols of the *Brahma Lipi* in India. The high standard of culture attained by the ancient Semites is commonly recognized. The Arabs, pure Semites, inherited the potentiality of their ancestors and this statement receives confirmation if, as a large school of Orientalists hold, it be true that Arabia was the primeval home of the Semitic races. But whether the Arabs were indigenous in Arabia or immigrants there, the fact remains that for centuries they lived in undisturbed isolation. Central Arabia was an unknown land until the seventh century of this era. Few and far between were the attempts to pierce the obscurity that veiled the country and its people. The attempts were uniformly unsuccessful. For example, Aelius Gallus, during the reign of Augustus, led a Roman Army from the northern shores of the Red Sea into Arabia. He was forced to retreat. So little was the effect of the invasion felt that no vestige of the memories of this comparatively modern expedition survived in Arab traditions. The Arabs, therefore, may be said to have passed their existence completely withdrawn from the outside gaze for centuries, perfecting and intensifying their cultural instincts, so that when they burst upon an astonished world, the power of their civilization proved irresistible. The growth of the Arab Empire was phenomenal for two reasons, for the extent of its conquests and for the rapidity with which they were achieved. Muhammad was born in 570; he

died in 632. His successors carried his faith into Persia and India, over Africa into Spain, and exactly one century after the death of the prophet the tide of their conquering hosts was stayed by Charles Martels at Tours. "An issue momentous for Europe was decided . . . whether it was to be Christian or Mohammedan, whether the future Notre Dame was to be a church or a Mosque, perhaps even whether St. Paul's when it came to be built, should echo the chant of the Agnus Dei or the muttered prayers of Islam. Had the Saracens not been checked at Tours, there is no reason to suppose that they would have stopped at the English Channel." [1]

Now these conquests, vast as they were, would not in themselves have entitled the Arabs to the great claims which are made on their behalf. Other nations have set up empires but in one respect supremacy of the Arabs differed from that of their predecessors and successors alike. Captive Greece overcame her savage conqueror. In the same way the Arabs, whether conquered or conquerors, overcame those with whom their arms and culture came into contact. They fostered indigenous Arabic civilizations wherever they came. The Arabic tongue and the Arabic literature spread and developed. While the Moors ruled Spain, art, science and literature flourished there and scarcely anywhere else in Europe. Rome also conquered Spain but the cultural influence exercised by the Romans was small. Only two Roman-Spaniards achieved distinction, Martial and Seneca of Cordova and the circumstances that Seneca's rise to fame was regarded as exceptional shows clearly how low must have been the common standard of learning in the Iberian peninsula. When one says that no good can come from Galilee, there is usually some valid reason for such a generalization. Judged by the same test, Anglo-Saxon genius too would suffer. The dominion of the British Empire has brought countless advantages to its somewhat unappreciative subject-races and colonies. But although the Union Jack has waved over Canada, South Africa and Australia for a considerable period, English literature has yet to be enriched by works that will survive as classical, from the pens of colonial authors. Even if the United States be included for this purpose in the Anglo-Saxon area, the result will hardly be changed appreciably, not overlooking the names of Walt Whitman and Longfellow and not forgetting the popularity of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Eddy. And as for the progress of English literature in India, it need merely be observed that the literary world has not yet learned to value the English writings of the Babus of Bengal at their author's estimate.

[1] *Moors in Spain.* Lane Poole, p. 29.

Now the Arabs stimulated in their conquered lands a culture that proved virile and enduring. Naturally, neither the value of that culture nor its intensity was everywhere uniformly equal. Yet, within certain limits, the terms "Moslem" and "Arab" may not infrequently be interchanged when speaking of culture. But when the Turk outrages the conscience of Europe no less than the laws of his religion by act of brutal massacre, the guilt must be ascribed to a sporadic outburst of atavism; his Mongol ancestry not his Islamic culture is the cause.

The genius of the Semitic races has found its most potent expression in religion. Islam, the youngest of the three great Semitic faiths, is a worthy member of the group. Too often a prejudiced picture of Islam is drawn; it is unjust that the polemics of professed detractors, such as missionaries, should be regarded as independent estimates and cited as such, while the more impartial verdicts of objective scholars are ignored. Islam arose at a time and in a place where Judaism and Christianity were enfeebled. Muhammad's presentation of religion had certain defects but it raised immeasurably the spiritual outlook of the Arabs and to judge of its effect one must look at the hordes of savages who accepted Islam and one must consider how it improved their condition. Muhammad abolished idolatry and reaffirmed the sternest principles of monotheism. He put down infanticide, he checked gambling, he suppressed drunkenness. Among those who follow his system, suicide is unknown, although the hereafter is portrayed to the true believer in colors so attractive as to afford every inducement to terminate speedily any hopeless existence on this earth. He inculcated the fundamental principles of morality. He introduced equality. He improved the condition of slaves although, like the prophets and apostles, he did not dispute the legality of the institution of slavery. Wherever Islam spread, the general level of morality improved. This statement requires qualification, but, on the whole, it is true. Millions of proselytes and believers have lived godly, sober and righteous lives in the teaching of the Mosque. No one can gainsay this and it represents a great and valued achievement of Islam and its culture. That this faith has certain features which prevent its universal acceptance is obvious. But in view of the diversity of views prevailing with regard to theology, this circumstance reflects no more on Islam than on its sister faiths, which, also, have failed to secure the adhesion of all mankind. On the other hand, Moslems have no ground for complaint if objection be taken to the determinism of their faith, to the anthroporphisms of the Quran, though these may

be explained on other grounds. A Christian or a Jew might perhaps hesitate to refer to his God as "the best of cheats" (*cheir ul-Maqirin*). But when, for example, the position of women under Islam is attacked, many unfair statements are made.

In pre-Islamic days, the Arab woman wandered free and untrammelled and rose to positions of eminence. In Moorish Andalusia, women were encouraged to study and at Cordova the lady doctor was not unknown. The Harem system at its best was and is by no means the scheme of wholesale and unrestricted concubinage which opponents assert it to be. There, unmarried aunts and cousins and sisters were supported and safeguarded from want and danger. The system had its faults but while it flourished at its best, street prostitution was almost unknown. Polygamy, though possibly conceded with restrictions, is rare, but whoever feels inclined to make sweeping statements about the sexual morality of the Moslem, should bear in mind the white slavery of Europe and the flagrant immorality of the large cities of the West.

Moslem culture manifested itself also in martial prowess. The armies of Islam, in the early days of the faith, swept over Mesopotamia and Persia. Egypt was conquered in three weeks. North Africa and Spain succumbed to their forces. Later, Mahmud of Ghazna, during the thirty-four years of his reign (996-1030) invaded India seventeen times. The Saracen commanders met and withstood the onslaught of the chivalry of Europe, in the Crusades. In 1258, the Caliphate at Bagdad was overthrown by the Mongols and Islam seemed doomed. The Mongols swept into Europe, leaving a train of massacre and pillage in their track, penetrating as far as Liegnitz by Breslau. Europe was powerless to arrest their path. Matthew Paris records that the Yarmouth fishermen were afraid to put to sea through dread of the Mongols. Yet although the very vitals of Islam had been pierced in 1258, its Caliph murdered, its capital razed, Islam saved the world from the Mongol scourge. Hulagus' host was beaten at Ain Jalut in 1260 by Kotuz, the ruler of Egypt, an erstwhile slave, and his general Beibars, who murdered the victor in the hour of victory. The valour of the Saracens was proverbial. Chivalry is said by Professor Browne and others to have originated from the model of the Moors in Spain and no better example of a knight than Saladin need be sought. The Barbary Corsairs preserved the martial reputation of the Moslems: their galleys roamed supreme over the Mediterranean, where heroes like Dragut defeated the Christian fleets and enjoyed an unchallenged naval domination. A testimony to this maritime supremacy is the survival

of the Arabic word Admiral (French *Amiral*), from the Arabic *Amir al-bahri*, or Sea Lord.

Here, too, the same phenomena may be noticed as in the sphere of literature. The Moslems trained native levies. Omar, already urged that the Arabs should be withdrawn from Persia, so as not to find a Capua amid the luxury of the Sassanians. Further, so potent was the charm of Islam that it conquered its conquerors. Scarcely fifty years elapsed after the destruction of Bagdad before its destroyers were zealous champions of Islam.

In the sphere of pure culture, that is to say, in the arts, letters and sciences, the pre-eminence of the Moslems up to the time of the Renaissance needs no demonstration. While Europe slept in the Dark Ages, the Moslems kept the torch of learning burning. They fostered the sciences and indeed, except for the Jews, retained a monopoly of them. Arab doctors were famous; the designs of Arab architects excite admiration today. Mediaeval Egypt and Spain outshone the contemporary Christian states of Europe in aesthetics. It is impossible, in a few brief sentences, to afford an adequate idea of the standard of artistic excellence attained by the Moslems. A contrast between the interiors of Moslem and Norman castles is suggestive. Both edifices were massively built and well planned. But the Norman nobleman's hall was covered with straw and rushes, that of the Moslem with priceless carpets and tapestry. The museums of Europe and Egypt preserve examples of the beautiful inlaid furniture and lamps and other articles used by the Moslems. Their homes were adorned in artistic luxury. The standard of life and comfort was higher. Until the time of the Crusades, spices, perfumes and other products of the East had been in Europe the luxury of the few. Kingsford cites the following interesting facts in this connection: Bede, on his death-bed divided his precious store of pepper amongst his friends: it was a treasure. But by the time of Piers Plowman even the wife of Beton the Brewster has "pepper and pionys and a pound of garlike." From the East came dyeing, glass-blowing and silk-weaving. About 1150 King Roger introduced sugar-cane into Sicily from the East. Many further instances could be cited to show how the culture of Islam acted on the culture of Europe, to which it was superior.

In literature the contrast is still more striking. The pomp and chivalry of Europe went forth to the Crusades. How many kings and knights could read and write? About twelve accounts of the Crusades were written by Franks: the writers were in nearly every case, monks. The Saracens were not only able to read and write,

but they were a profoundly literary people. Literature was not confined to an ecclesiastical caste, it was the common property of every Moslem gentleman.

It is interesting to notice the Arabic words that have crept into the English language. In commerce there are words like tariff, magazine and average (of merchandise); in sport, chess (and its terminology), the *chukker* of polo and the racquet of tennis; in music, lute and rebeck (or roebuck); in science, zenith and nadir; in industry, damask, taffeta, muslin and atlas. Admiral, barge and bargee are Arabic words; so are arsenal (*Darsinale* in Italian) and Barbicane. The numerous words beginning with the Arabic article *al* are significant, words such as algebra and alchemy, alcove, almanach, alembic and alhali. The foregoing are but a few; they demonstrate the extent to which Arabic culture permeated Europe. And if beer be typically English, both in origin and etymology, at least booze[2] is Arabic.

The greatness of Moslem culture makes its decay the more surprising. Wherever Islam exists, it is decadent. In no sphere do the Muslims excel. Their religion has no message for the present age, it is still steeped in scholasticism. The young Turks are mostly atheists; agnosticism and materialism are eating into the vitals of Islam. There is a strong anti-Arab movement among the Turks. The attempt has been made to impose a Turkish *Quran*. The curtailment of the power and position of the Caliph is another instance of the present tendency to the secularization of Islam amongst the young Turks. In art, science and literature, the name of Islam counts for nothing. Whoever heard today of a contemporary Moslem distinguished as a doctor, engineer, scientist, mathematician, philosopher or historian, not merely of the first rank but even of average attainments? How many Moslems get first classes at Oxford and Cambridge? In warfare, the Moslem standard is equally low, since the Turks, who once thundered at the gates of Vienna, consider that they have gained an outstanding success when, armed by the French government with Creusot guns and aeroplanes, they have succeeded in routing no more formidable a foe than the Greeks. In every sphere of life, Islam is far below the standard of Europe; life in the towns and villages of Islamic states represents the level of culture that the Black Death swept out of Europe. The faults of Islam have become intensified, the virtues seem to have disappeared.

[2] Boozeh is a sort of cheap licorice beer, drunk in Egypt. The term was introduced into England by Thomas Atkins.

It was not the machine gun that laid Islam low. Islam has not now succumbed to force, indeed the year 1258 is abundant evidence that force is incapable of crushing Islam. Nor was it the steam engine that enabled the Franks to outstrip the Moslems; neither military force nor industrial or economic pressure have brought about the downfall of Islam. The cause is purely internal. Islam has decayed from within. The invention of the printing press sounded its knell. From the days of Caxton and Guttenberg, Islam has contracted. In the race for learning, Islam fell behind.

In the King's Library in the British Museum there are showcases exhibiting *incunabula*, arranged according to the countries and languages in which the books were printed. The exhibition is extremely instructive. It contains no Arabic specimens. The printing press and the Renaissance mark the beginning of the end of Moslem culture.

Professor D. S. Margoliouth accounts for the decay by the theory that the Semites inhabit an enervating heat belt. He holds the Semitic genius recoups itself in periodical outbursts every five centuries. Is the time ripe for another revival? The future of Moslem culture rests with the Moslems themselves. By one means alone can they recover their lost position; the remedy is simple, it is education. Yet the disease has struck so deeply that drastic steps will be required to eradicate it. Islam is steeped in effete scholasticism. The once famous Azhar University of Cairo is still struggling with philosophy that Europe abandoned with the Dark Ages. The *Kuttabs*, or Mosque Schools, do not profess to teach even the three "R's." Moslems are doubly ignorant. From the point of view of Europe they are five centuries behind the times. They will have to assimilate the literary and scientific output of five hundred years before they can even be up-to-date, much less progress. They have to span the gap between Corpernicus and Darwin. Before they can produce another ibn Khaldun or ibn Roshd, they must sit at the feet of the modern schoolboy, and yet in his day ibn Khaldun was to the Moslem world what Einstein is to us. Internally, the position of Islam is no better. The ignorance of the average Moslem is pathetic; he knows the barest elements of his faith, nothing of his history, nothing of his literature. Omar, Muawiya, the battle of Badr, the Muallaqat are empty names to him, whereas the most ignorant London errand boy could conceivably find something to say about Paul, Queen Elizabeth, the Battle of Waterloo and Shakespeare. The mind of the Moslem is filled with material thoughts, his religious teachers neglect him.

There are two classes of Moslems who are in a position to help their faith; first there are the rich landowners and the independent rulers of Egypt and India. These might introduce a proper system of elementary education, both in religion and in secular subjects. They could endow schools and foster literature. They could send learned Moslems to Oxford and Cambridge to represent Islam and watch over Moslem students. But a still more pressing duty lies on Moslem students at the universities. How many of them know anything of their faith, history and literature, how many of them care for these things? Their minds are steeped in foolish political talk, a ferment of passing shibboleths and dead catchwords. They go back to India and to Egypt without any attempt to diffuse the best of English culture in their native lands. The work to be done in Islamic states in the most elementary spheres of education, sanitation, medicine and philanthropy is prodigious. But all these calls fall on deaf ears. The young Moslems throw away the substance and grasp the shadow, and so Islam perishes.

In India, where the cultural level of the Moslems has been raised, it has been due to English endeavors; in Palestine, Jews in the colonies are raising the level of the Moslem neighbors, not only by building bridges and roads, by introducing better sanitation and a higher standard of living but by welcoming Arab children to their schools and sharing with them the benefit of universal education. But the chief impetus must come from the Moslems themselves, especially from the young men at English universities.

Twenty years ago there was in Cambridge a noble Moslem, Syed Ali Bilgrami. He gathered the Moslem undergraduates every Friday for the *Khutbah*, for study and for prayer. Many of these young Moslems have profited by his example. Men like Zia-ud-Din Ahmad, now head of Aligarh, have gone back to India and done great and abiding work. They are, alas, too few. Surely among the numerous Moslems in Oxford and Cambridge more will be found to devote themselves to the ennobling task of rehabilitating the past glories of the culture of Islam. If Islam is once again to play her part in the spiritual and cultural uplifting of humanity, it can only be by the unremitting efforts of her sons.

JESUS' CONTACT WITH THE ESSENES

BY REV. EDWARD DAY

ONE of the surprising things to the student of Palestinian life in the time of Jesus is that there is nowhere in the New Testament direct mention of a party or sect of Jews known as Essenes.[1] The Pharisees and the Sadducees are often alluded to but the Essenes are not mentioned. Josephus alludes to them several times and dwells at length upon their distinctive characteristics, manner of life, and thought, giving as much space to them as to the Sadducees and revealing quite as much interest in them, which is explained in part by his statement that he spent in his youth some considerable time among them. Though flourishing for nearly four hundred years, from 200 B. C., to about 200 A. D., it seems that the Essenes cut no figure politically, while the Sadducees who were on friendly terms with the Roman authorities in control of Palestine and the Pharisees who as strict legalists had great prestige and influence among the people had to be reckoned with. Those in control could not afford to ignore them; while the Essenes who were ascetics and who because they were stood somewhat apart from the larger currents of life might safely be ignored. Then, too, while many of the adherents of the Essenes got about as apostles of their sect and others of the brotherhood lived here and there in the land in certain cities the majority of them seem to have had for their seat, or home, a barren region near the Dead Sea.

The Essenes rejected pleasure as an evil; and as they feared woman, if indeed they did not have an unmitigated abhorrence of her as a temptress, they esteemed continence and the conquest of

[1] The author of this paper is well aware that a number of scholars, first and last during several hundred years, have referred to the possible contact of John the Baptist and Jesus with the Essenes and that usually they have dismissed the thought as unwarranted. He, however, believes the time has come, owing to present-day critical mastery of the text of the gospels, for a more searching and fearless study of the question.

the passions to be a virtue. Hence, they forbade marriage and increased the number of their adherents by bringing up the children they adopted and by winning adults through their propaganda. They despised riches and did not allow their individual members to hold property. What little they possessed was held in common. Their relations to one another were most friendly and in consequence they were eager to serve one another. Such service was all the service they recognized as they had neither slaves nor paid servitors. While they hated evil-doers they were not hostile to society. They esteemed, and even assisted, those whom they deemed righteous though they were not of their brotherhood, and they manifested fidelity to all in authority. Their members were required to treat the unfortunate mercifully, to assist the poor and never turn the needy away unfed and unclothed, though they themselves lived most simply. Until they were worn out they were not allowed a change of garments; yet they kept themselves clean through daily ceremonial ablutions. Oil, i. e., the native olive oil, so commonly used in the East to soften the skin and keep it from parching or cracking in their dry climate, they detested as unclean and consequently forbade its use while the sweat of labor they esteemed. In their retreats none was excused from labor unless sick. Each was made to exercise himself in the art in which he was most skilled. Those journeying about Palestine were permitted to carry nothing save the clothes upon their person. Upon charity or upon the members of their brotherhood, found in every city where some one was appointed to receive and provide for strangers, they must depend.

The Essenes had a great repugnance to oaths and forbade them, esteeming the word of a member of their brotherhood honestly and frankly spoken enough. Blasphemy was to them a criminal offense and was never tolerated or allowed to go unpunished. They offered no sacrifices at the temple in Jerusalem; but did offer them occasionally at their retreats. Exercising justice toward all and manifesting piety toward God they were widely esteemed as ascetics who were thoughtful, kind, and unfanatical. Accustomed to rise with the dawn and to spend the opening hour of day in prayer they seem to have been able to carry with them through its hours something of the influence of its season of devotion. They believed in miracles; and in their belief and that of their friends personally wrought them. Faith in immortality was with them a fundamental tenet, though their simple manner of life and their freedom from carking care and worry proved wondrously conducive to longevity.

The fact that though such a sect of Judaism was in existence during the opening years of the Christian era it received no explicit mention in the gospel narratives, the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, and the epistles leads us to inquire first, if Jesus was in no way opposed by them? If he was not this might explain the failure to name them. Both the Pharisees and the Sadducees in their personal attitude toward him and in their manner of life and their thought opposed him. It was impossible for them to fellowship him; and at the same time it was equally impossible for him to overcome his repugnance to them. Hence his frequent criticisms and denunciations. Not so, it would seem, was it in the case of the Essenes. If there was contact, and how could it have been otherwise? It was not hostile contact. He could not have crossed them and they could not have offended him. So in the second place we are moved to ask if their influence was not after all most potently felt by Jesus, if, in other words, his teachings and labors were not in many ways so thoroughly in accord with Essenism as to be generally so understood and consequently to occasion no remark other than those which have to do with his early contact with John the Baptist and his frequent friendly allusions to him? Or, it may be there was conscious effort to avoid, if not to suppress, direct mention. The new faith, as it began to make its influence potently felt two or three decades after Jesus' death and converts began greatly to increase and the earlier gospel narratives took literary form, was seen to be so much bigger and finer a thing than Essenism that those in control as leaders may have feared that they would compromise it by alluding to what after all was but one of several sources from which its Founder drew his truth and inspiration. However, we may be sure that if Jesus came under Essene influence and was profoundly stirred thereby before he began his wonderful year in Galilee, his life and teaching thereafter would reveal in many ways and upon numerous occasions that influence. It behooves us therefore with this thought in mind to examine carefully the data which the Synoptic Gospels furnish us.

We begin by noticing that Jesus' attitude toward wealth and property appears in the main to have been in accord with the Essene disparagement or contempt of property. It certainly can hardly be considered as revealing Old Testament influence because the Hebrews prior to the time of Jesus very generally regarded the possession of wealth as evidence of the favor of their God. This is so even in the late prophetic writings which were friendly to those comfortably circumstanced, especially if they remembered Israel's poor,

and which at the same time set forth imaginatively the new day as a time of wondrous economic felicity.

Here in our study of the early gospel narratives we note that the Gospel of Luke should be quoted cautiously because of the writer's Ebionitic sympathies. Nevertheless the woe pronounced by Jesus, according to this narrative, against the rich (vi. 24) can hardly be rejected. And its parable of the rich husbandman, known to us by Jesus' characterization as the "Rich Fool" who had much goods laid up for many years (xii. 16ff.), may be retained, as in the main it does not go beyond Matth. vi. 20f., of which it might be considered an expansion. The hoarding of grain or other property in the thought of Jesus, it would seem, was detestable. We might cite here the fact that in Luke the parable of the sower represents Jesus as mentioning riches along with the cares and pleasures of a wordly life as hostile to fruitfulness were it not that Mark (iv. 19) makes him allude here to "the deceitfulness of riches." Nevertheless while the injunction: "Give to every man that asketh of you" (vi. 30) finds place in Matthew, the close of the exhortation here in Luke is stronger: "And of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again"; and while in Matthew vi. 19, we have "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust corrupt and where thieves break through and steal," we do have in Luke xii. 33: "Sell that ye have and give alms," which finds no place in the other synoptists. And surely we cannot with over much confidence quote the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, found only in Luke. However, it is in Luke only (ch. xix) that we have the narrative of Zachaeus who wins Jesus' approval though he promises to give but half of his goods to the poor. The story of the rich ruler who came to him and went away sorrowful after his interview because he could not acceed to the Master's advice that he give all of which he was possessed away is common to Matthew and Mark. It is the more significant as revealing Essene influence because it is followed by Jesus' reflection on the great difficulty the rich have of winning membership in the Kingdom of God and by his hyperbolical illustration of the camel and the needle's eye which unmistakably brings the narrative into accord with the Essene attitude toward property.[2]

Closely connected with this disesteem of property was Jesus' simplification of life and his disposition to reduce it to its lowest terms economically which savored of Essenism. Like the Essenes Jesus got about with his few trusted disciples, or sent them forth, depending upon charity or the entertainment of members of their new brotherhood in whatever city or village they entered. It, how-

ever, was contrary to the custom of the Essenes to be accompanied in their evangelistic tours by women whose circumstances permitted them to minister unto them as Jesus and his disciples were said to have been favored in Galilee. In his instructions to his disciples, as he sent them forth on their tours, Jesus cautioned them against providing amply for their maintenance. Without money in their purses and without food in their wallets and with but one outer garment which after the custom of the poor must serve them as a cloak by day and a blanket by night they were to go forth and to throw themselves upon the charity of those among whom they labored (Mark vi. 7f.).

Jesus himself upon certain occasions, which presumably may be taken as characteristic of him, seems to have revealed in his own person a real Essene indifference to bodily comforts, especially to rest and food, that cannot be wholly explained by dwelling upon his absorption in his work. Even in rising a great while before daybreak and going forth for solitary prayer he consciously or unconsciously followed Essene custom.

Jesus was far from sharing with the Essenes either their fear of or their contempt for woman; nor was he as hostile as they to family life, despite his friendliness to celibacy. Though too much has been made of the supposed home life in Bethany and Jesus' reported connection therewith, allusions to which appear only in the late and unreliable Fourth Gospel,[3] he seems to have been friendly to the family as an institution. He spoke feelingly of marriage and revealed a real appreciation of what true wedded life meant to the contracting parties. Nevertheless, he seems to have felt if a man could continently refrain from marriage he would the more surely and happily advance the Kingdom of God (Matth. xix. 10ff.).

Though we reject the narratives of the nature miracles of Jesus we must admit that the synoptic narratives are largely shorn of their significance if we do not allow for unusual power on the part of Jesus over certain bodily distempers and if we do not admit that he took himself seriously as one possessed of such power. Here again we find one whose attitude towards the sick and the mentally disturbed was essentially that of the Essenes. Then the Essenes had a great repugnance to oil; and Jesus revealed, so far as we know,

[2] We, however, should protest most vehemently against asserting Jesus to have been as hostile to money and the moderate accumulation of wealth as Papini in his recent study of the life and teaching of Jesus represents him to have been. Had Papini left his anarchistic thought behind in joining the Church of Rome he might have proved a happier interpreter of Jesus' thought.

no disposition to use it upon his person or upon the sick, though his disciples when they went forth on their tours are said to have anointed the sick therewith. So far as we can discover, Jesus was no more inclined personally to offer sacrifices at the temple than were the Essenes. Certainly there is no record of such sacrifices on his part, and a passage found only in Matthew (xii. 7) disparages such offerings. In accord with one of the prophets (Matth. ix. 13) he placed mercy above sacrifice as most pleasing to God. While another passage, found only in Mark, puts love above all burnt offerings (xiii. 33). It may be very frankly admitted that this reveals sympathy with the prophetic thought. While this may be true we cannot overlook the fact that Jesus just here was in accord with the Essenes.

Jesus' exhortation against swearing and his assertion that simple emphatic statements were enough is thoroughly in harmony with the Essenes' thought and practice. He seems to have regarded oaths with the same repugnance. So, too, were his exhortations to just dealings and the merciful treatment of the unfortunate, the emphasis which he placed upon righteousness as a prime requisite of life and his frank allusions to the rewards of well-doing in accord with Essene thought. And finally we note that while our first three gospels represent Jesus as saying little about life beyond the grave we should have no question but that he shared the Essene belief in immortality; for the little he is quoted as saying is very suggestive.

To us of today it is difficult to see how John the Baptist could by his preaching have done much to prepare the way for Jesus of Nazareth; but it must be evident to him who profoundly studies the gospel narratives that the writers wished to convey the thought that John made a deep impression upon him. To the very end of his ministry Jesus seems to have alluded to him as one who was ever upon his mind; and his words concerning him upon certain occasions revealed a real appreciation of his person and work. To him he was not a reed shaken by the wind; nor was he a mere prophet. He was a stable personage with a real message for his time, one more unique and greater than a prophet, the most notable man that up to his time had been born of a woman. It would seem from the way he met John's disciples when they were sent to pass upon his work that Jesus

[3] It is significant that Mary and Martha find no mention in the Synoptic narratives save in Luke x. 39ff., in the story of Jesus Perean ministry, and that Lazarus, the supposed brother has no place in authentic gospel story. Presumably there was no warrant for locating the family in Bethany and representing Jesus as on friendly terms therewith.

revealed that he wished to stand well in the opinion of John. Then, too, in his final clash of mind with the Jewish rulers Jesus drove them into a corner by his question concerning the baptism of John, whether it was sponsored by heaven or by man. The very question revealed on Jesus' part belief in its divine validity.

In view of the many apparent traces of Essene influence upon the life and thought of Jesus we are led to inquire if the story of his contact with John and his expressed sympathy upon different occasions do not in a manner thoroughly characteristic of the time reveal on his part such an interest in the Essenes as to warrant us in concluding that he spent some time among them and in doing so came to sympathize with their thought and manner of life. If John was, as Doctor Kohler in his *Jewish Theology* (p. 433) asserts "a popular Essene saint," as apparently he was, the story of Jesus' contact with him and the narrative of the temptation which closely follows may be taken as revealing such knowledge of the Essenes as came from living among them for a time and the psychological experience which for such as he naturally followed such contact. A John he may have seen and heard and the fact that he had seen and heard him and had in so doing come under his influence may have overshadowed in the thought of his followers, if indeed it did not in his own thought, his contact with other Essenes. Off up in Nazareth, Jesus may have become fairly well acquainted with Essene thought and manner of life; but such as he must have wished to study the movement at its center. Hence, like Josephus, near his time, when the trend of events specially favored the movement, Jesus may have spent considerable time among them.

We know next to nothing concerning John beyond the simple facts that have to do with his life and work as an ascetic; for we must reject whatever the Fourth Gospel has that is not taken from the Synoptic Gospels. Even the words which the writer puts in the mouth of John as he speaks of Jesus are manifestly open to suspicion, cast as they are in the same molds as those elsewhere used by the author. They have the same Neo-Platonic characteristics and consequently are far removed from the direct and forceful style which the other gospel narratives represent him as using. Also as purely legendary we must reject the narratives with which Luke dwells upon his birth. Shorn of all this and some of the doubtful statements found in the later narratives of his ministry we are left with not only no trace of blood relationship to Jesus but also with no

known antecedents, an ascetic, presumably of Jewish rather than of Galilean origin, who heroically played his part until finally he came into conflict with Herod Antipas and brought his career to a tragic close.

We may greatly err who suppose that Jesus on some fair morning laid aside for good his coarse carpenter's tunic and going down to the Jordan, after a hasty interview with John during which he was baptized by him, and a month or more thereafter of serious self-searching rushed back north and began that glorious year of ministry in Galilee that somehow has deeply impressed the heart of the world; for presumably there had been years of strenuous preparation, a long period of intellectual ferment and gestation during which the carpenter's bench may have seen little of him, especially as there were brothers near his own age to bear a part in the maintenance of the family, ere he brought to birth those fundamental concepts over which later there was on his part no wavering. Having had these years of preparation as one who had come to know something of the Essenes and who wished to know more, we may believe he visited them, and as he lived among them and became thoroughly conversant with their thought and manner of life, though because he was not initiated he came to know nothing of the speculative side of their lives which would have had no appeal for such as he, was profoundly stirred. It certainly is worthy of note that the one thing which the narrative of the temptation sets forth is that that struggle taught the Nazarene to ignore self, to take the narrow path of poverty and of lowly service with no thought of self-aggrandizement and self-exaltation if he was to make his life count for something worth while as a servant of his people. He was not, as this struggle made evident to him, to become a learned rabbi expounding the law to the cultured few or to those spiritually susceptible, but one whose evangel was for the lowly and whose ministry of mercy was to be for the poor and unfortunate in the real Essene fashion. Nevertheless his message, as he must have seen, was to have a note of hope and of confidence unknown to those ascetics and was withal to be possessed of a loftier conception of the meaning of the new brotherhood that was to usher in an earthly Kingdom of God. After the death of John, if not before, Jesus must have seen that he had evolved ideally if not actually a greater fellowship than that of the Essenes, membership in which lifted the individual far above the Essene brotherhood. On the physical plane he did not get far from these teachers, nor did he in his conception

of life and character; but he proclaimed and incited to a fellowship, membership in which was to be infinitely more worth while; and if he revealed sympathy toward the Essene exaltation of continence he nevertheless was to leave his church the family and so was to open up the way to all those mutual services and rich satisfactions which belong to the ideal family life of the Christian centuries. The conquest of the world by the Essenes, as Jesus must have seen, would mean the ultimate extinction of it; while the conquest of the world by his evangel would mean the salvation and exaltation of society.

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID

IT IS become a trite observation that the enforcement of the Volstead Act is the greatest farce ever staged by the political wards of the government. It never is a safe advocacy for any law when its most flagrant violators are its staunchest supporters at the polls and through the press.

The item of profit is without doubt the strongest incentive to action among all the influences of the work-day lives of men of this age, and a commodity handled under ban of the law presumably is entitled to over-profits sufficient to compensate for the so-called risks incurred in the operation of its traffic. Through the evidently wise systematic arrangement of master minds of organization the excess profits are made subject to a more or less wide distribution in the purchase of protection and facilities for the most efficient operation, as well as for political influence directed toward the object of making possible a statutory permanence of the law, in violation of which such profits are to be realized. Embracing as it does, in the working arrangement of its organization police and enforcement officers, it is small wonder that the system flourishes, and its promoters wax rich upon the tax-free earnings of a business that never takes a holiday.

Citizen and consumer protection comes gratis, for it is safe to assume that no grand jury may be impanelled, within the ordinary machinery of the law, without one or more members of its body being in sympathy with the liquor traffic, through the influence of his personal needs as a consumer. It would be rare indeed, could the X-ray of truth be thrown upon the thorax of each member of the average grand jury, and his heart be made to show in a dark or light shade of sympathy, to find one hundred per cent of its membership revealing no shading at all in the ray's analysis. And what is applicable to the grand jury is equally so to the trial jury. Convictions from the latter source usually are found, with the idea on the part of the jurymen that only some minor item in the way of a

license fee may be exacted from the offender who was so unwary as to have been caught under circumstances admitting of no possible doubt of his guilt.

Among the officers of the law quite a number of shootings, with resultant deaths, have occurred through quarrels over a division of the spoils derived from protection afforded bootleggers, or over competition for the better or more lucrative situations in gathering the graft of the traffic. In addition to this officered and judicial protection, the citizen and consumer barrier against the law's operation is so widely distributed, that the meshes of the legal net are so rent asunder, it must be a stupid rum-runner indeed who chances to be caught at all.

Each citizen, whose appetite requires an alcoholic stimulant is a potential law breaker, and becomes an actual violator in the gratification of his craving. He enters complicity with the rum dealer as surely as though he stood at the furnace door when the ebulition of the mash was going forward. The confirmed toper may not be troubled with conscience in a matter of this kind; but the occasional drinker, an otherwise conscientious citizen, may be squeamish in his soul, but not sufficiently so to enable him to resist the temptation to complicity in an abuse of the law which provides the necessary gratification.

In the first instant of disregard is born contempt. With this contempt once settled in his heart and mind the individual becomes an impure and inefficient citizen. There is a lie in his secret life and an infidelity in his daily association with the institutions of the land. The entire social structure is weakened by reason of wrecked or impaired individual citizenship. The law against carrying concealed weapons appears less honorable, even the thought of murder loses some of its horror. The idea of liberty is twisted into the freedom of license, and the sober and respectable robes of justice seem to have been displaced by a gaudy array of cap and bells. Politicians and office holders sink more deeply into the double dealing Jekyl and Hyde character in their public service that is none too resistible under the most favorable circumstances.

The large financial institutions of the country are involved. Is it reasonable to conclude that the banker-violator in the indulgence of his morning toddy, even within the closet of his home, may retain in his own mind his full measure of integrity? And losing something of this, how may he continue to inspire honesty of purpose and action among his clients? Naturally the liquor traffic will pass a tremendous volume of business through the banking institutions of

the nation. But is it helpful or progressive? Certainly it cannot be when the entire business from its source is built upon the violation of and contempt for august law, the fabric that is supposed to secure within its folds the unity of the nation as a social and political entity.

As an economic measure, the Volstead act is a glaring failure. It has robbed industry of thousands of workers who see in the bootlegging business an easy way to earn a livelihood, and find the element of personal risk involved to be enticing to the adventurous spirit of the young and vigorous. From school, college, office, factory, transportation service and the farm are recruited the ranks of the rum runners. There is not a trade or institution that has not felt the power of the maelstrom. It is a common occurrence to hear the whispered and friendly report of one formerly in good social position, and possibly of high class-room standing: "Oh, he is bootlegging now." And, alas, sometimes the pronoun is "she" instead of "he."

It is an easy step from bootlegging to banditry and burglary. The getting of easy money through the liquor traffic creates a desire for more lucrative, if more hazardous, adventures, and the result is a career of robbery. It is clearly obvious that crime of this class, statistics of temperance fanatics to the contrary notwithstanding, has increased manifold since the Volstead law became of force.

Witness the police record of a single large city in the South. In 1914 there was state prohibition, but citizens could secure whiskey supplies by express from other states. The record for that year shows, arrests for drunkenness, 2,996; for disorderly conduct, 9,721. The following year, after the passage of an absolute state-wide prohibition law, there were 3,414 cases of drunkenness, and 8,999 cases of disorderly conduct. Let us now look forward to 1922, after four years of prohibition under the Volstead act. We find the record to read, 6,555 drunks, and 24,771 disorderly cases. In the year just closed, the drunks had increased to 7,003, with a decrease in disorderlies to 12,771. In the meantime the murder record in the same city, for the two years of 1922-1923, is 92, or nearly three times as many as for any two-year period previous to the adoption of the eighteenth amendment.

The licensed saloon did have some respect for the law of decency. No child was allowed within its doors. The bootlegger has no conscience about such matters, and the victim of tender age is his chief delight. There is defeated the strongest argument of the so-called bone-dry prohibition advocates. Never before has been such an orgy of drinking among children, boys and girls in their teens,

because never before has it been possible for these young ones to secure this stimulant delivered directly at their own doors, or the place of their rendezvous. Instead of cutting off the prevalent thirst with a passing generation and saving the youth of a following one for the upbuilding of a sober nation, the contrary result is being attained.

Formerly it was not uncommon to find young men who never had tasted alcohol. Now, it is the rarest thing indeed to find one who does not know the dangerous seduction of the purloined cup. This is true of the small towns and the countryside as well as of the cities. No hamlet is safe from the insidious encroachment of the profiteering and devastating bootlegger. His advances are even bold, and his defiance is of a quality that denotes a sense of security. Not only is the worst element of the country engaged in the traffic, but thousands of hitherto respected citizens have entered the game on account of the splendid profits to be realized, and with the idea of giving dignity to a business agreed to be illicit in name only.

These citizens feel that the liberty for whose maintenance our forefathers planned the Constitution has been transgressed, not by a majority rule of the people, but through the trickery of certain political leagues whose membership is to profit in some way from the enforcement of the law. Hence prevails the idea that a fraudulent establishment of law has but a technical binding upon the people, and is to be disregarded in the spirit at the will of the citizen.

In the South, especially so in the small towns, it is safe to say that from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the negroes, male and female, are engaged in some branch of the traffic. Usually their operations are financed by white men, in many instances men of means and standing in their home communities. It is a joke of the small municipality that the eighteenth amendment enables it to collect good revenue from the violators. Indeed it is an easy matter, in the exigency of low treasury funds, to call a raid upon the negro quarters, and to collect in so-called fines weekly license taxes. Funds for meeting these levies usually are forthcoming from unseen or presumably unknown source. The farms are robbed of their negro workers to expand the business of the bootleggers. The activities of these peddlers henceforward are triangular, covering liquor-selling, crap-shooting and petty larceny.

In the cities, as the small operators are driven to the ropes by the syndicate octopi of the traffic, these gentry resort to banditry and burglary, having been unfitted beyond recovery for honest toil. Wit-

ness the amazing increase in crime of this class in the past three years.

But, paradoxical as it may seem, the bootlegger is a blessing to the nation. Had it been possible to enforce the absolute letter of the eighteenth amendment upon the people of America, we today should have been a nation of drug fiends. The super-active business and industrial life of this country is intensely wearing upon the physical and mental vitality of the citizen. There is fag of brain and limb. And, realizing that the pace will not halt upon the cry of his weariness, the citizen instinctively turns to artificial stimulation for the necessary vigor that may enable him to avoid the crush of the juggernaut that threatens him. With drug peddling more easily accomplished than bootlegging, the preventing of narcotic sales would become a problem of more certainly impossible solution than ever.

The colossal revenue loss to the nation in the passage of the Volstead act is increased two-fold in the ruthless waste of the government's funds in its farcically attempted enforcement. It would be conservative to say that there are thousands upon the payroll of the nation's constabulary who are drawing salaries from the department on one side, and reaping a harvest in protection fees from the other; or, what is doubtless true in many instances, protecting their own illicit interests while in the hands of able lieutenants on the outside. This double loss to the government, on top of the great burden of debt from the prosecution of the war has borne so heavily upon the backs of the tax-payers, that widespread dissention is growing more rife every day.

Another phase of the situation lies in the quality of the whiskey that men are drinking. Unscrupulous blockaders do not hesitate to use any material that will serve to produce the necessary "kick" and at the same time manifold their profits. No thought is taken by this class of distillers on the possible consequences to follow upon the drinking of such poisonous liquors. And it is not alone from the character of the materials gathered, but from that of the vessels used in the distillation that the menace to the drinker grows large. Metal containers of every description are found by the government raiders from time to time, the most common being galvanized iron. From such vessels salts of zinc are gathered in the condensation of vapors, and are preserved in the alcohol to become dangerously, if not fatally, active in the stomach of the drinker.

It may be heartlessly argued that the sooner the country is cleansed, through such poisoning, of the incurable toper the better it will be for the prohibition law and the sober security of the nation.

What becomes of Democracy and, shall we say, Christianity, in a potential wish of this nature? The rich man may secure his tested Scotch, but the common man must be content to take his chance with the blockader whose operations, thanks to the law, are under no expert chemical supervision. The pure food regulation does not function in the basement and wood sheds of back street residences, nor among the fastnesses of the mountains and the tangled refuges of the wilderness. Thus, the slaughter goes on.

In regard to the almost universal use of intoxicants in larger or smaller quantities by the people of America, an incident in the history of a small town in Carolina comes to mind. This town of fifteen hundred native inhabitants, and a guest population of about four hundred comprised in the student body of two flourishing colleges, male and female, at one time had numbered among its business institutions three prosperous licensed saloons. The only competition which the keepers of these saloons had to meet was that of a few blockaders back in the near-by mountains whose operations were of small consequence. Blind tigers or bootleggers were unknown in the town, and minors were unable to obtain whiskey on account of the strict police regulations observed under the license system.

After some years of campaigning and political intrigue, state prohibition was enacted. In this small Carolina town, as was true in hundreds of others throughout the state, an army of so-called "blind tigers" sprang into existence, and with an abundant supply of the wet commodity easily had from among the mountains to the west, the illicit business flourished, until it was no uncommon thing to see half-grown boys and even women drunk in the streets. At this time, the chief marshal of the town, himself a life-long total abstainer, whose reign had extended over a period of more than twenty years, and who was proverbial for his fund of correct information concerning the movements of every citizen, made a report to his principals in which he declared that only two men, himself and Judge N., an attorney and recently appointed circuit court judge, were not guilty of patronizing at one time or another the bootleggers or blockaders. The members of the city council, five resident ministers of the gospel, the personnel of the faculty of two colleges, the entire staff of the county officers and all of the practicing attorneys were embraced in this sweeping arraignment which never was questioned from any source. What was true of this Carolina town was true of scores of others.

Following upon this condition of things, Ben Tillman, considered by many as one of the most powerful demagogues in the history

conduct of our lives. Anyone who is all mind and no heart is a tyrant at home and abroad who wields the club of intellectual goods over the heads of his less one-sided companions. He will take refuge in ineffable absolutes and dictate philosophy to others. He is hence as much an imperfect man as one who is all heart and no mind, all emotion and no meditative calm in which to bring a balance among his turbulent moments of hysteria. He would perhaps make a model feminist and look as pathetic as a forsaken picture-bride, but little philosophy would mark his words.

It would seem then that the best and most harmonious proportion between the functions of thought and feeling would be that in which the mind or intellectual power was given over to deliberations on the wisdom, inventive genius, economic and industrial regulation, arts and crafts of a melioristic world-order, while the heart or spiritual power was dedicated to a meekened mood of helpfulness, compassion, virtue, sincerity and an honest generosity with which to save humanity from its growing despond of ethical irresponsibility and consequent pejorism. It would be at least a practical situation for a series of experiments to prove just what we are made of, just which side of Heaven we would be on if there should ever come a decision in what Bertrand Russell calls the eternal conflict between mysticism and logic.

Whether we are esthetes and are thrilled with a personal observation of Giotto's stately campanile at Florence with its intricate tracery windows and artistically corbelled cornice, or whether we are philosophical architects and demand that the structure of reality be symmetrical, interdependent and uniformly coördinate in its parts, the function we perform or rather experience remains the same. It is an exercise, not of any particular mental discrimination, although this is one of the elements in the process, but of the heart's general affection for what is beautiful, noble, durable, useful and somewhat akin to our own creative genius. We are then living according to Nature, for we are not trying to foist an artificial rationale into the system that is as old as the very planet itself. And anyway, there is a kind of wisdom in *feeling* truth that can never be attained through a thousand years of intellectual study. It is, or at least seems to be, more vital, more simple and direct, more significant to our life and destiny than merely thinking about what is true and real in this wonderful Universe.

We must always take care, however, that our sentiments and emotional thrills do not overbalance our intellectual restraints, the rational and moderative judgment which awaits further evidence

supporting or disqualifying the first delightful apercus of intuitive vision. We who are naturally sober-minded will always feel it our bounden duty to remonstrate with those who read anthropomorphic signs among the constellations and abjure the petty minds of fools from too many personal and pathetic fascinations. It is with just such a moderative soberness of mind that I have looked upon both pragmatism and rationalism, empiricism and absolutism, both the spontaneity of personality and the determinism of circumstance, and I find in the essential facts of life no hard absolutes of intellectual dictation, no affective proofs of religious truth stronger than the emotion of those who cherish its belief, and no non-human sense of the *necessity* of utile or practical values that can match the utter selfishness of our demands upon reality and truth.

In short, I have just about come to a philosophy which conceives the world to be, not a tight block-system of intellectual contents and necessities, but an open sphere of cultural aims, ornamental delicacies, constructive purposes, active and reactive affections, crude and refined tastes, and a myriad wills to power often coöperating and often conflicting with the moral ideal of humanity's creative function. To pick out one particular aim, whether intellectual, emotional, affective, volitional, repoussant, or even syncretic of all these, and label it *der einzeiger* is perhaps the utmost folly of presumption, for in this pluralistic life of Feeling and Willing we cannot be too sure of what we Think. Nor can we place all confidence in what our wills and affections claim are true and good by merely making the opposite or irrelevant schemes intolerable. People have a multifarious life from which to draw innumerable variations of experience and argument for individual creeds, and it is foolish to demand or expect others to think or feel like we do.

BUDDHIST GHOST STORIES

BY HENRY S. GEHMAN

IN THE experience of most men, it appears that the impressions formed during childhood are ineffaceable and cannot be eradicated. Through a change in a person's environment, these incidents may be manifestly forgotten, while in reality they are only dormant. Under favorable circumstances and with the proper stimulus these notions are awakened and correlated with other phenomena and new experiences. In making these statements we are not theorizing but speaking from personal contact with a rural generation that has now almost passed out of existence in that region of eastern Pennsylvania where we made our observations. When people live close to the soil, they are brought in touch with the unseen forces of nature; for them the change of seasons and the consequent variation in the farmer's activities, the real or fancied influence of the moon on crops and weather, and the mysterious meaning of the signs of the zodiac give room for dreams and occasion for speculation as well as for reflexion and generalization. In our idle moments we may envy the unlettered swain who is unspoiled by the world's materialism, the unsympathetic grind of industrialism, and the peril of a civilization that has no spiritual culture as its foundation. For the untutored husbandman, there is a breath in nature, a soul in the activities of the universe, a hidden power in the natural phenomena, which he contemplates with amazement, but accepts merely as a matter of course. For him the presence of malignant spirits is not a matter of superstition, but a grim fact borne out by his own unpleasant experiences as well as those of his forefathers and contemporaries.

If the people of that stage of culture did not find their amusements in a mad rush after pleasure, they took more time to dream about the invisible and consequently had a receptive state of mind to behold occasional appearances of departed spirits. Such was an ideal condition for seeing apparitions, and only under such an en-

vironment could ghost stories be composed as we find them in the Peta-Vatthu. In a poetic mood, we who have been born in the present generation, when we can no longer have a first-hand acquaintance with goblins, might wish to be transported to the long ago when men contemplated the mysterious with awe and devotion. The faculty of seeing kobolds in fence-corners and lime-kilns and at the same time remaining a respected member of society belongs to a past generation.

As a boy, I was on intimate relations with many old men who told me their personal reminiscences and ghost stories until my hair almost stood on end and the chills went down my back; in fact, many a time I was almost afraid to go home in the dark. One story will stand repetition on account of its similarity to some of the tales in the Peta-Vatthu. Farmers always asserted that it is a heinous sin for a man to remove a boundary stone, and many anecdotes are narrated to show how the malefactor could not escape the retribution for such an offense. A man once maliciously pulled out a corner stone and after death had to walk on the boundary with the stone upon his back. To every one he saw, he said, "Where shall I put it, where shall I put it?" Everybody fled from him in terror, but one evening he put the same question to a straggler who was badly intoxicated. The inebriate rather impudently replied, "Put it where you got it, you ox." "That is what I have longed to hear for many years," remarked the ghost, who was freed from his anguish and never seen again. Many a time as a boy, I was told not to leave a distressed spirit in similar circumstances to his fate; it was considered a meritorious deed to release the unfortunate one by pronouncing a few simple words, "Put it where you got it."

But the men who entertained me with these stories have passed away. I came under the influence of a different environment, and the stories of the gnomes were hidden away in the recesses of my mind until the study of Pāli, and the subsequent acquaintance with the Peta-Vatthu brought them back once more very vividly. In fact, the resemblance of the stories of the Peta-Vatthu to those told in Eastern Pennsylvania, especially in the motif of retribution, struck me as interesting and induced me to translate the entire Peta-Vatthu into English.[1]

The Peta-Vatthu, the work which forms the basis of this paper, is one of the Buddhistic works written in Pāli, a language closely

[1] Thus far, there has appeared in print Book I, *Reformed Church Review*, Vol. XXIV, 117-126; *Ceylon Antiquary and Literary Register*, Vol. VI, 206-213; Book II, *Ceylon Antiquary and Lit. Reg.*, Vol. VII, 155-163; 193-204; Book III, 1-2, *ibid.*, Vol. VIII, 145-153.

akin to Sanskrit. The Buddhist Scriptures known as the Tipiṭaka consist of three parts, the Vinayapiṭaka, the Suttapiṭaka, and the Abhidammapiṭaka. The second group, the Suttapiṭaka, consists of five books, one of which is called the Khuddakanikāya, which in turn is subdivided into fifteen sections. The Peta-Vatthu constitutes one of these last divisions.

The name Peta-Vatthu (Sanskrit *preta-vastu*) means the story of the departed or the spirits of the dead. The Pāli *peta* is equivalent to the Sanskrit *preta*, which is derived from the root *i* "to go" with the suffix *pra*; the word signifies, therefore, "having gone forward," or in other words, "having passed from this world to the next"; hence, "the departed" or "the spirits of the dead." Both in Sanskrit and in Pāli the word is specialized to refer only to the spirits in torment or in purgatory.

The *petas* live in the *paraloka* or the spirit world. We must not, however, identify the punishment of the *petas* with the torment in hell, which was considered a far greater affliction than existence in the *peta* world. It is a well-known fact that there are five *gatis* or states of existence into which a being may be reborn at death; they are hell, animals, the *peta* world, men, and the *devas* or gods.

In order to understand the punishment of the *petas* let us cast a cursory glance at what is meant by transmigration. Life is evil, say the Hindus, but death does not bring release from it. Death is not the cessation of existence; it is only passing from one existence into another. Men are punished, not because they have incurred the wrath of any angry personal deity, but because they have transgressed, or come into conflict with, the cosmic power or force of abstract right or justice, which rules the world and is, in fact, a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation does; it is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither vindictive nor merciful. One cannot escape the law of reward or retribution; the state of each individual is absolutely conditioned by that person's morality in the previous existence. A man is what he has made himself. For abstract contemplation, is this not a wonderful scheme of cosmic justice? The final state is not that of being a *deva* or god; the *devas* also die and are reborn. One has reached the goal only when he has freed himself from the last links of the chain binding him to existence and attained Nirvāna, which is non-existence, or generally speaking, the cessation of conscious individual existence. Theoretically, there is no definite limit to the number of years one has to spend in the *samsāra* or cycle of rebirths; still it may be interesting to note the calculation of one *peta* (P. V., IV, 3, 32-33):

"After having passed through the cycle of transmigration for eighty-four hundred thousand great *kalpas*, both the foolish and the wise make an end of their misery. He who is victorious understands all." Now each *mahākappa* (*mahākalpa*) is subdivided into four *asankheyyakappas* called *samvaṭṭa*, *samvaṭṭathāyī*, *vivaṭṭa*, and *vivaṭṭaṭṭhāyī*; each *asankheyyakappa* contains twenty *antarakappas*, an *antarakappa* being the interval that elapses while the age of man increases from ten years to *asankheyya* and then decreases again to ten years. Finally an *asankheyya* is equal to 10,000,000 raised to the twentieth power or 1 followed by 140 ciphers. From these data we can compute the *peta's* estimate of the number of years that one has to spend in the *samsāra*. Of course, it must be borne in mind that various conditions determine the length of time that one has to spend in the cycle, and so the period of transmigration may take a much longer time or conversely a less number of years.

The operation of the law of reward and retribution is succinctly expressed in P.-V., III, 1, 20:

> sukham akatapuññānam idha natthi parattha ca
> sukhañ ca katapuññānam idha c'eva parattha ca:

"For those who have not done good deeds, there is joy neither in this world nor in the next; but for those who have performed meritorious works, there is happiness both in this world and in the next."

The nature of the stories told in the Peta-Vatthu does not assist us in definitely dating this work. Buddhism was a popular religion, and in order to make its tenets clear to the people, the teachers used tales and legends that had originally no religious significance. Many of these stories are as old as the human race, but the Buddhist preachers in giving them a religious veneer, could thus address the common folk in a language that they understood. We generally have a conversation between an elder or one of the Buddha's eminent disciples as Nārada or Moggallāna and a ghost. The monk asks the *peta* why he appears in such a condition. The latter narrates his story which is carried by the disciple to the Buddha, who in turn makes the incident his theme in preaching to the multitude. For this reason the commentator Dhammapāla, in his introduction, asserts that the whole Peta-Vatthu owes its origin to the fact that all of it was spoken by the Teacher. We must, however, not take him too seriously at this point, because in the frame-story to IV, 3, he mentions King Pingalaka of Surat, who in the words of Dhammapāla lived two hundred years after the Buddha. In other words the Peta-

Vatthu in its final form was composed at a date posterior to 280 B.C.

In this connection we may raise the question of its canonicity. Everybody is agreed that only the verses can be regarded canonical; the prose or frame-story is the commentary. It is apparent that the language of the latter is later than that of the verses. This, however, does not necessarily imply that the contents of the frame-story are recent; the man who recited the verses might expound them with language improvised at the moment as he narrated an accepted tradition. The third oecumenical council was held in the time of King Asoka; the monk Tissa Moggaliputta (236 years after the Buddha) called an assembly of one thousand monks at Pataliputra to form a canon. A pupil of Tissa named Mahinda, a younger brother of Asoka, took Buddhism and the Buddhist texts to Ceylon where they were orally transmitted until recorded by the Singhalese king, Vattagāmani, in the first century, B. C. According to the Buddhists of Ceylon, the canon which was established at the third council is the same as that brought by Mahinda to Ceylon and our present Pāli canon, the Tipitaka. Now it is evident that in the time of Asoka there was a canon, at least as far as the Suttapiṭaka is concerned, which was not unlike ours. It is, however, believed by scholars, and no doubt correctly so, that much material crept in from the third to the first century, B. C.

In the fifth book of the Avadānasataka, we have in Sanskrit a short collection of *preta* stories. Since that work was translated into Chinese as early as the third century, A. D., we must take into account the time that necessarily elapsed between the composition of the Avadānasataka and its gaining so great authority that the need of a Chinese translation was felt. Speyer, therefore, reasonably assumes the date of the Avadānasataka as *circa* 100, A. D. Both the Peta-Vatthu and the Avadānasataka are Hinayāna works, but we cannot prove that either was influenced by the other. They have some material in common, but then it is possible that both drew from stories that were floating around in India and known to many people in various parts of the country. There is, however, a difference in telling the story in the two works under consideration. In the Avadānasataka, when the elder asks a ghost why he has to suffer such a dreadful torment, the spirit replies: "When the sun is risen, one does not need a light. Ask the Blessed One, he will tell you why." On the other hand, in the Peta-Vatthu the ghost in simple fashion tells his case to the monk, who then informs the Buddha, but this difference of presentation does not prove anything definite as to the date of composition. It may be that in this simple style

the Peta-Vatthu is merely imitating an older tradition. Perhaps we may assume that the Peta-Vatthu is at least as old as the Avadāna-sataka; at any rate it obtained such popularity that a commentary on the book was written by Dhammapāla, who lived not much later than Buddhaghosa in a monastery in southern India.

It is true beyond a doubt that it is late in composition and perhaps only through popular use found a dubious entrance into the Pāli canon. The Buddhists of Ceylon, however, regard it canonical, but it is noteworthy that it is not included in the King of Siam's edition of the Tipiṭaka, Bangkok, 1894. Its subject matter reveals its late origin, but the date is not all that must be considered in connection with its canonicity. The contents of the book are decidedly against its being placed in the same category with the more important books of Buddhism. Most of the stories of the Peta-Vatthu are not attractive, and as regards the religious message of the book, one or two tales could have taught all that the Peta-Vatthu has for spiritual enlightenment. We are very apparently dealing with a low type of Buddhism. The transfer of merit whereby a sympathetic man or woman could release a ghost from the torments of the *peta* existence certainly makes it easy to escape the retribution that is one's due according to the law of *Karma*. The constant stress on liberality makes us feel that a mercenary spirit or attitude pervades the Peta-Vatthu. The subject matter reveals its late origin, and this with the base type of religion found in the book evidently directed the Siamese theologians in their decision.

First, let us consider the time and place that men saw *petas*. We note that the spirits made their appearance both day and night in various places. Generally speaking, in folklore ghosts haunt the places where they lived or had their activities. This primitive element is found in I, 5, the *Peta* Story of "Outside the Wall":

"They stand outside the walls and at the street corners and at the crossroads; they are standing at the doorposts, having arrived at their own house."

The terrors of a haunted place are depicted in IV, 6. While the Teacher was living at Jetavana, he told this story about two *petas*. It is said that the king of Kosala at Sāvatthi had two amiable sons who were in the prime of youth. In the excitement of youthful passion, they committed adultery, and after death were reborn as *petas* who were being crushed in a trench. During the night they used to lament with a dreadful noise; when the people heard it, they were terrified. Since this was the case, they gave a great donation to the Chapter of priests presided over by the Buddha, saying,

"This ill omen shall cease." They told that tidings to the Blessed one who said, "Disciples, you will not have any end of hearing that noise." He told them the cause of it and in the following stanzas preached them a sermon:

1. "There is a city called Sāvatthi at the flank of the Himalayas; in that place were two princes, the sons of a king; so I heard.

2. "They indulged in sensuality and found delight in the enjoyment of love. They were greedy for the present pleasures, but they did not consider the future.

3. "They left their human state and passed from this world to the next. Although one does not see them, they proclaim the wickedness which they committed in their former existence,

4. "Saying: 'Many people forsooth are served with presents. We cannot provide for ourselves a blessing which brings protection and happiness.

5. "'What wicked deed then might it have been on account of which we were expelled from our royal family and reborn in the realm of the *petas,* afflicted with hunger and thirst?'

6. "They who are lords here will not be lords over there; they wander about tortured with hunger and thirst; the lofty are humbled.

7. "After knowing that this bad consequence has its origin in the presumption of a ruler, a man should renounce the arrogance of lordship and thus go to heaven. After the dissolution of the body the wise man is reborn in heaven."

The *petas* have retained their human form and features and frequently are nude and are tormented by hunger and thirst. In the Avadānasataka we meet a general description that is more or less standard; the *preta* has a face like the summit of a mountain, a belly like a mountain or the ocean, a mouth like the eye of a needle; he is nude, but covered entirely with his hair and completely aglow with flames so that he forms, as it were, a single flame. In this condition he utters cries of distress and awakens the sympathy of his fellowmen.

The *petas* come to earth and seek alleviation from their sufferings, but they do not profit by direct gifts. In their request for aid, they suggest that the donor give in their name a present to some needy individual, in most cases a monk. It was very important that the giver transfer to the *peta* the credit of the gift. We have alluded to the justice of working out one's salvation through the Buddhist rebirths, but we note here that a spirit could be released from the *peta* existence or purgatory by the donations of friends and the concomitant transfer of merit. Here is where the justice of the sys-

tem seems to break down. A *peta* may through supererogation be born in the highest heaven. The only defense we can make for this doctrine of the Peta-Vatthu (or should we not rather call it an apology?) is that existence in heaven is not permanent and by no means does it imply the end of the rebirths. We must admit that it is a serious blemish in the working out of the law of cause and effect, and we grant that the Siamese theologians had a valid reason for excluding the Peta-Vatthu from the canon.

In most instances the punishment bears a similarity to the offense committed in thought, word, or deed. Wicked acts are punished, and a person who performs partially good deeds, receives both joy and grief, *i. e.*, a partial reward and punishment in his *peta* existence.

The following selections will give a general idea of the appearance of the *petas,* the nature of their misery, and the cause of their sufferings. In I, 2, we have this dialogue. Nārada meets a ghost and says: "Your body, golden all over, illuminates all the regions; but your mouth is simply that of a boar. What deed have you done in your previous existence?" The *peta* replies: "My body I subdued; my speech I did not restrain. Therefore, I have such an appearance as you see, Nārada." In I, 3, we have another conversation between Nārada and a ghost. The disciple says: "You have a beautiful, celestial complexion; in the air you are standing, yea in heaven. Yet worms are devouring your mouth which has a putrid odour; what act did you commit in your previous existence?" The *peta* answers: "A monk I was, wicked and of harsh speech; though in the form of a mendicant, I was unrestrained with my mouth; I obtained, to be sure, with austerity my complexion, but also a putrid mouth on account of my slander."

A lie with a false oath brings dire consequences upon a person in the next world. In I, 6, this is brought out by a conversation between a monk and a *peti* (a female ghost). The holy man begins:

1. "You are naked and ugly in form; an ill-smelling and putrid odour your breathe forth; you are all covered with flies, as it were. Now who are you that exist in this condition?"

The peti replies:

2. "I, venerable sir, am a peti, a wretched denizen of Yama's world. Since I had done a wicked deed, I went from here to the world of the *petas.*

3. "At daybreak I give birth to five sons, in the evening again to five others, all of whom I devour; even these are not enough for me.

4. "My head is scorched and smokes with hunger; I do not receive any water to drink. Behold the misfortune which has come upon me."

Then says the monk:

5. "Now what sin has been committed by your body, speech, and mind? In retribution of what deed do you devour the flesh of children?"

The peti replies:

6. "The other wife of my husband was pregnant, and I devised evil against her; I myself with a corrupt spirit caused the fall of her foetus.

7. "Her foetus, two months old, was simply blood and trickled from her. Then her mother in anger brought her relatives to me. And she both administered an oath to me and had me reviled.

8. "I for my part took the terrible oath falsely: 'May I eat the flesh of children, if it was done by me.'

9. "In consequence of both the deed and the perjury, I eat the flesh of children, since I am stained with the blood of my former existence."

Buddhism encourages the monastic life, which of course necessitates liberality on the part of the friar's friends and fellow-countrymen. In the Peta-Vatthu we see that many a man and woman had to pay the penalty for niggardliness or abuse of the monks. In fact, the book lays so much stress upon this phase of religious life that it becomes tiresome and we gain the impression that there was a mercenary motive in writing this collection of tales. From the numerous examples let us quote one story, I, 11, where we have a dialogue between the monk Samkicca and a *peta* family. The monk opens the conversation:

1. "Leading the way, forsooth, one goes on a white elephant, but in the middle, one is in a car drawn by she-mules; and at the very end a young woman who entirely illuminates the ten regions, is carried in a litter.

2. "But you people with mallets in your hands, having sad faces and split and broken bodies, you human beings, what evil have you done? On account of what do you drink each other's blood?"

The *petas* say:

3. "He who goes at the very head on the white elephant, the four-footed beast, was our son; he was the eldest child. Because he gave gifts, he now rejoices happily.

4. "He who is in the middle on the wagon drawn by the she-mules, in the swift car yoked to four, was our second child. As an unselfish and noble giver he shines.

5. "She who is carried in a litter, a lady, wise, having the sluggish eye of the doe, was our daughter; she was the youngest child. Happy with half her portion, she rejoices.

6. "And these with tranquil minds in their previous existence gave gifts to the ascetics and the brāhmans. But we were niggardly and abused the ascetics and the brāhmans. Since they gave gifts, they roam about, while we waste away like a reed cut down."

Then the monk interposes:

7. "What kind of food do you have? what kind of a bed? How do you maintain yourselves, you great sinners, who, while food is abundant and plenty, have lost happiness and today have obtained sorrow?"

Thereupon the ghosts reply:

8. "We strike each other and drink pus and blood. Although we have drunk much, we are not satiated, our thirst is not appeased.

9. "Just so lament unbestowing mortals, who after death are in the abode of Yama; having discerned and attained food, they neither enjoy it nor do good with it.

10. "Suffering hunger and thirst in another world, the departed spirits for a long time lament, since they are in torment. Because they have done deeds of grievous consequence, they receive sorrow as their bitter fruits.

11. "For momentary are wealth and property; fleeting is the life here on earth; gaining a knowledge of transitoriness from the transient, let the wise man prepare a resting place.

12. "All men who are acquainted with the moral law and have this knowledge, do not neglect gifts after they have heard the words of the saints."

In I, 9, a man gave gifts to the mendicants, but his wife reviled and censured him, saying: "Excrement, urine, blood, and pus, filth you shall eat for all time. Let that be your lot in the other world, and your clothes shall be like metal plates." When she died, she became a *peti*, whose clothes were metal plates, and she had to live upon the filth that she had wished upon her husband. In many instances we find that the ghosts had to eat loathsome refuse and dung.

The author of the Peta-Vatthu, however, does not limit his conception of punishment to hunger, thirst, and nauseating rations. Thus a crowd of *petas* narrate their affliction (IV, 10): "In fear we approach the river; it becomes empty. We go up to the shade on

the hot days; it is turned into sunlight. A flaming and burning wind blows over us. Reverend sir, we deserve this affliction and more besides. Famished and craving for food, we travel for *yojanas*. We return without having gotten anything at all; alas, we have been wicked. Hungry and faint, we are smitten to the earth. We are scattered and lie flat on our backs; we fall down, curled in heaps. We in this condition drop down to that very spot and are afflicted upon the earth. We beat our chests and heads. Alas, we have been wicked. Reverend sir, we deserve this affliction and more besides. We have not provided for ourselves a refuge by means of good gifts."

One motif that frequently occurs is that the punishment in the *peta* world was suggested by an act committed in thought, in word, or in deed. Whatever ill you do another person in this world, will return to you in the next; whatever misfortune you wish upon another, will surely be visited upon you in the future. Mattā and Tissā were both the wives of one man (II, 3). After the death of the former she appeared as a petī and narrated her misfortunes. Once Tissā had washed her head and dressed herself in clean clothes; Mattā became jealous and so strewed dirt on her co-wife. Consequently she was covered with sand in the next world. On another occasion she put the rough nuts of the *kapikacchu* in Tissā's bed; as a result of that she was devoured with the itch in her *peta* existence. She even threw her rival's perfume, garland, and new ointment into the cesspool; for that she paid by giving out an odor of excrement.

Here we have a story of a man who led a partially good life (III, 7). The venerable Nārada thus addresses a *peta:*

1. "You are a youth attended by men and women; at night with the pleasures of your senses you are brilliant; during the day you suffer from some cause. What did you do in your previous existence?"

The *peta* thus described his past life:

2. "I, in beautiful Rājagaha, in delightful Giribbaja, formerly was a huntsman, a cruel destroyer of life.

3. "With my broad and strong hands acting a consistent part, I had a wicked disposition; I walked about, always exceedingly grim, delighting in slaying others, and unrestrained.

4. "Though of such a nature, I had a friendly companion, a pious layman of the faith; and he having compassion on me, restrained me again and again, saying:

5. " 'Do not perform an evil deed, lest, my dear sir, you come to distress. If you desire happiness after death, put an end to your taking of life, your lack of self-restraint.'

6. "Although I heard the advice of this man who loved happiness and pitied his friend, I did not obey completely his admonition, since for a long time I had found delight in wickedness and was not wise.

7. "Again this very wise man tenderly introduced me to self-restraint with the words: 'If you slay animals during the day, then let them alone during the night.'

8. "So I killed the animals by daytime and with self-control abstained at nights. Now I walk around by night, but during the day I am consumed in misery.

9. "In consequence of that meritorious act I enjoy a celestial night; during the daytime the dogs that had just been driven back run up on all sides to eat me up."

The following story (IV,5) we shall give together with its commentary. This is a *peta*-story that even children would enjoy.

Now comes the story of the sugar cane. What was its origin? While the Blessed One was living at Veluvana, a certain man put a bundle of sugar cane on his shoulder and was chewing a stalk as he walked along. Then some pious disciple who led a righteous life came along behind him with a small boy. When the child saw the sugar cane, he began to cry, saying, "Give me some." When the layman saw that his little one was in tears, he stopped the man and tried to start a conversation with him. But the man answered him never a word and out of pure meanness refused to give even a bit of sugar cane to the lad. Then the disciple showed him his child and said: "This boy cries bitterly; give him a piece of sugar cane." When the man heard this, he could not stand it any longer and with a contemptuous and disrespectful air, he threw one piece of sugar cane behind himself. Subsequently he died, and on account of the covetousness which he had long cherished, he was reborn among the petas. His reward, of course, was in accordance with his deeds. A large sugar cane forest, black as collyrium, sprang up in which the closely planted stalks had the size of clubs and sticks, and the thicket extended over an area of eight *karissas*. As he approached with a desire to eat and thought, "I will take some sugar cane," the stalks struck him. Exhausted by this affliction, he fell down. Then one day, while the venerable Mahāmoggallāna was going to Rājagaha for alms, he saw the peta on the road.

These stanzas set forth the conversation which took place between the two:

Peta:

1. "Here a great forest of sugar cane springs up before me; it is extensive and bears a good crop. But now it does not offer me anything to eat. Tell me, reverend sir, of what is this the result?

2. "I am afflicted and am being eaten up: I struggle. I am trying to get something to eat. I am well nigh dead, and in my misery I lament. Of what deed is this the result?

3. "I am overcome, and I am falling down to the earth. I roll around in the heat like a fish, and as I weep, the tears are dripping from me. Tell me, reverend sir, of what is this the result?

4. "I am hungry, thirsty, and exhausted. I am terrified and get no pleasure nor happiness. Venerable sir, I am asking you the cause of this. How now might I get some sugar cane as food?"

Mahāmoggallāna:

5. "In your previous existence, i. e., when you were a human being in a former birth, you performed some (wicked) deed. Now I will tell you the reason for your state, and when you hear, take this matter to heart.

6. "You were eating sugar cane as you were walking along, and a man was coming up behind you. He told you that he longed for some, and you replied him never a word.

7. "Although you refused to speak, he begged you and said to you, 'My lord, give me sugar cane.' Then you gave him some from behind. In consequence of that deed you have this result.

8. " 'Look here! (I'll help you; listen to what I say): You may take some sugar cane from behind; take it and eat to your heart's content. Through this very act you will be pleased, delighted, joyful, and happy.' "

9. He went and took it from behind. When he had it in his hands, he ate to his heart's content. By that means alone he became pleased, delighted, joyful, and happy.

The commentary adds that the *peta* gathered a bundle of the sugar cane and gave it to the elder who brought it to the Buddha at Veluvana. The Blessed One together with the priests of the Chapter partook of it and gave thanks. From that time on the *peta* could eat sugar cane in comfort. In the course of time he passed out of the peta-existence and was reborn among the *Tāvatimsa devas.*

One story (IV, 3) reads almost like a fairy tale on account of the mysterious manner in which a highway disappears. We shall quote a portion of it:

1. A king named Pingalaka was lord of the people of Surat. He had gone on a service to the Moriyas and again was on his way back to Surat.

2. In the heat of the noonday the king came upon some mud; he beheld a delightful road, a beautiful path, that of the *petas*.

3. The king addressed his driver: "This is an exquisite highway; it is peaceful, safe, and auspicious. Follow this course, charioteer."

4. From this point the king of Surat with his army of four hosts proceeded upon it at the head of the men from Surat.

5. With a flurried look a man thus addressed the ruler of Surat: "We are going upon a terrible road; it is frightful and causes one's hair to stand up. In front a way is seen, but behind it is invisible.

6. "We are traveling on a dangerous path with Yama's men. A demonic odour is emitted; a dreadful noise is heard."

7. In agitation the king of Surat spoke thus to his charioteer: "We are going upon a terrible road; it is frightful and causes one's hair to stand on end. In front a way is seen, but behind us it is invisible.

8. "We are traveling on a dangerous path with Yama's men. A demonic odour is emitted; a dreadful noise is heard."

9. He mounted upon the back of an elephant, and looking toward the four directions, he saw a banyan with its abundant shade; the tree resembled a dark blue thunder-cloud in color, and its top had the hue of the mist.

10. The king asked his driver: "What is that big object which we see, resembling a dark blue thunder-cloud, and its top has the hue of the mist?" Then replied the charioteer:

11. "Great king, that is a banyan with abundant shade; it is a tree that looks like the dark blue thunder-cloud in color, and its top has the hue of mist."

12. The king of Surat set out in the direction in which was seen that large tree, which in color had the likeness of a dark blue thunder-cloud and whose top had the hue of mist.

13. Having descended from the back of the elephant, the king approached the tree, and with his ministers and attendants he sat down on a root of the banyan. He noticed various cakes and a water-jar filled with a beverage.

14. Then a man who had the appearance of a *deva* and was bedecked with all kinds of ornaments, came up and thus addressed the king of Surat:

15. "Welcome! great king; you had a rather easy course hither. Lord, drink the water, and eat the cakes, O conqueror."

16. The king with his ministers and attendants quaffed the beverage and ate the cakes. After the repast the ruler of Surat spoke as follows:

17. "Now pray, are you a *deva*, or a *gandharva*, or Sakka Purindada? Since we have no acquaintance with you, we ask. How could we know you?" The stranger spoke:

18. "I am not a *deva*, nor a *gandharva*, nor even Sakka Purindada. I am a *peta*, O great king, you who have come hither from Surat." Then the *peta* proceeds to narrate that he had been a wicked man in the past and advised the king to profit by his misfortune. The words of the ghost made such an impression on the king that he became a good Buddhist.

These selections give us some idea of a phase of popular Buddhism. The *peta* existence may well be called the Buddhist purgatory. Although the Siamese theologians did not regard the Peta-Vatthu canonical, it is nevertheless important, since it gives us an acquaintance with what the masses held about one stage in the transmigration of the soul. For the student of folklore and comparative religion the tales are interesting and useful.

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Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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THE DREAM OF MATERIALISM

BY WALTER B. LYDENBERG

"I BELIEVE that we shall sooner or later arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat." In these words, Professor Huxley gave utterance to what is perhaps the ultimate confession of materialism with regard to its hopes and ambitions. Although Huxley died without seeing his dream come true, and indeed probably without expecting to, yet that he was justified in his expectation is not easily disputed. His hope was based on a condition which exists—namely, that there is a relation, possibly an indissoluble connection, between a conscious, spiritual, immaterial, or imperceptible order of things on the one hand and an unconscious, concrete, material or perceptible order of things on the other. Even as spiritual a one as the Psalmist would not disdain to give due credit to the rôle of the material in life, as he sang, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." This is the materialistic view of things; it is a view upon which the eyes can not be closed; it is entirely logical; and there is no reason why one should rebel at it. It is something forced upon us. It is the expression of a truth. It is that which is seen—the perceptible. Nor is it peculiarly a modern view; it is perhaps as old as man. The savage who staked his life on his trusty spear was, that far, a thoroughgoing materialist. The Hebrew who conceded vision to the eye and intellect to the heart was, that far, a materialist. Coming down to recent times we meet with the discovery of the intellectual function of the brain. As early as Shakespeare's time the rôle of the brain in intellectual activity was common knowledge: how much earlier than that is not so apparent, but it is clear that with the Greeks and the Hebrews a man thought in his *heart*. We are not a bit astonished to find late writers, as Cabanis, contending that the

brain "secretes thought"; or as Voltaire, that "I am body, and I think"; or as Schopenhauer, that "if matter can fall to the ground, then it can also think"; or as Moleschott, that "without phosporous, no thought." What did Emerson mean when he said, "Man carries the world in his head"? So certain was Ernst Haeckel of the legitimacy of this view that he did not hesitate to confide that "all phenomena, from the most material to the most spiritual, can be accounted for in terms of motion and matter."

But the dirge of the Psalmist's had hardly subsided when he touched his harp again and sang, this time another song, "But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." How can that be? Man dies. Can that eternal love be for mortal man? No; though man is mortal, there is that which is immortal. Clearly the Psalmist was not satisfied with his materialistic view of things. And how also about the savage? It was not indeed alone on his trusty spear that he staked his life, but in dance and song he invoked a power unseen, without which his spear was but a broken twig. So, too, with the Hebrew; although vision may rest within the eye, there is in man vastly more than vision, for "the eyes of man are never satisfied." Although Hamlet's mother was satisfied that the visions of her storm-tossed son were but the "coinage" of his "brain," the son himself was not so well satisfied with this materialistic view of things, as where his mother found a brain, he found a conscience which "makes cowards of us all." Though Voltaire was content to say of himself, "I am body, and I think," he could not view the surpassing achievements of Newton as the product of some surpassing body, but rather as the product of "a mighty genius received from heaven." Schopenhauer, who reached the conclusion that matter can think, laid infinitely greater stress on the reversal of the process in that it is "will and idea" that is matter. And so, too, an examination of the trains of thought of the most dogmatic materialists readily elicits evidence that their stands are taken with hesitancy; as Huxley also concluded, "Legitimate materialism . . . is neither more nor less than a sort of shorthand idealism."

Here we find a confusion and contradiction which, on its face, discountenances philosophy. Here is evidence of a conflict in the reasoning of man starting with the dawn of history and still waging. It is a battle not alone for the scientist and the philosopher and the theologian, but a battle also for the man in every-day life, the business man, the schoolboy, the housewife, the pleasure-seeker. In the factory there are not simply buildings and machinery and finished

product and bank-account; there are anticipated recreation and freedom, recognition, honor, the approving smiles of loved ones. That the schoolboy's pastimes and the wedding guest's love-dreams and all the joys and sorrows and hopes and poetry and prayers of our daily life are after all nothing else than matter in motion is what materialism teaches. If it is so, let us not deceive ourselves. Let us have the truth, and not be afraid of it. "The truth shall make you free."

The essential doctrine of materialism is "All is material." Logically, this is impossible, as a whole can not be equal to a part. Clearly all can not be material, as, for one thing, the immaterial can not be material. To reach a stable footing the doctrine assumes the form "there is no immaterial"; and in this is involved a psychological dictum that the immaterial is a mental illusion. The task of materialism is to prove this psychological dictum.

In attempting this proof, materialism must by its hypothesis eliminate as authentic data all but matter, inasmuch as in the hypothesis there exists no such thing as the immaterial. Materialism has formulated no definition of matter, and our only recourse in an effort to obtain a definition of matter is an acceptance of the common understanding of what matter is, namely, that it is anything which is perceived, seen, felt, apprehended—in other words, anything which we may touch or see. The task of materialism is then to show how matter (the perceptible) can produce the mental illusion of the immaterial. Materialism has adopted no definition of illusion, and our only recourse here also is the acceptance of the common understanding of what an illusion is, namely, that it is a supposed knowledge of that which is not. The task of materialism thus narrows itself to the construction of a psychology out of perceived things, eliminating all psychology of imperceptible things; the distinction here is that between physiological psychology and empirical psychology (the psychology of experience—thought, reason, imagination, feeling, willing, as such). The data of physiological psychology are accepted by materialism (the brain, nerves, etc.); the data of empirical psychology (the immaterial things thought, feeling, willing, etc., as such) are rejected. There are perceived brain, perceived nerves, perceived organs of touch and sight; and these, in their activity, are all that knowledge and all the other data of empirical psychology are. There is no such thing as mind, as such; but instead there is the acting brain. There is no such thing as intellect, as such; no such thing as knowing, as such; nor as feeling, as such; nor as willing, as such; nor as thinking, as such; nor as hoping, as such; nor as sorrowing, as

such; nor as being joyful, as such; nor as devotion, as such; nor as having an illusion, as such (the illusion of the belief in the immaterial is simply that phase of brain activity which in empirical psychology is called an "illusion"). This is the doctrine of materialism narrowed to a point, although an accepted proof of this doctrine has not yet been produced and the psychology of experience still as far outweighs the psychology of the brain and nerves as the meal on the table outweighs the dreams of the starving man.

The field of physiological psychology is a broad one, and it has been well though not exhaustively explored. Possibly the task of materialism is completed when it defines the data of empirical psychology in terms of data of physiological psychology. Before this task can be undertaken the general conclusions with regard to the function of the brain must be clearly in mind.

Broadly speaking, the cerebrum may be described as an aggregation of nerve-cells in more or less intimate contact one with another through the agency of structural elongations, nerve-fibers. The number of these cells in the cerebrum has been estimated as 1,600,000,000; their average length in thousandths of an inch. It is not known whether they are in immediate contact one with another. With regard to the body as a whole, the cerebrum is that portion of the nervous system midway between the terminals in the periphery of the body (the end-organs of sense) and the terminals in the muscular and glandular systems of the body. External conditions operating on the end-organs of sense are, through the medium of the nervous system, known to be definite causes of muscular activity, in the case of reflex action. The control of the muscular system is definitely known to be centered in the brain, and the only observable prime physiological function of the brain is the control of muscular activity, an adjustment of the body to its environment; or, as Professor Wundt put it, "Everything that we call will and intelligence resolves itself, as soon as it is traced back to its physiological elements, into nothing but sentient impressions transforming themselves into movements." In other words, the only visible expression of cerebral activity is resulting muscular movements; that is to say, the mental activity of a man is apparent only in his movements, his speech, his writing, and other physical expressions.

It is not certain, however, that Professor Wundt was justified in attributing the source of all cerebral activity to sentient impressions, if by this is meant impressions arising in the end-organs of sense. The evidence is clear that a single nerve cell, even one of the minutest and one wholly buried within the brain substance, may be affected

by impressions developed within the cerebrum. The evidence is also clear that all sentient impressions are not invariably transformed into movements; rather the vast majority of sentient impressions appear to be wholly absorbed and possibly entirely diffused within the central nervous system. In other words, the function of the brain is comparable to the function of a sponge. Furthermore, the possibility of strictly intercerebral stimuli must not be overlooked, such possibly as blood pressure and blood movement, chemical activities in the structure of the cerebrum, latent cellular processes, and some indefinite biological phenomenon which might be defined as the stream of life; definite knowledge of these factors is, however, lacking. And there is the possibility also that cerebral nerve-cells may be affected by forces reaching these cells not through the medium of the end-organs of sense, but directly through the cortex of the cerebrum, such as electrical forces, radio forces, or other telepathic forces of kinds wholly unknown.

Whatever the source of cerebral activity, its visible expression, as we have stated, is muscular movement or impulse to muscular movement. The intensity of muscular movement is in a way susceptible to measurement, as is possibly also, in a measure, the intensity of impulse to muscular movement. The difficulty of determining a minimum limit to the intensity of impulse to movement would seem to be unbounded, so that the range of the intensity of impulse may be from a maximum of a definitely measurable horse-power to a minus infinity horse-power; that is to say, there may be impulses to movement so delicate as to defy all means of measurement.

It is to the action of this, physiologically speaking, absorbing and controling organ, the cerebrum, that materialism turns for proof of the illusory character of the knowledge of the immaterial.

It distinguishes between knowledge of the material and knowledge of the immaterial; the former is certain, the latter illusory; the former is gained through the end-organs of sense, the latter through other sources.

What are these other sources? For the present they are hypothetical. We have hinted that they may be intercerebral stimuli, intercerebrally generated either by an ever-present "stream of life" or by telepathic forces received directly through the cerebral cortex. It is certain, however, that, from the essential uniformity of character of nerve-structure within the external end-organs of sense (the eye, the skin, the ear, etc.) and nerve-structure within the cerebrum, it is possible that there may be one or more organs of sense wholly within the cerebrum, necessarily and forever unknown to us through

visual or tactual perception, receptive on the one hand of external stimuli constantly being gathered in by the external end-organs of sense, and receptive on the other hand, and simultaneously and directly, of stimuli engendered in the nerve-matter of the functioning brain itself. In other words, physiologically there is no reason why sensation should be limited to the external end-organs of sense and not be a function also of intercerebral organs.

The presence of an intercerebral organ of sense, sensible only to cerebral activity, might be considered as a physiological explanation of the empirical phenomenon of self-consciousness. The nerve-complex of the cerebrum may be considered to be under incessant bombardment by stimuli from all sides, checking these stimuli, absorbing them, and transforming them not into incessant muscular activity, but into an incessant impulse to action. Simultaneous with this incessant intercerebral impulse, new stimuli are constantly being added to the fire by the external end-organs of sense. From the blending of this complex of extra-cerebral and inter-cerebral stimuli, a single momentarily predominating cerebral impulse must result, expressing in some manner the fact of the conflict of an external world with an internal world, the differentiation of these two worlds, the differentiation of the self from the environment, the differentiation of the self from the non-self, the phenomenon of self-consciousness. In other words, self-consciousness may be defined physiologically as the impulse to the adjustment of the body to conditions imposed by the blending of simultaneous and conflicting functionings of the end-organs of sense and an inter-cerebral organ of sense—the simultaneous sensing of the self and the non-self.

It is conceded that self-consciousness is at the basis of the psychology of experience, empirical psychology; what sees, thinks, knows, feels, wills is the self—nothing else. So in physiological psychology it would become this sensed nervous system functioning, as distinguished from the sensed external world functioning, that is the self. The empirical phenomena of knowing, thinking, perceiving, imagining, feeling, willing could therefore be defined as follows in terms of physiological psychology. Knowing is a cerebrally contained impulse to an adjustment either to an extra cerebral condition or an inter-cerebral condition. Feeling is a cerebrally contained impulse to an adjustment to a condition of the body as a whole. Willing is a cerebrally contained, cerebrally originating impulse to an activity. Thinking is a cerebrally contained impulse to an adjustment to a condition of receptivity of a continuance of cerebrally contained adjustments to conditions. Perceiving is a cerebrally contained

impulse to an adjustment to extra-corporeal conditions effective upon the end-organs of sense. Imagining is a cerebrally contained impulse to an adjustment to conditions not effective upon the end-organs of sense. Remembering is a cerebrally contained adjustment to a condition which does not exist but which did exist and which has been cerebrally retained. The sensed functioning of any one of these cerebrally contained impulses is the self-consciousness of empirical psychology.

So we might go on, defining the phenomena of empirical psychology in terms of cerebrally contained impulses to adjustments to conditions, but the end-results would be as unsatisfactory as trying to read an unfamiliar language. Tyndall declared that "the chasm between these physical processes and the facts of consciousness remains as intellectually impassable, as in prescientific ages." Notwithstanding this, materialism must bridge the chasm. To this task it is spurred on by the doctrine of evolution, in that the biological and physiological data relative to the development of the human nervous system appear to be not without meaning. Biologically and physiologically considered, the simplest form of a functioning nervous system may perhaps be illustrated in the reflex action of the simplest forms of animal life; it may be denoted the *mouth* stage, in which excitation of food touching the periphery of the animal is followed immediately by the opening of the mouth to absorb the food. A higher, and second, stage may perhaps be illustrated in the reflex action of more complex forms of animal life; it may be denoted the *eye-mouth* stage, in which only certain excitations from light, such as a particular color, will result in the opening of the mouth, thus developing a function of selection in the reception of food. A third stage may perhaps be denoted the *eye-foot-mouth* stage, in which certain kinds of vision react upon locomotive muscles resulting in the propelling of the organism into conjunction with food. A fourth stage may perhaps be denoted the *stomach-eye-foot-mouth* stage, in which conditions within the organs of digestion control activity of the eye, foot, and mouth. Here, perhaps may be imagined the presence of a central nervous system, coördinating and controling after fixed laws the activities of the organism in conformity with both internal and external conditions of a simple nature. A fifth stage may perhaps be denoted the *mate* stage, in which phenomena of so-called instinct enter, involving sexual selection, and a higher development of the central nervous system. A sixth stage may perhaps be denoted the *offspring* stage, a step still higher in the play of instinct, in which the offspring is fed under controlled laws

approaching in a measure intelligence. A seventh stage may perhaps be denoted the *fellowship* stage, in which colony-instincts play their part. An eighth stage appears to follow closely upon the fellowship stage, which may be denoted the *self-consciousness* stage, for it is clear that in fellowship selection of any complexity is involved also the selection of that which is not a fellow, i. e., the self. Little as we can know of the self-consciousness of the dog, we are unable to understand how it can select and care for its maimed brother except in so far as in some measure it is conscious of the soundness of itself as distinguished from the maimed condition of the brother. Here we must imagine the presence of a highly developed central nervous system, in which slumbers a latent impulse ready at a moment's notice, upon the slightest provocation, to create an adjustment of the body to conditions irrespective of digestive, sexual, or maternal conditions—a love of fellows, playing an important rôle in the preservation of the species. A final, indefinite, broadly inclusive stage may be imagined in a practically complete control of all incoming and outgoing nerve-impressions by a central nervous system; a dominating cerebrum; a storehouse of inhibited nerve-impressions, latent but always potent; an ability to retain and repeat an impulse over a lifetime (memory); a state of cerebral activity accompanied by long periods of muscular inactivity (thought); an ability to sense and respond to inter-cerebral functions (self-consciousness); the control of action on the basis of received sounds vocally made (speech); the control of action on the basis of received visions of pictures, signs, or words tactually made (writing).

This is the mind-machine of materialism's. It is nerve-force functioning in nerve-matter and expressing itself in bodily impulses, movements, signs, and sounds, largely through the agency of the muscles. It is a force contemporaneous and coextensive with the phenomenon life. Through it arises the illusion of the immaterial; and here we encounter the outstanding problem of materialism, namely, to show, materialistically, how this illusion of the immaterial arises.

With regard to this, the following deductions appear to follow from the materialistic data presented. The mind-machine, like all machines, is necessarily, with respect to the laws which govern it, *infallible*. Nerve-force, like all forces, is essentially positive, not negative. There can be no impulse to an adjustment, except it is an impulse to an adjustment to a condition, as there can be no effect except it is caused. Perception and its modifications, with respect

to the laws which govern them, are necessarily *infallible*. Physiologically, there is no such thing as an illusion; all is inevitable, necessary, mechanical. Physiologically, every so-called illusion is, empirically considered, in itself an illusion, as physiologically there is no illusion. The problem of the illusion is returned by physiological psychology, to empirical psychology. Physiologically, every so-called illusion is no more than a contradiction; that is to say, conditions may not be now as they were; but it can not be said that, physiologically, conditions were not as they were. Contradiction, not illusion, is physiologically possible,—an impulse to the adjustment to a condition preceded by but still coexistent with an impulse to the adjustment to an essentially contradictory condition. What I saw, I saw; what I now see, I see. If I am impelled to adjust to the condition of the house falling down over my head, it means that the *nerve-conditions* attending the falling of the house were existent; if the house did not fall, I may adjust differently later. If I am impelled to adjust to the condition of my body's being transported toward the clouds, it means that the *nerve-conditions* attending such a possibility are present. Whether the event occurred, whether it was possible, are different matters; the fact is, there was the physiological nerve-adjustment,—a positive activity. My companion may adjust or believe otherwise; but, physiologically, what has his nervous system to do with mine? or mine with his? If I adjust to the condition of life after death, what has that to do with past conditions or with future conditions? How I may adjust in the future will depend on me in the future. Thus imagination; and if imagination, belief; and if belief, faith, are, like perception, like digestion, physiological phenomena, effects of causes, phases of "matter in motion," factors in muscular control, materially inevitable, materially infallible. My belief, my adjustment, is the predominant physiological fact, the external world to the contrary notwithstanding. "As he thinketh within himself, so is he," is as true physiologically as empirically. In the psychology of the poet,

> "Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
> When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
> Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!"

Has materialism any basis for sustaining a charge of fraud against spiritualism? None that it can produce from materialistic data.

On the other hand, has it grounds on which to support its own proper claims irrespective of the contradictory claims of spirit-

ualism? How far is it justified in its dogma? On that point, it is evident that, physiologically considered, the extent of response of nerve-force to external conditions is limited by its own nature. The body can adjust nervously only to conditions to which nerve-force is sensitive. Perception, the criterion of the material is therefore also limited to perception. That far, it is an incomplete criterion, and metaphysically an insufficient criterion. That which is perceived is the perceptible, not the imperceptible. The cause, the origin, the life-principle of this nerve-force—that which precedes it and conditions it—being necessarily different from it, can certainly have no part in it other than its cause. There is no more fundamental axiom in materialism than that every effect has a cause. It may be true that nerve-force is nothing else than the play of electrons and protons which constitutes also electrical force; but if so, nervous impulses are limited to the range of this play, are dependent upon the cause of it, and can not function except as such. You can no more expect to find a nervous impulse existing under conditions other than those of its own physical laws, than you can expect to produce an electrical current with a single element of your storage battery.

Nor are physiologically defined limits any less evident in the empirical phenomenon of knowledge. Confucius is credited long ago with having discovered that "there are things above the power of human comprehension, beyond the grasp of human intelligence." Similarly, we find that faithful historian of materialism, Lange, reaching the conclusion that "the whole cause of materialism is forever lost by the admission of the inexplicableness of all natural occurrences."

BYRON—AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

BY J. V. NASH

THE opening years of the nineteenth century in England were illumined by the work of five poets of rare genius—all apostles of the Romantic revival. They were, in the order of their age, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. By a strange coincidence—if it be philosophical to speak of *coincidences*—these five men were destined to die in the reverse order of their birth. Keats was to go first, in 1821, followed by Shelley in 1822, Byron in 1824, Coleridge in 1834, and Wordsworth—full of years and honors—last of all, in 1850, a date within the lifetime of many now living, though at the time of his birth Voltaire still had eight years to live.

While all five of these poets were heralds of the new age ushered in by the French Revolution, Byron alone was a man of action as well as of song. Writing impassioned poems about Freedom and hymning the praise of Nature were in the end unsatisfying; he longed for some taste of the heroic life—to be in the thick of the fray where Liberty waged warfare with Autocracy and sword clashed upon sword. And yet, exalted ideals were in Byron strangely mixed with egotism, vanity, love of excitement, and an inherently theatrical attitude toward life, which exposed both himself and his work to suspicions of insincerity.

It is safe to say that there is no other poet in the whole history of English literature whose life affords such a fascinating study to the psychologist as that of Byron. His was the tragedy of a dissociated personality, a soul torn by conflicting emotions and impulses. The cause of the inharmonious mental states which were a source of constant torture to the poet and cast a pall of futility over all that he undertook, will be made clear by an examination of the abnormal and in many ways deplorable heredity and environment by which his personality was molded.

To most people today the name Byron calls up vague images of a voluptuous poet and fiery radical of the early nineteenth century. But this tumultuous incendiary of popular imagination was a Peer of England by right of blood, who claimed and actually occupied a seat in the House of Lords, at that time the very citadel of aristocracy and privilege.

The Byrons were an ancient noble family of England, the founder of the line having been a Norman by the name of de Burun who came over with William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry II (1155-1189) the name was modified to Byron, the form which it has since retained.

It was the fourth Lord Byron (1669-1736) who seems to have started the strain of eccentricity and passionate violence for which the family during the next one hundred years acquired an unenviable reputation.

As his third wife, he married Frances, daughter of Lord Berkeley and it was from this union that the wild and erratic race which culminated in the poet sprang.

The fifth lord, who was born in 1722, entered the Navy, narrowly escaped death by shipwreck when his vessel, the *Victory*, was lost on the rocks of Alderney; subsequently he took to a life of fox-hunting and gambling. In a sordid quarrel following a card game he ran through with his sword and killed his neighbor and kinsman, a Mr. Chaworth. This was in 1765, the year famous for the passage of the American stamp act. Byron was committed to the Tower and tried on a charge of murder. The trial, which was held in Westminster Hall, was one of the *causes celebres* of the day. It is said that the interest which it aroused was so great that tickets of admission sold for six guineas apiece. A verdict of manslaughter was returned, but Byron, by pleading his privileges as a Peer and paying costs, regained his liberty.

The slayer was, however, thenceforth shunned by his former friends. He became haunted as if by spectres, and shut himself up in his ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, going abroad from time to time by stealth and under assumed names, and at other times being locked up like a wild beast behind the thick walls of the ancient pile. Many sinister stories began to circulate regarding him. It was said that he shot a coachman and flung his body into the carriage beside his wife, whom on another occasion it was alleged that he tried to drown. Finally his wife was forced to flee, in mortal dread for her life.

It was rumored that "the wicked lord," as he became known, was in league with Satan himself, and was waited upon in his castle by imps of his Sooty Majesty. The poet himself tells how, after his wife left him, "the wicked lord's" only companions were a troop of tame crickets, which he had trained to crawl over his body and which he used to punish with blows of a tiny straw when they misbehaved. After their master's death, the story was told how these insects solemnly marched out of the castle, in military procession, and disappeared from view.

"The wicked lord" survived his three sons, his brother, and his only grandson, killed in Corsica in 1794. Consequently, on his death in 1798, his estates and title passed to George Gordon Byron, then a boy of ten, who was the grandson of the fourth lord's second son, John. The latter had led an adventurous life in the British Navy, in the course of which he was shipwrecked in the straits of Magellan, and reached England again only after two years of the most extraordinary adventures in the wilds of South America, including a period of captivity in the hands of the Spaniards in Chile. Several years later he circumnavigated the globe, taking possession of the Falkland Islands in the name of England, which has held them to this day.

The eldest son of this sailor adventurer, born in 1751, was the father of the poet. He was educated at Westminster School and became a captain in the guards. Fundamentally unprincipled, he developed a degree of blackguardism that alienated him from his family. "Mad Jack" he was known in the circles which he frequented.

In the year 1778, in circumstances of peculiar shamelessness, "Mad Jack" seduced the wife of the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The affair was discovered by the marquis through Byron's financial demands upon the lady. In reverse of the usual relations in such cases, he was constantly clamoring for money from his innamorata.

The pair then eloped to the continent of Europe, and when the marquis obtained a divorce in 1779 they were regularly married. The life of one who had sacrificed her honor at his behest he proceeded to make so miserable that in five years she died. Two daughters had been born to the pair, of which one survived. This was Augusta, half-sister to the poet and destined to become a constructive influence in his checkered life.

John Byron was not long a widower. He succeeded in bagging a second wife in the person of Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight,

whose extensive estates in Aberdeenshire attracted the needy and greedy adventurer. "The property of the Scotch heiress," says Nicol, "was squandered with impetuous rapidity by the English rake."

It was on January 22, 1788, in Holles Street, London, that Mrs. Byron No. 2 gave birth to her only child, George Gordon, the sixth lord and the stormy petrel of literary England in the days when the nineteenth century was young.

Soon after the birth of his son, the father, being pressed by importunate creditors, abandoned wife and child and fled again to France. The mother took her young son to Scotland, where she found shelter at Aberdeen. The father, meanwhile, having spent his last shilling in dissipation, decided to return to his wife. They lived together in humble lodgings until their incompatible tempers compelled a separation. For a time, they occupied separate apartments at opposite ends of the same street, within visiting distance. But even this arrangement was destined not to last. His creditors found him out. He extracted sufficient money from his wife to pay his passage once more to France, and left the country, never to return. The curtain fell on his wretched career at Valenciennes, in August, 1791, just as the French Revolution was breaking.

One would suppose that to the wife who had found it impossible to live with him, and whose fortune he had dissipated, his demise would have been in the nature of a relief. Yet when news of Byron's death reached the lady, it is said that her piercing shrieks disturbed the repose of the quiet neighborhood.

As to the character of the poet's mother, we are told that she was not only proud, impulsive, and wayward, but hysterical, that her affection and anger were alike demonstrative, her temper never for an hour secure. "She half worshipped, half hated," says Nicol, "the blackguard to whom she was married, and took no steps to protect her property. Her son she alternately petted and abused."

Such were the jarring, neurotic and tainted psychical streams which united in the poet. Though a handsome lad, he was afflicted with a deformity of one foot which, while it did not seriously interfere with walking, was a source of extraordinary mental suffering—"a lame brat," his mother in her brutal moods used to dub him.

But our limited space bids us hurry on. We cannot linger over Byron's school life, except to note that he was deficient in technical scholarship, low in his class, and apparently without ambition to rank high, but that he eagerly devoured history and romance and reveled in the Arabian nights. Like many another poet, he is reported as

disliking mathematics, and he was an indifferent penman. Yet he was fond of declaiming, and "noted by masters and mates as of quick temper, eager for adventures, prone to sports, always more ready to give a blow than to take one, affectionate, though resentful, and romantically devoted to his friends. The story is told how on one occasion he offered to take half the thrashing a bully was giving to a lad who later was known as Robert Peel.

Such was the little boy who, when the ogre at Newstead Abbey died in 1798, became the sixth Lord Byron. The news came to him at School, and when at the morning roll-call, his name was called, prefixed by the Latin "Dominus," he was so overcome with emotion that he was unable to answer and burst into tears.

It was at Harrow School, too, that he experienced his first love affair—an intense attachment for his cousin and senior in year, Mary Ann Chaworth, daughter of the victim of "the wicked lord." The lady soon married, leaving the future poet disconsolate, and it appears that he never quite forgot her.

From Harrow, Byron went in October, 1805, to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a nobleman scholar. We learn that he took full advantage of his privileges as a lord, quickly got into debt notwithstanding an allowance of 500 pounds ($2,500) a year—a handsome sum in those days, indulged in gambling, hobnobbed with prize-fighters, won fame as a swimmer, traveled about in great style, and after terrible quarrels with his redoubtable mother successfully asserted his claim to independence.

Apparently Byron had little affection for his Alma Mater. Speaking of Cambridge, "the place," he said, "is the devil." "Cambridge did him no good," adds Ernest Coleridge. It is hard to think of Byron as an M.A.; yet it is a fact that he received the degree of Master of Arts, by special privilege as a peer, in 1808.

Byron was now twenty. Already, nearly two years before, he had published a little volume of verse, entitled *Fugitive Pieces,* subsequently destroying all but two or three copies on account of a clergyman friend having criticized one poem as "too free." Practically all of the material, however, was included in *Poems on Various Occasions,* which came out early in 1807.

Shortly afterwards he published another edition with some revisions, under the title, *Hours of Idleness.* This appeared in an altered second edition in March, 1808. Two months earlier his youthful poetic efforts had been torn to pieces in a criticism by Brougham appearing in the famous *Edinburgh Review.* The *Edinburgh,* however, soon felt the mettle of the young poet when Byron

brought out his scathing satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* in March, 1809. Within two years it passed through five editions. Even today it repays reading. Its play of wit and its poetical technique recalled the days of Pope.

It was the scorn which the *Edinburgh Review* had heaped on Byron's youthful verses that stung him into a fixed resolve to prove himself a real poet. Had this criticism never appeared, the name of Byron might be unknown today in English literature.

In the meantime, Byron had managed to borrow money enough to repair to some extent his ancestral estate—Newstead Abbey. There he now settled, "if," as one biographer remarks, "such a word may be used of his riotous occupation of his domain." Although much of the place was falling into ruin, Newstead Abbey was a magnificent inheritance. Byron fitted up two suites of apartments, one for himself and the other for his mother.

The vista from the Abbey was enchanting. In the large adjoining park there sparkled a chain of lovely lakes, and from the casement of his chamber the poet enjoyed a view of a cascade falling from the lakes.

Here Byron held high revel with boon companions, the members of his house parties sleeping until one in the afternoon, then spending hours at the chase, followed by a long night of festivity in which wine was quaffed from a human skull and the merrymakers "buffooned about the house" in monkish garments.

On attaining his majority, in 1809, Byron laid claim to his rights as a Peer of the Realm by taking his seat in the House of Lords.

A few months later, accompanied by his friend Hobhouse and a small retinue, he left England for a tour of Southern Europe. The Napoleonic wars were at their height and the trip promised an abundance of thrills. Landing at Lisbon, he visited Cintra and other points of interest, passing thence into Spain, and on to Seville and Cadiz. The "Peninsula Campaign," in which Britain was seeking to drive the French out of Spain, was in full swing, the battle of Talavera being fought and won during Byron's sojourn in the country. "Being against the government," Ernest Coleridge tells us, "he is against the war." Seemingly he is fascinated by Napoleon's genius and believes that nothing can withstand "the scourge of the world."

Leaving Gibraltar on August 16, Byron stopped long enough at Malta to enter into a love affair with a lady who figures as "Fair Florence" in his poem, *Childe Harold.*

In the Fall, we find him wandering on horseback through the wild and then almost unknown interior of Albania, entertained by

Moslem magnates. One of the most notable Turkish leaders, Ali Pasha, conceived a great admiration for the dashing young Englishman. "He told me," Byron wrote home to his mother, "to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds, fruit, and sweetmeats twenty times a day."

Byron was greatly disillusioned shortly afterwards to find that the fatherly old gentleman was a notorious poisoner and assassin.

Late in November he reached Missolonghi, the fateful spot which fifteen years later was to be the scene of his own death.

In December, by a land journey from Larnaki, he came to Athens. It was at about Christmas time that, from the ruins of Phyle, he caught his first glimpse of "the city of the violet crown." The view inspired the following well-known lines:

"Ancient of days, august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone, glimmering through the dreams of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away: is this the whole—
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour?"

Then he points his favorite moral:

"Men come and go; but the hills, and waves, and skies, and stars endure."

"Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds;
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, glory, freedom fail—but nature still is fair."

Thence the poet journeyed on to Constantinople and Asia Minor, where he rambled among the reputed ruins of Troy. It was at this time, too, that, while detained at the Dardanelles by unfavorable winds, Byron performed the feat of which he never tired thereafter of boasting—he swam the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. It was what we should call nowadays a publicity stunt, valuable because of the opportunity which it would give him for classical allusions in his writings.

Byron's behavior during this tour was bizarre in the extreme. He affected an exotic costume of scarlet and gold, and his attitude was a strange mingling of democracy and hauteur. At the court of the Sultan we find this fiery radical engaged in a disgraceful squabble with the English Ambassador over a point of social precedence.

During two years he wandered again and again through the Grecian peninsula and among the islands of the Archipelago, conversing with all sorts and conditions of men among the motley assemblage of races which then as now peopled the Levant—shepherds, farmers, villagers, sailors, monks and priests, chieftains, brigands, and pirates. He noted having crossed the isthmus of Corinth no less than eight times on his way from Attica to the Morea. He fell ill, and was nearly killed by native quacks, but his servants got him away from the doctors in time to allow Nature to cure him.

Byron next planned an expedition to Egypt, but his remittances from England ceased and his creditors at home became threatening. He would fain remain indefinitely by the shores of the Archipelago, looking out over "the wine-dark sea," and "the bright, bright track of the sun," still unchanged since the days of the ancient Greek poets. "Where one is well off, there is one's country," expressed his philosophy, and besides, he felt himself now a citizen of the world.

Still, his affairs in England were getting desperate and he must needs return. "In short," he wrote, "I am sick and sorry; and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence. . . . Howbeit, I have written some 4,000 lines, of one kind or another, on my travels."

Returning at last to England, he gave to the press the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* (1812), a work which was received with acclaim and at once placed him among the greatest poets of his day. Seven editions of the book were called for in four weeks.

The next two years witnessed the publication of *The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair,* and *Lara.*

Shortly before Byron's return home, his mother had died. She expired in a fit of rage superinduced by reading an upholsterer's bill. The poet now resumed his seat in the House of Lords, as a Liberal, making speeches on a number of bills in which he was interested. On April 21, 1812, we find him speaking in behalf of Catholic emancipation. Yet despite all his protests of Liberalism, Byron makes us aware that while he is *for* the people, he is not *of* them, nor does he wish to be.

Seeking escape from the harassed life which he was now leading, Byron decided to marry, in the frame of mind in which one might decide to hire a cook. "A wife," he impersonally observed in his journal, "would be my salvation."

The lady of his choice was a Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph. He led her to the altar on January 2, 1815. "Byron," Nicol tells us, "was married like one walking in his sleep. He trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and almost from the first seems to have been conscious of his irrevocable mistake. . . . In handing his bride into the carriage, he said: 'Miss Milbanke, are you ready?'— a mistake said to be of evil omen."

As Macaulay remarked anent Voltaire and Frederick the Great, it was easy to foresee the end of a relationship which had such a beginning. In fact, to quote again from Nicol: "Byron never really loved his wife; and though he has been absurdly accused of marrying for revenge, we must suspect that he married in part for a settlement. On the other hand, it is not unfair to say that she was fascinated by a name, and inspired by the philanthropic zeal of reforming a literary Corsair. Both were disappointed. Miss Milbanke's fortune was mainly settled on herself; and Byron, in spite of plentiful resolutions, gave little sign of reformation."

The ill-assorted union lasted only a year. Shortly after the birth of their only child, the little daughter Ada, Lady Byron left her husband forever. Neither Byron nor his wife would divulge the actual cause of the break, and in the thick fog of gossip and slander which sprang up around the affair, no gleam of truth can be discerned.

The next year Byron took his final departure from England. His popularity had suddenly changed into extreme unpopularity. "I was accused," he wrote, "of every monstrous vice of public rumor and private rancor. . . . My name, which has been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true. I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew."

In short, "the fashionable world was tired of its spoilt child, and he of it. Hunted out of the country, bankrupt in purse and heart, he left it, never to return; but he left it to find fresh inspiration by the 'rushing of the arrowy Rhone,' and under Italian skies to write the works which have immortalized his name."

A long chapter was now closed and Byron's life entered upon its last phase, stretching over a period of eight years. With the advent of this period, and the poet's emancipation from all the hateful conditions by which he was pursued in England, a fresh access of power came into his literary work.

After quitting England, Byron spent some time at Geneva under the stimulating influence of Shelley. At last he found a congenial

refuge by the waves of the Adriatic, "like the stag at bay who betakes himself to the waters."

He now turned out a large amount of poetry, including the remaining cantos of *Child Harold, Cain, Manfred,* and *Don Juan.* Then he seemed to weary of writing. He lacked the capacity for sustained effort at anything. Poetry he decided was not his vocation. He longed for action, and a field for heroic adventure opened immediately to his view.

The Greeks were struggling to throw off the Turkish yoke. In 1823, Byron chartered a ship at Genoa and set sail for the theatre of war. The Greeks welcomed their distinguished volunteer with great acclaim. With his usual inconsistency, Byron showed little real respect for these Greeks whose cause he was now enthusiastically advancing. Yet he brought with him to Missolonghi 4,000 pounds ($20,000) of his own personal loan. "The people in the streets," wrote Stanhope, "are looking forward to his lordship's arrival as they would to the coming of a Messiah." He was received with salvoes of musketry and triumphal music, and was given the freedom of the city. He strove manfully to end the internal dissensions in Greece, in order that the leaders might present a united front to the Turks.

Finally, it was arranged that Byron should assume the post of commander-in-chief of an expedition against Lepanto. But the hand of death was already upon him. On his thirty-sixth birthday, while still at Missolonghi, he wrote:

> "If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
> The land of honorable death
> Is here . . .
> Then look around, and choose thy ground
> And take thy rest."

Stricken with illness before he could get into action, in his delirium he fancied he was leading his troops on to the charge at Lepanto. "Forward, forward!" he called to his phantom legions. Then the fire of life slowly flickered out, like the flame in a dying coal. "Now I shall go to sleep," he murmured to a faithful attendant. These were his final words.

The tides of literary reputation ebb and flow like those of the ocean. The tremendous impact of Byron's fame in the flood tide of his literary popularity is difficult for us to realize, now that the tide has been ebbing so long.[1] To his own generation, Byron was

[1] Byron's literary reputation is still very high on the Continent.

an inspired spokesman. In masculine and, though declamatory, none the less powerful speech he voiced the chaotic yearnings and strivings of his day—its passion for liberty, its despairs, its doubts and questionings, its blind gropings toward new ideals and new values. All the strength and all the weakness of his generation are found in Byron.

And it is just because his was the voice of his generation that it lacked the quality which transcends time, and echoes so faintly in the ears of a generation busied with other problems. Byron was not a Shakespeare, but he was supremely himself, in all his virtues and all his vices. His work, dashing, brilliant, effective, and rich in content as it is, is marred by faults of technique and displays marked inequalities in merit. His thoughts welled out faster than he could put them down, and if he paused he could not recapture the fleeting mood. And so he is careless of form, of finish, of detail, and at times even of grammar.

'He is the poet of the mountain-peak, the sea, and the tempest. A contempt for his fellow-men mingles curiously with his love of nature and her solitudes. Unlike Wordsworth, he does not efface himself in her presence, but finds a congenial spirit in her moods of fierceness and of power."

The tumult of his own life and emotions is mirrored in his verse, which he made "the memorial of his imperious and colossal egotism." His heroes follow the same general type and are born of his own personality. They are not chastened by suffering. "They stand solitary in the midst of the sufferings of the world, in their own woes, sullen and defiant until the last."

Byron's ideal of freedom was not the freedom dreamed of by philosophers and by the political leaders of oppressed peoples. It was largely a concept of personal license. "I have simplified my politics," Byron confided, "into an utter detestation of all existing governments."

It was Byron's lack of any constructive social faith, any vision of a redeemed and uplifted humanity such as inspired Shelley, that makes his reputation a tarnished thing today. But the striking force and beauty of many a passage in his writings will give enjoyment to lovers of literature as long as English is a living tongue.

AN INTERPRETER OF DESTINY

EDWIN MILLER WHEELOCK AND THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

BY CHARLES KASSEL

THE corridors of time resound with the clangor of the battle between those schools of philosophy and religion which proclaim the utter freedom of men and movements on the stage of history and those schools which view the experiences of peoples and races as a mighty drama, cast by some supernal intelligence, and whose course and climax are fixed by inevitable law. The surge of the conflict, back and forth, as the one system or the other rose to the ascendant, has left an ineffaceable impress upon thought and character, and the annals of the past sufficiently reveal how subtly each belief works up into individual life and conduct.

Scientifically, the question is insoluble. It reaches farther back into the history of being than science penetrates. In religion, it occupies a region where faith and not reason is the arbiter and where each sect guides its groping way by the word of some inspired page or prophet. It is in the realm of philosophy alone, upon this overshadowing problem, that the eager mind finds measurable scope for exercise.

Back of the whole world-story, with its magnificent panorama of evolution, this question may lie. The last two decades have widened incalculably our thought of the evolutionary process. The revelations of the spectroscope, the latest triumphs of the chemical and physical laboratories, and, above all, the apocalyptic splendor of radio-activity, have disclosed to us a vision of growth and becoming which embraces not only the animate creation as we have hitherto known it but the very metals and crystals and even the atoms of the material fabric about and beneath us.

The scientist today sees with larger eyes than in the days gone by. He thinks of all matter as the outflowering, in all likelihood, of one primordial substance, and he even wonders whether all life as well may not reach back to a mother-element in the cosmic prime. Peering within the atom, until recently deemed simple and indivisible, he finds the electron sweeping with incredible swiftness its orbit about the nucleus in the infinitesimal system, forming as it does a miniature of the solar scheme, and the imposing thought drives in upon him that the atomic order may be the type and symbol of the cosmos itself, with suns and planets as units of galaxies, and these of larger clusters still. Upon this theory the whole visible universe, with others trillions of miles distant, may form a grand system, rolling, through inconceivable ranges of time, about some sublime center.

That the bewildering profusion of worlds may be thus a slow blossoming in space and time, through measureless ages, of a preexisting Idea, with a principle of growth, unfoldment and decay ingermed and fixed, is neither new nor unwelcome to the philosophic mind, but heretofore we have rebelled against the thought of such a process in the evolution of the animate creation and in the history of man. If we assume, however, that the starry hosts are a harmonious whole, wrought forth in the loom of creation according to a set pattern and to be unravelled and rewoven when some huge cycle is done, we shall find it hard to deny that the course of life and history itself may have been foresketched in outline from the beginning, leaving only the details to the play of secondary causes, including the volition of man.

It is just here we encounter the seemingly hopeless conflict between the idea of necessity and the idea of free will. To solve the difficulty will require a deeper knowledge, and perhaps a higher order of mind, than the race possesses as yet. It may well be, however, that we have made too much, in our philosophic thinking, of free will and moral responsibility. Libertarian in every direction, political, religious and social alike, and disposed to exalt the principle of freedom in all merely human relations, our dislike for the doctrines of the necessitarians may spring from our bias and not from our reason.

In reality, the will to good may be the synonym of the highest freedom, and the will or proneness to evil, where it exists, the badge and measure of its absence. If, because of an invincible revulsion, we are definitely incapable of a heinous act, our moral responsibility may be less, but our freedom, in spite of the seeming paradox, may be greater. For a solution of such questions, fundamental though they are, we must await an illumination beyond us at present. As

with the conceptions of infinity in space and eternity in time, the mind thus far is without the material, and perhaps without the machinery, for reaching a conclusion.

Meanwhile, none the less, the thought is an admissible one that, if such things as Fate and Destiny exist, exceptional natures may not be without the faculty for catching their secret whispers. We can not say that we have sounded to its depths the mystery of mind. Sealed away in the hidden places of the subconscious may lie unexplored chambers, filled with treasures richer than any Pharaoh's, and whose full opening awaits some unknown hour in the history of man.

Even the sober scientist in these latter days, seeing all things in a new and magic light, is ready to believe that in the realm of mind may lie as many marvels as the new century has unveiled in the domain of matter. It was a startling suggestion of John Burroughs, in his "Sheaf of Nature Notes," published in the *North American Review for September*, 1920, shortly before his death, that the mysterious instincts in the insect and lesser animal world may be in reality senses of a psychic order, "and that in what we call telepathy we get hints of the same thing among ourselves." Nor is it without significance that the great naturalist should have reserved for so late an hour the utterance of a thought which must have been long in his mind.

"It seems certain," says J. Arthur Thomson, in his *Introduction to Science* (Home University Library, p. 230), "that in many fields there are men with a remarkable power of intuition, born not made, of whose methods even self-analysis can give no account." Such a pronouncement would not have been possible to a distinguished scientist of the earlier day and it is a striking commentary upon the mystical tinge in modern scientific thinking that this statement should have come from the same hand which, in the recently-published *Outline of Science,* has given to the world a work unique and unrivalled in its field—an authoritative exposition of all the sciences with their interrelations, told in language of majestic simplicity and beauty.

In the issues of the present magazine for September, 1920, February and July, 1922, and March, August and December, 1923, we saw that Edwin Miller Wheelock was not only a writer of remarkable gifts, and a courageous champion of intellectual freedom, but that he belonged to an order of men who look clearly into the future where measures and movements are concerned which make a supreme appeal to their natures. Von Holst, as we found, had, by

a quotation in his "Constitutional History of the United States," paid an impressive tribute to the seer-like character of the young minister's utterances upon the execution of John Brown, and it was indeed a notable thing that from the fact of the raid at Harper's Ferry, and the tragic fate of its leader, he could construct so faithful a picture of the strange events to come, and could so accurately fix their date. No less remarkable were the deliverances which in the early years of the war came from his pulpit at Dover, New Hampshire, proclaiming the higher meaning of the struggle as it proceeded, and emphasizing with eloquent reiteration its fated course and character.

Liberal Unitarian as he was, and disciple of the arch-heretic Theodore Parker, he presented the spectacle of a mind freed from the trammels of the old religious sanctions yet oppressed with an overmastering sense of the providential in human life and history, and his discourses between the outbreak of the war and the end of the year that followed, as dealt with in the issue of this magazine for March, 1924, are an ample testimony to his penetrating insight and the breadth of his forevision. That the prophetic passages quoted in the last installment of this biography ring out so clear and full, and, above all, that they should have been spoken when the Northern cause was at its darkest stage, and facing what seemed almost certain military defeat, is only an added token of the calmness of his faith in the destined outcome of the crisis.

As the war progressed the North found itself increasingly surrounded with difficulties. The world had held its judgment in suspense and awaited the decisive battle which should determine whether the strife would be brief or prolonged. The battle of Bull Run demonstrated that the struggle was a war, and not a petty rebellion, and instantly sentiment abroad crystallized and nations inquired of the Union what it was seeking to accomplish.

Three days after the election of Lincoln, an editorial had appeared in the New York *Tribune*, written evidently by the hand of Greeley himself, recognizing the right of the Southern states to secede, if they desired, and recommending that they be permitted to depart in peace. Such, indeed, had been the feeling of the abolitionists, and a peaceful separation was advocated at the North far more widely, as James Ford Rhodes tells us, than Northern historians now like to admit. Lincoln, on the other hand, while he had set his face sternly against secession, as an impossible thing under the constitution, disclaimed all desire to interfere with slavery in the South.

The state of feeling at the North upon the subject of the South's distinctive institution admits of but one construction. So widely prevalent was the belief in the responsibility of the abolitionists for the tension between North and South that an anti-slavery convention held at Tremont Temple in Boston to commemorate the anniversary of John Brown's execution was broken up by a mob, and the mob was largely composed, according to rumors at the time, of Beacon Street aristocrats.

For the Republicans at the North Lincoln had spoken a word as unequivocal as the action of the mob itself. "Do the people of the South," he said in a letter to Alexander H. Stephens, "really entertain fear that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves or with them about their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you there is no cause for such fear."

Congress itself, indeed, on the day of the battle of Bull Run, adopted a resolution, introduced two days previously, which gave the most solemn expression to the same sentiment. The war was not waged for conquest or subjugation, the resolution declared, or to overthrow or interfere with the rights or established institutions of the Southern states, but only to maintain the supremacy of the constitution and to preserve the Union.

That the war must necessarily end in the freedom of the slaves was not appreciated at the North, though at the South Jefferson Davis foresaw from the beginning that the defeat of the Southern Confederacy would mean the end of slavery. The abolitionists were still a small body with limited influence and their program was distinctly distasteful to the politically powerful classes. There was every inclination among Northern men to leave slavery untouched where it was already rooted and established and the Republicans accentuated in every way their cordial dislike of the abolitionist reformers. The emancipation of the slaves was beyond the power of the federal government under the Constitution and the successful party made it very clear they would not war upon the South for the supremacy of the Constitution and at the same time strain or break its provisions in the anti-slavery cause.

Whatever the feeling of the Republican leaders, however, as to the problem of slavery, however clearly they may have realized that emancipation was beyond the power of the federal government under the Constitution, emancipation was inevitable in the progress of events, and the student of the times wonders that this truth was so little appreciated. With the historic panorama unfolded before the mind's eye, and from the vantage-ground of present knowledge,

the fatuity of any hope of compromise is apparent. The war for the conquest of the South could not be fought over a range of years without forfeiting wholly the sympathy of the world. A great moral issue was necessary about which a lofty sentiment could center, alike in the North and throughout the world at large, and in the institution of slavery that moral issue lay ready-made. The triumph of the abolitionists was predestined. A war to subjugate the rebellious states the world might tolerate, if the war were short and successful, but a protracted war, or one of doubtful fortunes, would be certain ultimately to bring recognition of Southern independence in its train and possibly foreign intervention. A war, however, fought to rid the soil of America from the stain of chattel slavery was one which in its very nature made recognition difficult and intervention impossible without doing violence to the sentiment of mankind.

That the war must take on ultimately the character of a crusade against slavery was clearly foreseen by our minister. The prophetic ken which had stood him in good stead through the preceding years did not forsake him now and the sermons coming from the pulpit at Dover betray an insight into events that were passing and a sureness of feeling as to the outcome which lend peculiar impressiveness to the manuscripts of those years. In an early sermon of this period, he said:

"We are now reaping that which we have sown. Our mouths are filled with the fruit of our own devices and that despotism whose chain we so complacently fastened round the ankle of the unoffending slave is now seeking to twist its bloody links around our own necks. Let the land now undergoing the agonies of dismemberment testify to the depth of our sin and the need for reform. The nation has stood for five long months meekly parrying the deadly thrusts of treason and returning none of them in the temper in which they were delivered. We lost the battle of Manassas because we chose to go the half-witted way to work. There were four millions of Americans intensely and irrevocably loyal in our enemy's rear. There wanted but a move and a word and the whole rear of the foe was our own. But it was thought better to fight with one arm tied up and the result was suitable. We gave up our brethren to the slaughter, we sullied our banner, we buried our friends and our good name —but we saved slavery. Thus stands the case today. The war is simply and solely one for the defense of our national unity and life. We are fighting as a nation from the same instinct which would prompt each of us, as an individual, to defend himself if an attempt were made to cut his body into three and thirty pieces.

"But we are in a revolution and revolutions never go backward and only seem to stand still. The ball of revolution, once fairly in motion, is beyond human control. So it has always been. Luther did not mean to split the Roman church—only to reform it. Hampden and Cromwell did not mean to destroy the English monarchy—only to curb its prerogative. Wesley did not mean to sever himself from the national church—only to shake it out of its sleep. The Continental Congress did not mean independence—only redress of grievances. But when the hand of God has struck the hour and turned the stream of history, men are like reeds in the blast and whole nations are swept before the motions of his will.

"The signs are plain to all eyes that the system which has caused the carnage of all these battlefields and made oaths the most solemn brittle as straw and taught lying and stealing as cardinal virtues shall die amid the convulsions it has raised. In the loyal slave states, if any such can be found, insurrection will be suppressed, the institution left to its own chances. But wherever slavery is used to help the work of treason on it will fall the blow of the federal arm till, from sunrise to sunset, the eye of day does not rest on a solitary slave. To this end the internal spirit of this national uprising is clearly tending. On this sublime height the nation is planting itself. It will deal with the slave power as with one found guilty of treason against the majesty of the republic. It will liberate the loyal men in the Southern states from the reign of terror that there prevails, and then, in concert with them, prepare a New South, reconstruct its now degraded state sovereignties, prevent that beautiful land from becoming the desperate haunt of brigandage and piracy and forever end the ownership of man in man. On treason's head this just retribution is impending.

"The cause of the war is simple. This is a slave-holders revolt. It has no other parentage. Slavery alone has split a happy people into two warring parts and wrecked the foremost government of the world. Believe it not, my friends, when you are told that the army of the republic must cleave its way from the Potomac to the Gulf at the cost of the best blood of the nation and leave the cause and the sole cause of all this carnage protected and powerful for future mischief. This is utterly impossible.

"Peace can only come by burying the cause of the war so deep that no trump of resurrection shall ever reach it. Only thus can our lost stars be recalled to their orbits in the federal sky. The hour is at hand, its dawn already whitens dome and spire and hilltop, when

the dullest will see that there is no alternative between emancipation and national dismemberment.

"There are not many orphans and widows and bereaved brothers and fathers without sons as yet, but wait until Southern treason has hung crepe on thousands of our homes, then there comes an uprising compared to which this present excitement will be as frost to fire; the slave power and the war will both die on the same day, smitten through and through with the trenchant blade of complete, unanimous abolition!"

Again, in a later sermon of about the same time:

"This monstrous thing stands in the midst of the republic like a pyramid as of skulls and serpents, of cruelties cabled into law, reminding us of the sight that once, in a South American forest, nearly froze Humboldt's steady soul with horror—the spectacle of a pyramidal column of living, knotted snakes, interfolding, intertwined in one body.

"The next step in the divine plan for the progress of this great nation is the destruction of slavery. That is God's purpose in this war. It is as plain as the hand writing on the wall and needs no interpreter. Every star on our banner, every stripe on its folds, is now singing the hymn of emancipation and eternal union. It is the harvest-time and the tares are to be burned. What the North always failed to do for itself even He who causes the wrath of man to praise Him is accomplishing through the blind madness of the South. Their armed and desperate revolt is as though a decayed tooth should pull itself out—as though a cancer should drop away or a gangrened limb amputate itself, when the nervous fevers of the patient would not suffer the operation to be performed otherwise.

"The time has been when this ferocious sin that now convulses a continent and wraps our republic in flames might have silently and gradually disappeared—the slow and kindly action of moral and economic forces acting upon it as the April sun upon our winter snows. This method for thirty years the free states have pressed on the slave-power in vain. It is too late now. The moments for fulfilling higher duties are always transient. Noiselessly as apparitions they come; they are here—they are there—they are gone. The lips of argument now are silenced; reason pleads no more and arms must settle this high debate.

"The slave system, armed, desperate, maddened, is at our door. It has thrust us into the red path of war; it has attacked the republic at its heart and one of the two must go to the wall, crushed and forever destroyed. The struggle is no light one—it is for life and

death. One of the two forces must go down. Either liberty must perish or slavery die. Our very life as a nation is at stake.

"Let no one think that a victory at Vicksburg or on the Rappahannock, the blockade of the Southern ports, the retaking of a few fortresses, will vindicate our insulted honor and end the war; and then that we can peacefully arrange for a general settlement and division, they forming one confederacy and we another. Not so. If this union is broken asunder it will be broken into atoms and we become as a herd of Mexican states.

"The Lord has made us *One Nation* and we can not become two or three or four. We are one people or we are nothing. The day that sees our recognition of a slave empire on our soil will see our national annihilation. Every cause of warfare would still remain, stung into tenfold rage; the very first question in dispute would have to be decided on the battlefield; each meeting by land or sea would be a hostile collision; the intervals of truce would be but as brief breathing-spaces for a new struggle and the interminable war would swiftly drag us down the steep of disorganization and anarchy to the lower deep of European dictation and control.

"But some will say, O you can not conquer the South. You can not subjugate eight millions of people. I know it. We do not wish to conquer the South. The slave power is not the South any more than Boston is Massachusetts. It is the slave power—the eternal foe of free government—that, first silencing every loyal voice at home and refusing to submit its traiterous work to the popular vote, now grasps at the nation's heart. That power we can destroy in a single campaign and we must destroy it or be ourselves destroyed.

"When God calls upon us to execute his decrees, like Jonah of old we may close our ears to his call but in our blind disobedience we shall only stumble upon a worse fate and after many stripes turn back to our work at last."

The summer of 1862, as we have seen, beheld the North farther than ever, to all seeming, from a successful end of the contest. Discouragement was in every Northern heart. Of the mercenaries with which the Union armies were filled toward the close of the struggle there were few as yet—the fighting forces were composed of the rarest blood of the North and East, consecrated to the cause by an impassioned feeling of its utter rightfulness; but the god of battles, for the time, was with the South.

The great struggle, nonetheless, was approaching now the psychological hour when the choice must be made from which the whole North had shrunk. With the possibility of foreign intervention, and

the certainty of foreign aid, the triumph of the Southern cause was perilously near, and with its triumph would come the blight of a divided empire on the American continent, with bloody contests in the future. The intuitive mind of Lincoln felt the approach of a supreme crisis and already he was preparing to take a bold and decisive step, and one which should fill the soul of our minister with an unmingled joy; but the preparations for this step rested as yet in the consciousness of the patient executive at Washington, unknown to any save his most intimate counselors, and in the meanwhile the Dover pulpit continued to echo with the prophetic utterances of the young preacher. Said he in July, 1862:

"We can not make crises—God makes them and offers them to our hands to use. We cannot control events; they will flow on in His providence—He gives them to us to work with. Twelve months have passed since the first great federal defeat—twelve months filled with meaning louder than words or than cannon—events so significant as to make eloquence tame and vapid. The American people were called from their farms and workshops, where they labored with faces turned earthward, with brains, arms and hands intent on the conquest of material nature, and were whelmed in a sea of untold disgraces and sacrifices.

"But not one of our sufferings could be spared and our defeats will prove more gainful than victories. The experience of the last sixteen months of faction and anarchy is fast producing in the nation the conviction that the rebellion and its cause must sink together into a common grave.

"A small party at the North—continually growing smaller—still cower before the power that stirred up the rebellion and talk of putting down the revolt while respecting and protecting its mainspring and cause.

"The war really began not with the siege of Sumpter but in the fall of 1855 on the plains of Kansas. Every slave state save Maryland and Delaware had an army on the plains of Kansas that liberty might be killed, but a handful of Northern men with a few rifles said to slavery, you have brought this upon us and you shall cease to exist in Kansas. They also said to those whose shackles they struck off, seize arms and fight for freedom with us. Thus Kansas was saved and thus will the Union be saved, if at all.

"There are those who have been hoping for the reconstruction of the 'Union as it was.' That delusion is now dispelled. The slave power stands forth unchangeably and implacably disunion. It has ceased to palaver. It has discarded forever the stars and stripes.

Henceforth it will have empire or the grave. You can not soothe it. You can not conciliate it. No depth of abasement on our part will lure it back. It will not negotiate—it will not capitulate—it will conquer or die; and its success means the subjection of the working classes of the North to the auction block.

"Let those, great and small, who have whelmed the republic in this wanton war pay for it with their goods and lands and chattels and lives. Now is the time to settle our long account with eternal justice for the working classes of the South. Have we not been brayed long enough in the mortar of a slave rebellion to have our negro folly depart from us? This is no time for quackery, sentimentalism or tenderness to the rebels. We have poured out treasure enough to buy up half a continent. We have lavished streams of the most precious blood. The bones of our brothers lie bleaching on the soil of every rebel state. It is the second year of the war and we have but touched its borders in the cotton states. It yet remains a question whether free institutions shall endure or be crushed into ruin. We must do speedily the one thing we have too long forborne. We must speak the one word that has died on our tongues.

"The cotton states contain three millions of people devotedly loyal and true. They will not wait for either bounty or draft. They are already drilled—drilled by a hundred years of bitterest oppression—every drop of their blood is earnest—covered by God with black faces so that you may know them at a distance and always to be trusted. Call them to your aid! Give the rebellion into their hands during the sickly months of summer and the autumn will witness the close of the war. The President promises to do this if necessity compels, but so will the rebels if driven to the wall and the danger is that we shall be too slow and too late.

"The hand of destiny is moving fast on the dial-plate of time. It is a race between Lincoln and Davis which will reach emancipation first and whichever does will succeed in the end. When our army draws near to final success the South is already pledged to write emancipation on her banners, identify those waiting millions with her cause and welcome the protectorate of a European power. They like ourselves will throw everything overboard before they will submit to defeat. We then would not conquer her if we could and we could not if we would—the sympathy of the world will be with her and the contempt of the world upon us.

"But—but," says some friend, who has not yet emerged from the chrysalis, 'you are advocating John Brownism and abolitionism.'

It does look like it, certainly, but if your sensibilities are very delicate and the rose smells any sweeter by another name call it military necessity. Battle is a swift educator. We are all abolitionists now or will be after a third retreat from Richmond, while the main difference between Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln seems to be that what the one calls abolition the other terms abolishment.

"John Brown's crime was that he saw this day a little sooner than we saw it and his democracy was just three years in advance of ours. The lesson for which he set the text five hundred thousand men are writing in characters visible from Harper's Ferry to New Orleans. His soul, multiplied by half a million, filling the heavens with flame and the earth with thunder, is 'marching on.'

"Our past union was one of diplomacy, not of ideas; of law, not of love; states married, not matched; chained together, not welded into one. It was a union of 'two snarling hounds leashed together,' but out of this war will come a better, a homogeneous union, lasting as the granite that underlies the continent."

Almost on the very day these last words were spoken, President Lincoln imparted to his cabinet the project of decreeing the emancipation of the slaves by executive order as a war measure, although the actual promulgation of the proclamation would await a Union victory. It was on July 22nd, 1862, that the draft of the preliminary proclamation was read to the cabinet but it is a striking commentary on the doubts which infested even the mind of Lincoln upon the subject that on August 22nd, a month later, he should have written to Greeley the oft-quoted letter giving it as his primary purpose to save the Union, whether with or without slavery.

Clearly as our own minister may have foreseen the certainty of emancipation, we cannot marvel that Lincoln hesitated. He was above all a practical statesman. He hoped, perhaps he knew, that somehow the issue of the struggle would bring with it the end of slavery in America, but he could not be sure that emancipation was even yet expedient.

Sentiment abroad was distinctly unfavorable to the Northern cause. The English historian Grote, who had many fine words for democracy in Greece, felt no sympathy with the Union. Carlyle was without real feeling against slavery in America. Even Gladstone, up to July, 1863, was hostile. The chief newspapers of England were frankly Southern in sympathy, as were the leading English statesmen. Great Britain, indeed, and France as well, was secretly opposed to the Northern cause, and among the nations of the world, Russia alone was consistently the friend of the Union. In

English harbors vessels were building, over the protest of American ambassadors, which were meant in the fullness of time to break the Southern blockade. With the exception of D'Israeli, who was always opposed to intervention in American affairs, and of Bright, whose fine nature was sensitive to struggles for freedom, little came from the British shores to give encouragement to Lincoln.

It is one of the touching episodes of the time, however, that while British statesmen and British press were following the promptings of British interests, which dictated the opening of the Southern cotton ports, British workingmen, suffering unemployment and extreme privation from the stoppage of cotton supplies for English mills, clung stubbornly in sympathy to the Northern cause, recognizing instinctively that chattel slavery in whatever form and wherever practiced held a menace for the working classes. They were still without the ballot, as they had been without the ballot in the days of the American Revolution, and their feelings were not reflected in the action of the English Parliaments and ministries, but they could make their voice articulate in other ways and the note of sympathy for the North which came from all meetings of English factory workers seemed a happy omen in the midst of so much discouragement.

THE ETHICAL AND SOCIAL IDEAS OF JESUS

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

SEVERAL noteworthy books have lately been written on the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth—their essential significance, their originality, and their relation to the time, place and circumstances which gave them birth. Some of the questions raised and treated in these works are of greater importance, historically and scientifically, than the average man who considers himself religious and devout, and who is not averse to candid, searching discussion of everything connected with the life and mission of Jesus, appears to realize. But as superstition, credulity and unthinking acceptance of traditions give way to critical and rational discussion of theological and metaphysical subjects, the study and interpretation of Jesus and his doctrines is bound to assume an increasingly objective and detached character. The elements of permanent value in the Christian faith have nothing to fear from the most rigorous use of the analytical and scientific method; the accidental, ephemeral and superficial elements of that faith will, and should be, placed in the right light and traced to their sources.

Two questions naturally suggest themselves to the earnest and independent student of the New Testament, and these claim a good deal of attention in the new books to which reference has just been made. The answers given are not quite satisfactory, perhaps, but they indicate an advance on previous views and enable the unprejudiced truth-seeking inquirer to make further progress.

The first and obviously important question is this: To what extent, if any, was Jesus consciously and unconsciously influenced in reaching and promulgating his doctrines by the belief that the end of the world was imminent? The second question, old yet ever new, is—Just *what* does Jesus teach and preach in connection with vital and grave problems of human conduct under such conditions as obtain today?

Let it be frankly recognized that opinions may and do diverge widely with reference to the first of these questions. Dogmatism or overconfidence on the point would be as arrogant as it would be vain and foolish. The best we can do is to apply common sense to the injunctions, aphorisms and words of Jesus and determine whether they were intended to apply to normal and stable society or only to a society whose days were numbered and whose dissolution and complete rebirth were inevitable.

Of the many utterances, direct and indirect, which may be cited from the Gospels concerning the impending destruction of the world, the following must suffice:

"Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

"This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

"The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye and believe in the gospel."

"Watch ye, therefore. . . . I say unto ye, Watch."

It is impossible to read these and similar sayings in their contexts without recognizing that Jesus believed he was preaching to a doomed world, a world in which *the supreme duty and supreme opportunity was repentance, spiritual preparation for a new heaven and a new earth.* Let sophists assert what they will; simple honesty requires us to give the words of Jesus their natural meaning. We know that he often spoke in parables and freely used symbols, like a true Oriental. But we also know that he could be blunt, downright caustic and laconic. We cannot doubt that, had he known that the world he was seeking to save would last for hundreds of thousands of years; had he conceived his, and its, problem in a modern, scientific, evolutional spirit, his manner and form and "approach," though not his essential matter, would have been radically different from what they were. He would not have stressed the need of *repentance;* he would have emphasized the necessity and wisdom of conduct conducive to harmony, happiness and peace under normal conditions.

I may add that those who are disposed to doubt the foregoing inference would do well to consider the style, manner and form of those of our own contemporaries in Europe and America who claim to be, and indeed are generally admitted to be, the true, sincere, consistent, frank followers of Jesus. Do these men and women dwell

on repentance, of watching and praying for the coming of the Lord, on the wonders, miracles and calamities that shall attend the end of the world, on angels coming forth to sever the wicked from the just? No; they do nothing of the sort. *They* dwell on the application of the teachings of Jesus to concrete problems, to industrial, social and political relations. They think and speak in terms of service, solidarity, love, positive beneficence. The conclusion is inescapable, then, that if Jesus had not believed in the inevitable, catastrophic end of the world, he would not have painted the gloomy pictures he did paint, would not have spoken of "days of vengeance," of distress and wrath, of signs in the sun, moon, stars. He would have urged and illustrated his gospel with reference to normal, every-day life and its perplexities. He undoubtedly shared some of the notions and superstitions of his time and his race, a fact, by the way, which makes his genius and profound insight all the more extraordinary.

We now come to the second question—namely, what Jesus thought and taught with regard to the proper human way of life generally, and what his doctrines should mean to us and future generations—generations living in a world that is *not* running down like a clock, in a world still evolving and advancing with the aid of science and the better side of our nature.

Of course, candid persons must admit that there are ambiguities, evasions and even flat contradictions in the saying attributed to Jesus. Many books have been written on the "essential" message of Jesus, and each interpreter finds quotations in the new testament to support his particular view. Was Jesus opposed to war? Was Jesus a communist? Did Jesus justify punishment of wrongdoing? Such questions as these have been argued exhaustively, and with little prospect of agreement. But, after all, if we clear our minds of cant and bias, there is no *serious* difficulty in determining what Jesus is said to have said on the cardinal issues with which so-called Christian society is still wrestling. Let us consult the text and give words their reasonable and proper meaning, and, where we find inconsistencies, let us note them and call logic and reason to our aid in order to decide which statement was deliberate and which casual and accidental.

First, as to *war*. Is war compatible with the teachings of Jesus? We are told that it is, because, forsooth, Jesus was very angry with the money changers, drove them out of the temple and called them thieves; and, further, because he denounced hypocrites and lawyers; spoke harshly of the rich, despised the well-fed, complacent and

greedy, and did not hesitate to array set against set, class against class, group against group. We are reminded by professed Christians that Jesus said:

"Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay, but rather division."—(Luke.)

Or, according to another version:

"I came not to send peace, but a sword."

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."—(Matthew.)

And, on the strength of these expressions, chiefly, we are asked to believe that Jesus was *not* opposed to war as a means of settling international disputes and differences!

The suggestion must strike one as absurd. True, Jesus did not directly condemn war. True, he did not even discuss it. But, whatever the explanation of these omissions may be, it is idle and perverse to maintain that opposition to war, to brute physical force, to wholesale slaughter, is not implied in all of his teachings and doctrines.

It is not to be wondered at that, at last, self-respecting churchmen and devout laymen, theological students and other serious-minded young men and women are beginning to protest vehemently against the encouragement, sanction and support of war by the so-called Christian denominations! There are limits to human ingenuity, to human self-deception and to human inconsistency. Consider the following absolutely quint-essential sayings of Jesus:

"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

". . . Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Can any decently honest Christian pretend that the foregoing injunctions can be reconciled with justification of war? The answer is plain, and no doubt or cavil is possible.

Some writers, indeed, have affirmed that Jesus, in the foregoing injunctions, had in mind only one's neighbors and fellow-nationals, and that his ethical views were not meant to apply to relations between states or between subjects of one state and those of another. To fortify this contention, we are referred to the episode of the tribute money—the penny—and to Jesus' supposedly adroit avoidance of a dilemma by distinguishing between the things that are

Caesar's and the things that are God's. Diplomacy, foreign affairs, war-and-peace issues between states are declared to be affairs of state, Caesar's concerns, and hence, when the subject or citizen is ordered to fight an enemy of Caesar's, he may do so without disobeying the commandments of God or of Jesus.

The answer to this line of argument is two-fold. In the first place, Jesus would hardly have failed to make the momentous distinction between state ethics and individual and personal ethics clear and emphatic had he intended it. The matter is far too grave to leave to far-fetched inference and guesswork. In the second place, there is no theoretical or practical difference between an order of Caesar—that is, a state or government—that relates to domestic, national matters and an order that has to do with foreign policy. A law is a law, and its sanction is always the same. If the individual is not responsible for the state's foreign policies, he is not responsible for its domestic policies. If he may and must obey treaties and laws growing out of international affairs, he is also bound to obey laws covering relations between neighbors and fellow-citizens. Jesus never said, "Resist not evil, *unless ordered to do so by the state*"; "Love your enemies, *unless the state orders otherwise.*" To argue that this is what he meant is to make a mockery of Christian teaching, to indulge in paradox-mongering and sophistry.

No; Jesus evidently meant what he said, and if he be followed and obeyed, war is out of the question. If his words do not forbid physical force, resort to the duel and arbitrament of the sword, on any and all occasions, they simply mean nothing, and it is idle to talk of a new testament, of fulfilling and bettering the old law, of a kingdom within one's spirit, of a totally revolutionary world-philosophy properly to be called Christian. So far as the so-called Christian nations' theory and practice of war is concerned, they are, and never have been, Christians. That is all!

As to property, communism and the whole complex of economic relations, the writer is satisfied that Jesus' teachings cannot possibly be applied to modern conditions in a literal sense or even in sense approximating the literal. Jesus preached to a primitive and simple community, and to a primitive and simple world. He preached to tillers of the soil, fishermen, journeymen, petty merchants, and to the few aristocrats, landlords, rulers and scholars who lived on the fruits of the toil of the common people. His doctrines, moreover, one must note again, would not have been conveyed in the form in which he did couch them had he not expected an early

destruction of the world and the advent of the kingdom of God. Let us candidly consider these injunctions:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Even a primitive community could not follow such advice as is contained in the foregoing sentences and live, for there would be no plowing, no planting, no gathering of crops, no building, no sewing, no shoemaking, no trading, no productive labor of any kind. How would mortal men and women subsist under such a regime? The answer is life would soon come to an end. Jesus could not intend race suicide, and such suicide would have been sinful and criminal in any case. Of course, he could provide food miraculously, as he did on certain specified occasions; but he made no such promise to his followers, and his reference to the lilies of the field further precludes the theory of miraculous supplies of all the necessaries of life at his express command. The unavoidable conclusion, then, is that he did not use the words quoted in a literal or semi-literal sense. How, then, are they to be interpreted?

Suppose we seek light from other utterances and episodes. Jesus told the young man who had great possessions that, if he would be "perfect," he must sell all he had, give it to the poor, and thus lay up treasures in heaven. But, clearly, this advice could not be meant for everybody, for if everybody followed it, there would be no market and no buyers for the goods and no possible use for them. All would be poor and destitute, and all would have to depend on miracles for food and raiment. Of course, Jesus' disciples, whom he charged with spreading his gospel, could be perfect in the sense of the words addressed to the young man, for they were to be fed and clothed by their converts; indeed, they were instructed to carry "neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." But Jesus knew that he would have but few such self-sacrificing and faithful followers. He said the harvest was great and the laborers few, since they were to be lambs among the wolves. Communism might be highly desirable for small bands of itinerant preachers and prophets; it does not follow that whole communities and societies, with institutions to maintain children to bring up, wealth to conserve, can rationally be expected to seek perfection in communism and a life of asceticism and prayer.

In short, there is nothing in Jesus' teachings, explicit or implicit, to require his modern followers to adopt communism, socialism, the

single-tax, or any other particular "ism." All that the spirit of his teachings enjoins is generous treatment of one's fellowmen in all relations of life—love and beneficence on a foundation of equality and justice. Opinions may well differ among sincere Christians as to the kind and type of institutions, adjustments, relations—economic and social—which best embody justice, generosity, and love of one's fellowmen. It is even possible to argue that capitalism, freed from abuses and perversions, is more likely to promote human happiness than any form of socialism! An appeal to Jesus' doctrines could not settle a question of that sort; it is purely scientific, and must be settled in accordance with experience, knowledge of individual and social psychology, and the operation of economic laws. Intellectual honesty, sympathy, forebearance and good will Jesus unquestionably demands; the rest is "mere opinion," as Carlyle would say.

Finally, about punishment of crime, or of anti-social conduct when it passes certain limits. Jesus manifestly did not believe in punishment, although he believed in stern reprobation of wrong-doing. In other words, he believed in moral resistance to evil, but not in physical. The driving of the money-changers from the temple cannot be called punishment, but it was not non-resistance, either. It was and always is a form of very effective resistance, for we know that, as a matter of fact, many anti-social acts and habits are repressed or prevented by moral censure alone—by criticism and social ostracism, by scorn, ridicule and contempt.

The true follower of Jesus cannot vote to hang or electrocute or poison the worst of our criminals. He cannot vote to imprison anyone, or to degrade him—save, again, by moral means—or to flog him. On these points Jesus' teaching is emphatic and uncompromising. Punishment is anti-Christian, just as war is anti-Christian. There is no escaping from this conclusion. It is mockery and hypocrisy to kill criminals and ask God to forgive them. Jesus did not recommend so cynical a policy as this. He demanded that *men* should forgive trespassers and criminals; that *men* should return good for evil; that *men* should love even their enemies and translate their sentiments into appropriate deeds.

To say that society and civilization are impossible without jails, executions, and the like, is to say that Jesus' positive teachings are impracticable and incompatible with civilized existence—to say that Jesus did not show a Way of Life, but uttered hollow and meaningless sayings. The religion which does not point to a way of life is no religion worthy of the name. Either Jesus must be accredited

or he must be rejected as to all injunctions and mandates which he patently intended to be taken literally and which reason tells us *can* be so taken. The Christian is bound to try Christianity where such a course is possible. If he refuses to do this, he simply disavows and repudiates Jesus' basic teachings. This, of course, he is privileged to do, but he is *not* privileged to pretend to believe and embrace doctrines which he has no intention of living up to and fearlessly applying.

It should be frankly admitted, however, that those Christian pacifists, lay and clerical alike, who are now condemning all war and bitterly denouncing those who justify national defense and defensive warfare as hypocrites or faint-hearted weaklings are strangely inconsistent themselves. Why, they should be asked, does not their zeal and fervor attack the penal code and the vindicative treatment of crime first? Why their sudden passion for rigorous Christianity in foreign relations and their continued indifference to capital punishment, to solitary confinement, to stripes, lock-steps, floggings, filthy cells, and all the rest of it? Far stronger would their position on war-and-peace issues be today if they had initiated, to begin with, a crusade against punishment, vengeance and judicial killing *at home!*

The back-to-Jesus movement is heartening. The interest in the ethical and social ideas of Jesus is significant and welcome. But the first and last condition of any enduring prosperity for these tendencies is intellectual honesty. It requires courage to clear one's mind of cant and face truth, but without such courage crusades and reforms are short-lived and foredoomed to deserved failure.

DEMOCRATIZING HUMAN NATURE

BY C. W. REESE

THE age-old faith that human nature can and should be changed is being justified by scientific fact. The expectation of the religions of the world is being fulfilled. While the great religions of the world have spoken ill of original human nature, they have never doubted its possibilities. With the exception of Brahmanism, no great religion has excluded any one from the highest religious attainment. Religion has not been wholly successful in remaking human nature, but its achievements have been such that no doubts have been able successfully to assail its faith. Recent positive achievements have verified the age-long faith in the possibilities of human nature; and one positive achievement overthrows all negative experience. It is now evident that human nature not only can be changed but is being changed constantly. The process of organizing and correlating impulses, of changing human nature, is going on with startling rapidity.

While most living things constantly fit their environment to themselves, man can reshape himself also—and is now reshaping himself on a gigantic scale. Lower forms of life see only the need for change in their outside facts; man sees the need for change in himself also. Other forms of life have some part in their growth and development; but man seems to be the only living thing that consciously examines himself with serious intent to change his nature in accord with an end in view.

I

Original human nature is a bundle of unorganized impulses. We know no man in the unaffected natural state. There are no solitary human infants. With the first social exchange the original self is overlaid; and this early experience becomes the basis of perfectly

normal dispositions later. Hence our idea of original human nature must be the result of abstraction. We have to postulate units. And "an instinct is such an hypothetical unit." Instincts may be thought of as the channels down which the current of life runs, but the channels are not fixed and permanent but are being changed constantly.

The higher range of instincts tends toward the intellectual mastery of problems; but this is a rather late development. Human nature has become what it is by a gradual process of organization around the will to responsible living.

II

The democratization of human nature consists in the gradual organization of instincts or impulses or original tendencies in harmony with the growing conception of individual and social worth, i. e., in harmony with community of interest.

As the human race progresses its conception of individual worth grows apace. The sacredness of the individual becomes an established premise. The violation of personality becomes the gravest crime. No man may be sacrificed on the altar of another's ambition. The individual in and of himself is sacred and his personality must be regarded as inviolable.

Society, too, becomes a sacred thing. That indefinable something that we call society,—that system of psychical relations, that net-work of interdependence, that human brotherhood,—has come to be regarded with reverence and devotion. The rights of the whole have come to be regarded as inviolable as the rights of the individual.

So we must organize our fear, our hunger, our pugnacity, and our love around the will to responsible living, i. e., the will to selfhood in harmony with the selfhood of our fellowmen and the interdependence of all. This is not reversal but development of primitive tendencies on impulses. Such is the process of civilization. The instincts as well as the individuals and species worthy of survival are the federalists and not the anarchists.

III

The principal agent in the remaking of a human being is his own will. By coercion a man may be made to do this or that but such is not to change his wants, and unless his wants are changed, his

instincts reached, he is not a remade man. And in final analysis a man's own will must determine what he wants to be or do.

Coercion long continued may change human nature, but if so it is because a degree of consent has been developed. Unless coercion, even with a child, is so managed as to develop the consent and approval of the will, it is ethically worthless.

While there is continuous interplay between a man's will and the reaction of society, and while every man is what he is in part because of what somebody else is, or has been; yet within very wide margins a man may become largely what he wills to be. That is to say, a man may consciously remake himself and society may deliberately assist in the remaking. In this lies the hope of democracy.

Human nature is the most plastic part of the living world. Within very large margins human beings may not only do what they will but also *become what they will.*

In man, of all animals, heredity counts for least and conscious building for most. Man's infancy is longest, "his instincts least fixed, his brain most unfinished at birth, his powers of habit-making and habit-changing most marked, his susceptibility to social impressions keenest."[1] That is to say, man of all animals is the most unfinished at birth.

There are few national or racial or Utopian demands so contrary to nature that they could not be put into operation. The question, then, becomes *not what is possible but what is desirable.* Once we know what we want to make of human nature, that we can make it.

IV

The original unorganized impulses or tendencies are very general in their nature. For instance, the impulse to flee from danger: Some years ago a cry that sounded like "fire" was heard from the balcony of a theater in the south. The impulse to flee was immediately operative, and many people leaped from the building and landed on the pavement below or piled on top of each other and became heaps of dead. The impulse to flee from danger was not correlated with the higher impulse to think of an end and how to reach it. That is, the general impulse to flee from danger should be particularized and correlated and so become the specific impulse to reach the means of escape. The intellect, that is the idea of an end—in this case safely to reach the ground by means of the fire

[1] Hocking.

escape—must particularize the general impulse to flee.

Consider the food-getting impulse. The impulse to eat may lead to sudden death from the eating of poisonous matter, or which is more usual, to indigestion from eating too much. The impulse to eat must be organized in line with the responsible policy of eating wholesome food and not too much of that, in order to an end, viz., health and long life.

The impulse to sociability, the gregarious instinct, must be particularized to the point of desiring to be with people of worth and to make people worthy of association. The general impulse to be with a crowd must be particularized to the point of desiring to be with a worthy crowd. And so on through the range of impulses.

Original human nature is neither depraved nor divine: it is simply unorganized and undirected. Its remaking, its regeneration if you prefer, consists in organization and direction toward worthy ends. And this is the work of intelligence and will.

V

To this task of democratizing human nature the church must set itself with apostolic fervor. Now that we know how to change human nature, what the change means, and why human nature should be changed, we should increase our efforts and so multiply results.

The achievements of religion in the remaking of human nature have not been what they should. And the reason for this is twofold: Neglect of basic inside facts, and misapprehension of the relation between inside and outside facts.

The function of the will in the remaking process has not been sufficiently recognized, nor has the will been developed adequately. Religion has called on men unconditionally to surrender the will to outside and supernatural forces. "Breaking the stubborn will" is evangelical language. Worldly powers have coerced the will of subjects; and parents have broken the will of children. The will is the central agent in remaking and should be neither broken nor surrendered to God or man. Let the will be developed, let it be directed into safe channels, but never broken or surrendered. If the church would once turn its attention toward developing the will and directing it into safe channels, it could render a most useful service to

humanity. The church must be the champion of the inviolable rights of the human will.

The importance of outside facts in the development of the will and in the remaking of human nature has not been understood by the church. Arctic zones and torrid regions tend to stultify human nature. But worse is the stultifying effect of an evil social environment. The temperate zones tend to development. Likewise the zones of temperate living—of neither too much nor too little—are socially healthful. A democratic environment and a democratic nature are interactive and mutually necessary.

We may become what we will to be. The door to the future swings wide open. The eternal urge moves within us. The laws of nature sustain us. Swords shall yet be beaten into ploughshares. Ours shall be the social order that follows tireless toil and noble purpose. But to attain this goal we must reaffirm our faith in the possibilities of human nature, and dedicate ourselves to the task of organizing human nature on the basis of world-wide community of interest.

THE SECRET CULTS OF ISLAM

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

SECRET societies and monastic orders, some would have us believe, are unknown in Islam. Certainly among a certain section of Moslems there has always been a strong disinclination to encourage membership of any society or association demanding a vow of secrecy from its members and, in some quarters, even membership of the Masonic order has been forbidden or deprecated because of its supposed opposition to some of the precepts of the Qur-an. That such idea is fallacious is proved by the fact that in India there are Masonic lodges composed entirely of orthodox Moslems, while in England there are Islamic members of lodges who are assiduous equally in the carrying out of their religious duties as they are of their Masonic obligations. In practice, however, almost every Moslem who takes his religion seriously (and that number is legion—greater in proportion to the faithful in any other religion) is a member of some secret religious order or confraternity and performs daily the *Zikr,* or act of devotion peculiar to such association. There is no doubt that monasticism was forbidden by Mohammed. It is stated in the *Traditions* that Usman ibn Mazun came to the Prophet with the request that he might retire from society and become a monk, to which the Prophet made reply: "The retirement which becomes my people is to sit in the corner of a mosque and wait for the time of prayer." According also to the Qur-an (lvii. 27) the Prophet said: "We gave them the gospel and we put into the hearts of those who follow him kindness and compassion; but as to the monastic life, they invented it themselves," thus crediting Christianity with the invention of monasticism, which is an error, it being a pre-Christian institution.

Although the Islamic faith knows nothing of the doctrine of sacrifice, in the general meaning of that term, and has, therefore, no priesthood, the organization of religious orders or societies, demand-

ing a novitiate from aspirants to membership, along with the taking of vows and obligations of secrecy, following a regular ceremony of initiation, has been an established fact right from the days of Mohammed, in whose lifetime one, at least of the twelve original societies was founded. Many have been formed since then; many are in existence in full vigor at the present day. They are, as it were, independent states within the body politic, with constitutions, differing from each other only in trivial points of practice and costume, and may be compared with the orders, congregations, friarhoods, and societies of the Roman Church and, like those bodies, consistently orthodox (at any rate, so far as the majority are concerned) with respect to the articles of their faith and practice. In a few orders, however, beyond the fundamental belief that "There is no God but Allah"—which, by the way, is not maintained in one order—there is the utmost divergence in belief. Even the second portion of the credal sentence: "And Mohammed is His Prophet," finds exception in, at least, two. The Qur-an, the basis of the Islamic faith, has, in circumstances somewhat similar to the Christian Scriptures, been subject to various interpretations and dialectical comments, sometimes genuinely made, but sometimes also, inspired by self-interest, hatred, or ambition. The result in Islam, as in Christianity, has been spiritual chaos, and while, on the one hand, the various religious orders in Islam have played a very active part in the propagation of the faith, they have also played an equally or, perhaps, more important part, not only in politics, but also in the holy wars against Christian nations. Very frequently, too, they have proved hostile to modern civilization and European influence.

Yet, says Sir Edwin Pears, in his *Life of Abdul Hamid,* "the real simple life and spiritual life of Islam is to be found in Turkey among various sects of Dervishes, such as the Mehlevis and the Bektashees. Englishmen generally are unaware how highly developed is their spiritual life. . . . The influence of these two great communities has been a humanizing one on the Moslems of Turkey and it is largely due to the wide dispersion of their members that the spread of Pan-Islamism of an objectionable character entirely failed in the Turkish Empire. The only Pan-Islamic movement which has existed is a purely religious one. The great missionary efforts that Mohammedanism has made in Africa and Asia are not due to a political Pan-Islamism, but to the leaven of the sects mentioned, who understand that if missionary efforts are to succeed they must be made by spiritual and not by temporal forces."

knowledge and even as possessing the power of performing miracles. He recognizes no earthly power, only that of Allah. He is accredited with a perfect knowledge of the Sacred Law and he claims the absolute unquestioning obedience of every member of the brotherhood of which he is the head.

Among his subordinate officers the principal is the Khalifa, whose standing may best be compared with that of a District or Provincial Masonic Grand Master. The Khalifa is the lieutenant of the Shaikh in any country in which the Brotherhood has been established and, as his delegate, is invested with plenipotentiary powers.

Next in order comes the Moqaddim, who, to continue the simile, stands in the position of the Master of a Masonic lodge. The literal meaning of the term is superintendent, front-rank man, prior, or curator. He must exercise faithfully all the instructions sent to him by his Shaikh, whether orally or by letter, for he is his chief's delegate to the rank and file, and to him is entrusted the power of initiating candidates into the order. Each zawiyah, or monastery, is placed in charge of a Moqaddim, and the members are enjoined in the diploma which is handed them on their admission into the order to yield implicit obedience to the Moqaddim and not to enter upon any enterprise without his consent. To the principal brethren in each monastery are assigned certain offices of varying rank. One, the Wasil, is the treasurer, who has charge of the funds and property of the zawiyah. Another, the Raggal, is the bearer of despatches and part of his duty is to summon the members to the various meetings of the order. To another is assigned the office of Guardian of the Threshold, whose care it is to see that none but the regularly initiated gain admission. Other offices are those of precentor, standard bearer, and water carriers, but all offices are eagerly sought after as great honors, and the duties are always performed with the utmost punctiliousness. The rank and file are known by varying names in the different orders, the most common being Okhwan, "Brother"; Ashab, "Companion," and Mureed, "Disciple."

In all Islamic societies the degrees are numerous and, consequently, there are varying degrees of dignity. The Shaikh decides whether and when advancement shall take place. There is no fixed rule for promotion.

It has been thought by some that Freemasonry existed among the Moslems of Constantinople under another name, and, consequently, in other parts of the East. With regard to this, John P. Brown, in his work on *The Dervishes,* published in 1868, says:

"This I do not find to be the case, though, like in most secret fraternities, there may be points of resemblance accidentally. I have had an indirect intercourse with a Mussulman, who asserted that Freemasonry does exist there, and he gave me a list of places in various parts of the Empire in which lodges were held, adding that the Grand Lodge existed on the Lake of Tiberias, in Palestine, whither it had been taken after the destruction of Jerusalem. It must, therefore, have existed and does still exist among the Jews. I regret to have to state that, notwithstanding all my researches to verify this declaration, I have not found any trace of the fact on which I could rely. My opportunities of inquiring here (Constantinople) have been numerous, and my desire to meet with brethren among Mussulmans led me to use all proper zeal in the pursuit of this desirable object. Others may, perhaps, meet with more success. The title by which it is said Mussulman Freemasons are known is Melameeyson."

In certain orders the officers and disciples all live within the walls of the zawiyah, in which case there is a further rank, known as Associates, or lay brothers, who are regularly initiated, but live outside, attending all the meetings of the order, and are in possession of the secret signs and passwords, by means of which they can claim the protection of any brethren of the order.

At least once in every year the heads of all the monasteries assemble in conference under the presidency of the Kalifa, who examines the financial condition of each zawiyah, reads any communication or passes on any instruction received from the Shaikh. Sometimes the Shaikh himself presides, when he blesses numbers of charms or amulets, which are after sold to the disciples. On returning home each Moqaddim calls a meeting or synod of his zawiyah, this synod being known as Jalal, when he entertains the brethren at a feast and relates to them all that has taken place.

PROPHETS AND PROFITEERING

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

IT IS not a religious activity to seek happiness through some magic formula, some stroke of good fortune, some worldly prestige or material acquisition. These do not often really contribute to our happiness, but usually prove to be obstacles thwarting our hopes and wishes. Taking both religion and happiness as genuine functional achievements in the emotional life of man, we find that they are or should be mutually inclusive and complementary; mystic perhaps in spiritual aim and exaltation, but still sharing the same functional power and possibility, the same value and destiny in the conduct of human life. Both aim at spiritual development, moral discrimination, intelligent and devout appreciation of all that is beautiful, good and true. Both have content and utility, as well as function and significance, if we but take proper care and valid methods in seeking to realize them. The true mystic and the sincere religionist share the same ascetic relations and restraints, the same social feelings and attitudes toward life, for neither can dispense with tolerance, honor, courage, justice, self-control, faith, largesse, forgiveness, heroic sacrifice and spiritual aspiration without ceasing to be loyal to the highest ideals of their loving trust in both Divinity and Humanity. The happiness one seeks, like the heaven of the other, is not a worldly goal of luxury and ease; it is a genuine condition where goodwill and creative capacity give realization to their aims.

No one, I hope, denies that the divine part of man's nature must be developed and the worldly part discouraged and repudiated. But the intellectual war, the perennial conflict of ideals and never-ending debate of issues, is over the question how this development is to be realized and this repudiation brought about. The point I am driving at is that a fallacious scheme of approach and solution is forever being advanced for merely mercenary motives; that we are, it seems eternally corrupt, ready for rewards, and have more con-

cern for the profits than for the prophets of religion; that we are constantly being urged to join some ambitious congregation, church, lodge, club, society or what-not, and all under argument of what we will get out of it, or else be hounded by the vociferous reformers and revivalists who storm and threaten with eternal damnation, fire and torment if we don't subscribe to their particular form of gas attack. Everything is so much thyomism and vanity; the rhyomist first makes an epispastic flourish of amiable generosity and fellowship, but if these tactics fail he immediately returns to nature and threatens all sorts of rancor and revenge, as if hell and high water could clinch an argument when soft bribery and peremptory persuasion failed. It is a good thing that some of us are still sane, sufficiently sensible and sincere and attentive to our future welfare to keep ever before our mind's eye one simple scientific fact, and that is that *human nature was here first*, long before any artificial scheme of salvation, any clumsy legal machinery, any top-heavy institution. Church and State, religion and politics, folly and philosophy, art and science are all subsequent developments, comparatively recent expressions of man's enigmatic genius; and nearly all these group-moods of aspiration are intended to *cover up*, if not able to transfigure, the common defects, deformity, depravity or at least the finitude of human nature. Long before the first family altar or public policy was established, men were on earth with passions and pastimes, heartaches and consolations, dreams and aspirations, and the fact that we must remember is that the sincerity and urgency of these private visions, faiths, hopes, loves and sacrifices are all that still animate our religious frames and give us courage or genius to cope successfully with the many problems and temptations of life. They make up the original stock of human nature and only recently have they been somewhat artificially forced into cold corporate bodies, institutions such as Church, State, Nation, art, science, religion and philosophy. Let us hope that man's soul will not be lost in total obscuration by the trampling march of unconscious carnal interests.

However, it seems impossible to get away from the obsession we have for big things, mere quantitative values in thought and action, appreciation and creative taste. Our attention too readily flits from prophets to institutions, from mystics of meekened meditation to mechanical processes of power and plenty, and in the fickle flitting we usually "lose the spirit in our mad anxiety to save the soul."—(John Burroughs.) We seek increase of everything instead of an honest refinement of the few essential things. Authority is

transferred from natural law (God) to human lawyers, from righteousness to "rights," and everyone feels that his neighbor will bear watching. We set aside those pristine prophecies of old and take up modern twaddle about psychology, success and personal salvation; we seek to realize our own corrupt malicious wills by the establishment of churches, schools, legislatures, judiciary, penal codes and foreign policies; we worship nothing but rewards and punishments, and our neighbors feel insecure. We seek profit for ourselves and control over others, plotting ease for ourselves and hell for those who stand athwart our path, even taking umbrage and condemning whatever they unwittingly do which is not contributory to our own pet scheme of livelihood, lazy luxury, lucre-lust, love, success or salvation. I cannot too strongly emphasize the Unitarian position that human needs and natures are more important than any institution; that the proper birth, education, discipline and employment of the individual is the only reason we have organized our forces and established institutions; that all our institutions were set up in the first place only to make easier, better and more efficient ministry to our needs and natures. Why should we now reverse the proper situation and let them become Frankensteins and destroy those sturdy qualities of soul which gave them birth and sustenance? It is unconscionable to predict any such disaster, but it is already impending and with a few more decades the demoralization will be complete. No one can say with precision just how long we can stay dead without decomposition setting in, but it is safe to say that a certain ill odor begins to arise almost immediately. Decadence always strikes the vulgar first, but it soon corrupts the elect, and the genius, hero, lover, saint, philosopher or those of nobler mold are soon reduced to the necessity of choosing in an all-too-vital *either-or*, join the jazzarimbo jubilee or go hang, and very few will deliberately choose to hang before their time.

Neither man, beast, tree or stone can be truly lost, condemned or annihilated in the cosmic scheme of things; neither God, Devil nor Universe can be wholly cast out of the life of man, for he is part of them and they are part of him. Everything is Nature, and God's laws as well as the petty spites and poseury of theologians are still just so many items of the cosmic composition. The fact of life that is most persistent and indestructible is the fact of spirit, with its various functioning as faith, hope, charity, courage, justice, loyalty and forgiveness. Without these neither human nature nor the Universe would be here, nor would they have any destiny or survival value in the true eschatology of cosmic law. But with

them in open action and devout intent our lives can dispense with much of the artificial accomplishment, casuist power, arbitrary authority and hypocritical pietism so often affected by the willing dupes (?) to institutional religion. The divine in man created all the gods and bibles extant in the world today, in the same way that the malice in man has created all the devils and deviltry in the world. But mere projection of will and idea does not give them external validity as really existent beings or things. Man is a dual composition of divinity and depravity. The divinity in man has often been in almost supreme potential and has been called Christ, Buddha, Brahma, Shang-Ti, Ormuzd, Allah; and has tried to express itself in an eternal procession of Testaments, Vedas, Srutis, Canons, Avestas, Kaaba carpets and muezzin calls. The great need of modern religious theory and practice is not power or profit, but just the recognition and understanding of this simple fact of life as being largely a spiritual activity, part noble and heroic, part vulgar and wicked. The proper business of education is not to make a specious blend of this duality nor to minimize the many meannesses of those selfishly inclined; but to guide, counsel, enlighten and inspire, helping men to discover themselves, to know and rightly value their spiritual powers and develop the divine possibilities lying dormant in their souls, to have good reason to realize that they are not wholly depraved, lost or subject to eternal damnation, but are (if they but make the necessary will and effort) quite capable of intelligent thoughts, heroic deeds, good works, noble faiths and loyal leadership.

It is to the door of false education that we are to lay the blame for much of our modern meanness and mischief. It seems as though our pragmatic religions, arts and philosophies are futile instruments against all the irreverence, evil, folly, misery and disease in the world. No wonder Nietzsche and Nordau decided that they have a narcotic rather than a therapeutic value in the scheme of life. Death alone was invented to terminate these mortal things, but we devise all sorts of artificial creeds and measures, pragmatic values and viewpoints, to mitigate and medicate the issues. Obscuration serves in place of understanding and our humility is reduced to an expression of cautious sophistry while our piety becomes a pose of dignified discretion. I do not know what manner of theological efficiency gave rise to the notion of exploiting God, but when we try to add religion to our herd of milch cows, *she balks.* It is as much a blasphemy to spoliate mans' chastity by reducing Art, Science, Education and Philosophy to base creeds of utility, as it is to con-

ceive vengeful whimsical gods and try to put religion to work on the vicary of our own mischief and cupidity. The commercialism of universal exploitation seems to be part of the original theological blunder which lost man his title to Paradise. It is shrewd enough on autral defects and decretals, but utterly delinquent and quite desperate when it comes to showing genuine devotion, sacrifice or honest aspiration.

In ancient India, the laws of Manu advised men of the inexorable cosmic vengeance, the divine wrath of Siva which will inevitably descend upon them in consequence of unrestraint, ill-nature, lust, deceit and wickedness. No one living a life of shame, sham or chivalrous villainy could expect to escape the nether world of calamity and corruption. But both the Brahman Moksha and the Buddhist Nirvana offered unusual persuasion to perspective devotees who would consider the vows of poverty, chastity, renunciation of the world, and the resolute desire to transfigure or exalt all one's natural instincts, thoughts, aims and habits of life. Today these venerable destinies have been pruned of their abstract predications and promises, they comprise more definite notions presenting more concrete situations; the Brahman svarga or the Mahayana sukharati both consist in a sliding scale offering various degrees of heavenly bliss to the wise and righteous, while naraka offers various degrees of hell with unimaginable misery and torture for the wicked and corrupt. Even the lukewarm spirits of the manas or merely human, halfwise, half-infernal natures meet their true deserts in a return to kamaloka or rupaloka, in a reincarnation in either the animal or physical world.

There have been all sorts of prophets and profiteering in the world, and some of the most calloused cases have been masque plays under the name and formulism of religion. The chronicle is full to overflowing with rishis and rascals, rogues and reverend gentlemen, saints and augurs, soothsayers and scoundrels who tried and often succeeded in putting religion on a paying basis. The highly respectable Magi had the idea that a lofty sense of justice would carry the soul above all earthly seductions, but they allowed the corrupt practice of caste survival in the spiritual relations of the next world; so what would naturally become of the justicial issues under such conditions? The later Parsees and Zoroastrians considered that this was an artificial arrangement and would terminate when the apparently finite struggle was over between good and evil, light and darkness, intelligence and delusion; but they still held to the notion that the bridge Chinevat between this and the future world

was the point of justicial decision, which was an equally artificial arrangement seeing as we do that right here and now is the really decisive period. The soothsaying business in Rome found its most prosperous days under the Caesars as when the Paphlagonian Alexander furnished up gorgeous apartments and catered to the rich patricians who had ambition but lacked foresight. And money was not the only fee ever exacted, for many an overt oracle would not speak favorably on delivery of whole patrimonies, jewels, young girls, beautiful wives, or title to political office. Cicero's client Vatinius did not hesitate to sacrifice his four children when anxious to persuade the gods to favor his political ambitions. Thirteen centuries ago the monophysites or ubiquitarians who flourished under Emperor Justinian were condemned for confounding the two (spiritual and physical) natures of Christ in the Eucharist, but the specious unification is once more being made, and not for the sake of mere theory either. We are living in a mercenary vulgarian age of commercialism and spoliation, so no wonder our modern Eucharist is so accommodating when it offers extreme unction, last rites and viaticums to heaven no matter what one's life has been. This is religion operating under pragmatic sanction.

A somewhat different task was attempted by the Rosicrucians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with their alchemy, nature lore and Cabalistic clairvoyance. Numerical codes and anagogic ciphers were applied to the Scriptures and no end of chimerical reading were possible—and profitable too if we can take Eschenmayers' word for fact. They did not, however, enjoy the venerable dignity of the Druids whose doctrines are said to have dated back to Zamolais, a freed slave of Pythagoras. The oak forests and grassy grottoes of ancient Gaul resounded with the chanted hymns, judicial courts, and oracular rites of these hoary Bards and Vates. But the actual Druid who was in on the esoteric scheme was the priest who alone had authority to offer human sacrifices, who alone possessed the power or knack of divination, foresight and magic. Prayer was a common possession of Bard, Prophet and Priest alike, and even to this day of modern Eistedfods, everything is esoteric and class-conscious except prayer, and its efficacy is claimed to depend more upon social (ritual) sanction than upon individual piety. Merlin prophesied right when he read the Druid traditions behind the Nature lore and Christian heroism which inspired the poor shepherdess of Domremy to become the liberator of France in its most glorious hour of trial. These same traditions in the old Gallic Trouvéres, the moralism of the Fabliaux, Bards and Celtic heroes make a saddening com-

mentary on the actual purpose of the Crusades, for they were both prophet-wise and profit-rich to the esoteric few who were clever enough to exploit them quietly behind a sanctimonious camouflage. Modern rites and rechauffes are just the same old tactics disguised in modern styles of popular apparel, but you couldn't get an honest confession out of a modern priest any more than Socrates or Diogenes could get one out of the Delphic Oracle.

There was a growing ambition in New England 85 years ago "to make Christianity a religion of political power and intimidating persuasion" which led Emerson to resign from the Second Church and render his immortal challenge in the Divinity School address at Harvard in 1838 and again later in the address before the Free Religious Association; and led Channing, Alcott, Margaret Fuller and others to espouse the transcendental doctrines of Nature-love, the Over-soul, Pre-existence, Universalism, Divine Reason and Grace, melioristic versus categorical morality, etc., even to rationalist interpretation of the Messianic Miracles. It is quite apparent in Emerson's Poems, Essays, Addresses and the ten volumes of his Journal, that he broke with historical Christianity because of its long weary kyrielle of signs and wonders, ambitious authority, intimidating tactics, emotional bribery and insatiable grasping after secular power, all within the hypocritical sovereignty of vicarious atonement and the inert traditions of copyist vicary in all one's religious experience. Such officious goodness may well take shape and pay homage under our ancestral traditions, but it is a sham virtue and befouls one's intellectual honor as well as one's spiritual integrity. In fact it is taking advantage of ancestral reverence in a way quite similar to that of Ghengis Khan when he invaded Shensi, China; their basic filial piety prevented the Chinese from attacking him because he placed their aged parents in his vanguard as he advanced from town to town. Any morbid search or concern for signs and wonders, hidden meanings and imaginary hermeneutics always weakens the moral fibre anyway; one's attention is turned away from discipline and given to discerning the delicacies of ambiguity and casuist evasion. Much of our modern emphasis on consecration and sacramental power is really an emphasis on magic and the efficiency of sorcery, taboo and voodoo; there is no actual power inherent in bread and wine except as nourishment and stimulant to body and mind, all else is auto-suggestion and works with a haphazard efficiency. True consecration to a life of wisdom and virtue, even when only a mystic emotional response rather than a well-

thought-out intellectual decision, is always a spiritual function or expression, never an institutional patronage of gregarian instinct.

Prof. J. N. Caird's criticism of our futile modern attempts to translate Christianity into theology shows up the fallacy of our perennial assumption that intellectual processes, ideas, views and reflective judgments are fundamental features of a good Christian life. All these are added contents, they are of adjectival not substantive significance, and are of value to a correct understanding only rather than an emotional, volitional and active emulation of that life. Intellectual conception of a thing's value or content is far different from an active life sympathetically and spiritually patterned after it. One is perhaps coldly scientific, philosophical and idealistic, but the other is warm, congenial, aspiring and realistic. A different set of viewpoints, values, meanings, skill-limits and affections are experienced, and we should not confound what is conceptual with what is emotional, what is ideal with what is eventual and real. The blind philosopher, Duhring, says the vital antithesis of Christianity as well as of Philosophy is that perennially existing between the brute factual and the divine actual, the vulgar finite and the spiritual infinite; in his "Emphatic Philosophy of Reality," which was exceedingly anti-mystic, anti-religionistic and anti-obscurantist in attitude and tone, he adopted the Hegelian principle of sufficient reason *as a law of our thought* rather than of reality, and sought for a "substitute for religion" in the ethical sentiments and cultural aspirations which are a part of human evolution. Caird, on the other hand, takes a different view of the Neo-Hegelian theology and claimed that from the fact that "religion exists and must exist as a noble life enriched by the discipline of experience before it can be made the object of reflective thought and understanding, we may conclude that no mere ideas, no bare intellectual process or reflective interpretation can be called the fundamental element in Christianity, nor in any other religion that is actually lived rather than simply argued about." Such a vital realism brings the religious problem to a head even more forcefully than Huxley's classical lecture on Descartes or his argument from design in "Darwiniana."

However, it is well to have a certain amount of character analysis and moral exhortation for the benefit of those not yet able to stand erect in spontaneous piety and self-reliant faith. Thus in Lecky's inspiring volume on "The Map of Life" there are no anecdotal delights nor soft empirical suggestions, but a carefully laid philosophical understanding and a lucid presentation of consecration, piety, faith and exaltation as they affect our moral laws and obligations.

If we are to decide that Christianity is only "taught" and never *lived,* then Lecky's system is far more inspiring and to the point in its description of the various religious experiences than is the case with a cold, theological scheme such as the one hinging on the Westminster Catechism or the Code and Symbols of Hodge and Shedd, with all their intellectual precision, textual cross-references and artificial sanctity. Authority cannot be deliberately assumed from outside the actual sources and spiritual functions of authority, else it be nothing but the shadow play of false predication and presumption. The creed of Calvin in all its Presbyterian pomp and ambidextrous dignity is no more truly fundamental as signifying *vital* Christianity than the Baptist formulation of tactual resurrection and liberal eucharism in the blasé irresponsibilities of a vicarious atonement. Both are sectarian and secular expressions of pragmatic power, they advocate religions proposing spiritual profit, the reward of all casuists who will help exploit the prophets.

Professor Pfleiderer's forty years' work in the philosophy of religion took two courses of action in direct contra-distinction to the "actual life" theory of Duhring and the vital realism of Caird. These were the scientific approach supplied in the psychological analysis of religious consciousness and experience, and the historico-evolutionary approach supplied in the critical comparison of the different religions of the world. But both of Pfleiderer's viewpoints had one basic assumption from the very start—and this is where he diverged from his two equally famous contemporaries—that the religious life can be made the object of scientific investigation, that it can be interpreted and understood, presented and emulated the same as any other form of human interest and activity in art, literature, drama, history, science, politics or jurisprudence. One of the chief advantages of this religious philosophy is that anyone making this assumption and seeking this dual understanding will not center his attention dogmatically on Christianity as "the only religion," but will be open-minded, tolerant and considerate of all forms, creeds, aims and services in the religious life and ceremonies of all mankind. According to science, it is not so much the possible miracle of divine revelation as it is the actual human aspiration and effort toward reverent spiritual expression, which should be taken as the proper source of religious truth and authority. In other words religion originates in the soul of man and takes all its nourishment there, not in some institution's exploitation of the "law and prophets" from effete antiquity.

Kant found the majority of our motives in ceremonial practice to be grounded in irrational conceptions and purely emotional thrills and stimuli, whence those of us more philosophically inclined try to find intellectual sanction and moral support for the motives of our own religious faith and aspiration. The first sort of people bank largely on external (i. e., institutional) authority and leadership, while the latter rely more on our inward sense of right, reverence and restraint. His famous colleague, Schleiermacher, in seeking the ground for the philosophical viewpoint, tempered Kant's dualistic humanism of the pure and practical reason by adding the Spinozan security in eternal ideas, the Platonic Laws of State and Cosmos which rested on righteousness and reason, justice and integrity, virtue and utility, obligation and responsibility. But Hegel gave the whole action a popular turn by establishing a "dynamic relation between the Absolute Reality and our finite human ideality," trying thereby to show that this was a relation of identity, an ideal type or *ürphanon* of the Divine. It all resulted in a thinly veneered anthropomorphism, and its devotees have been determined on pragmatic readings and profitable redemptions ever since. The best we have is a more or less discriminating eclecticism of all past theories and interpretations; it is at least *willing* to be scientific and open-minded. Take the notion of infallibility for instance: After allowing that both religious and scientific infallibility are mistaken assumptions, we still find that the former has been buffeted around so much during the last seven decades that the Church is now just about ready to confess that some of the arguments of modern scientific psychological inquiry *do apply* to the origin and expression of humanity's vast heritage of heartache, our religious traditions, hopes, ambitions and anxieties. That some of these ideas and aspirations, rather than being prophetical by divine immediacy or inspiring through miraculous revelation and mythical resurrection, are often mere pathological symptoms of a serious emotional or intellectual disturbance (if not ultimately some social or political disorder). All religions and all the sacred writings of the world's history have had champions and apologists who claimed the same specious prestige and infallibility for their particular faith, but have since been found in the same category along with the over-emphasized dogmas of Christian inspiration, Dervish ecstasy and Sruti cipher-codes. But while we can see the cynical point of old Makkhali Gosali's criticism that religions were founded for the purpose of governing people more easily through shrewd imposition on their feelings and folly, we still have to acknowledge that the religious mind and reverent soul have

motives nobler than those of the ignorant and vulgar, that they are not mean and mercenary like the fickle Philistines, and that they are therefore entitled to some codicil of faith, some common abiding expression of the basic truths and spiritual purposes under which their lives are housed. They sanction no hypocrisy and cultivate no casuist equivocation. The live the pious life for they know by actual experience that true religious living inspires the highest morality and encourages the harmonious adjustment and welfare of all our social relations. But they also know (in controversion of Mrs. Eddy's pseudo-science) that religion does not *make* this morality, it does not *create* the rectitude of these relations; it only gives them the necessary sanction and support for our favor and faith, for our acceptance of them in a life of normal intelligence and balanced activity. Religion accommodates all our interests, but it seeks to qualify and ennoble them through the introduction of discipline and the application of restraint.

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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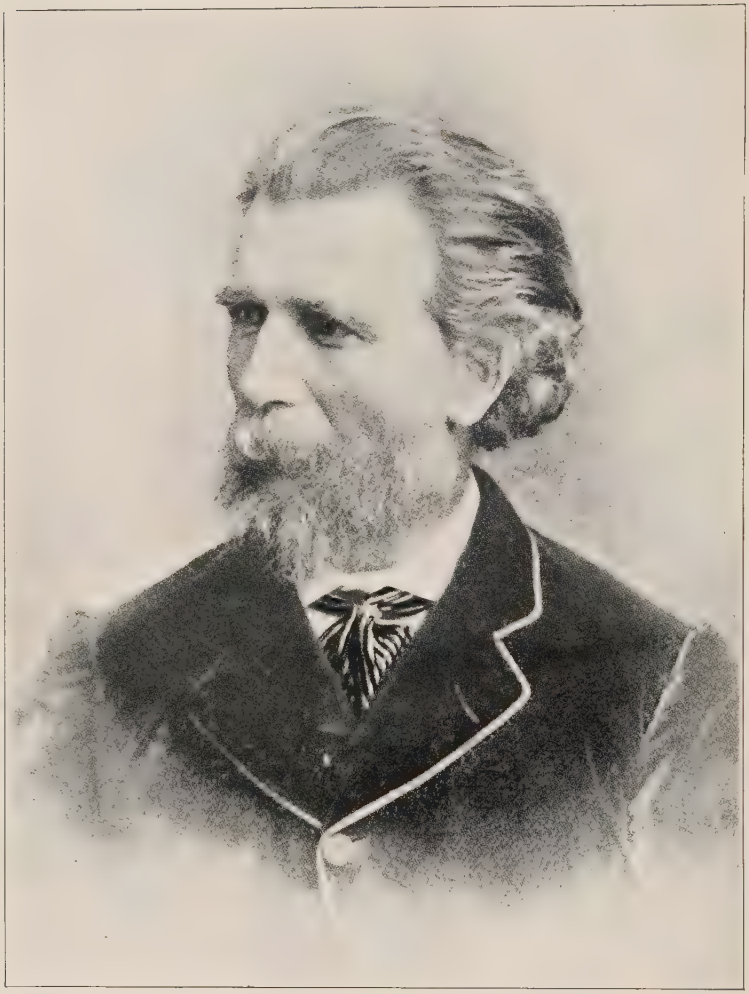

Gerald Massey

GERALD MASSEY

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXXVIII (No. 8) AUGUST, 1924 (No. 819)

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GERALD MASSEY

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

GERALD MASSEY, one of the earliest Christian Socialists, is now one of the great unknown; he is not even a name to the present generation. Yet he made a great fight for freedom and hesitated not to point out England's faults and blunders. He was born at Gamble Wharf, near Tring, in Hertfordshire, on 29th May, 1828, in a stone hut, which was occupied by his parents as a permanent home at a rental of a shilling a week. His father was a canal boatman and when in full employment, which was not always the case, earned ten shilling a week. The "education" of Gerald was limited to occasional attendance at a school conducted by one of the neighbors, a fee of one penny a week being paid for each child attending. At an early age, however, Gerald, in common with his brothers and sisters and the other children of the neighborhood, had to turn out and swell the family income, even though his contribution for a full week's employment might not exceed ninepence or a shilling. His first situation, when he was but eight years of age, was at a silk-mill, where his hours of labor were twelve a day. When a fire occurred which burned this mill to the ground he became a straw-plaiter.

At the age of fifteen, Gerald went to London, where he secured a situation as an errandboy. Until then, he had read but little and that with difficulty. His library had been limited to the *Bible, Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, with a few Wesleyan tracts. But when he went to London his reading was greatly extended. The story is best told in his own language:

"Till then, I had wondered why I had lived at all, whether

It was not better not to be
I was so full of misery.

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read, read, read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does, with the description of scenery, etc., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight.

"But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were on 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless, and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print.

As an errandboy I had, of course, many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny, and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the cause of misery, the anomalies of our societary state, politics, etc., and the circle of my being rapidly outsurged. New power came to me with all that I saw and thought and read. I studied political works—such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, etc , which gave me another element to mould into my verses, though I am convinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party-political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal: the politics of eternal truth, right, and justice. He must not waste a life on what tomorrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life up to that time. It was scarred and bloodburnt into the very core of my being."

When about eighteen years of age, he published in his native town of Tring a volume entitled, *Poems and Chansons,* which was printed and published privately and sold at a shilling a copy. He

may now be said to have embarked upon a literary and journalistic career, for, in 1848, when only twenty years of age, he became editor of *The Spirit of Freedom*, a paper published in the Chartist interest. In 1849 he became acquainted with Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley, who were engaged in promoting the co-operative system. To the first named he inscribed the following verses:

God bless you, Brave One, in our dearth,
  Your life shall leave a trail of glory;
Around the poor man's homely hearth
  We proudly tell your suffering's story.

All Saviour-souls have sacrificed,
  With nought but noble faith for guerdon;
And ere the world hath crown'd the Christ,
  The man to death hath borne the burden!

The Savage broke the glass that brought
  The heavens nearer, saith the legend!
Even so the Bigots welcome aught
  That makes our vision starrier-region'd!

They laid their Corner-stones in dark
  Deep waters, who up-built in beauty,
On Earth's old heart, their Triumph-Arc
  That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the martyrs go
  To keep with Pain their solemn bridal!
And still they walk the fire who bow
  Not down to worship Custom's idol.

In fieriest forge of martyrdom,
  Their swords of soul must weld and brighten:
Tear-bathed, from fiercest furnace, come
  Their lives heroic-temper'd—Titan!

And heart-strings sweetest music make
  When swept by Suffering's feeling fingers!
And thro' soul-shadows starriest break
  The glories on God's brave light-bringers.

Take heart! tho' sown in tears and blood,
  No seed that's quick with love, hath perisht,
Tho' crept in barren byeways—God
  Some glorious flower of life hath cherisht.

Take heart! the rude dust dark Today,
  Soars a new-lighted sphere tomorrow!
And wings of splendour burst the clay
  That clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow.

In 1851, Massey published *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love,* and when he was twenty-two years of age he became one of the secretaries of the band of Christian Socialists, believing that in the tenets of that political faith was to be found the remedy for the oppression of the poor that prevailed.

"Having had to earn my own bread by the cheapening of flesh and blood thus early," he wrote, "I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin, with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by bustling them into a nag to get gold dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get weatlh out of it, and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

In 1854 appeared Massey's *Ballad of Babe Christabel and Other Poems,* which met with an enthusiastic reception, running through five editions in the first year. He sojourned for a year in Edinburgh, and at the termination of his visit he published *Craigerook Castle.* He then joined the staff of *The Athenaeum* and during the ten following years wrote a considerable number of the reviews which appeared in the pages of that periodical. For several years also he wrote on literary subjects in the columns of the *Quarterly*

Review. *Robert Burns and Other Lyrics* appeared in 1859; an edition of his *Collected Works* in the following year; *Havelock's March and Other Poems* in 1862, and *Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted* was published in 1866. This last-mentioned work drew the following notice from *Punch:*

> Your monumental book's a trifle bulky
> (Five hundred pages turn *some* critics sulky,
> My massive MASSEY), but 'tis full of meat,
> And sown with Song as masculine as sweet.
> Mellifluous echoes of the master-rhymes,
> Whose music filled the Great Armada times
> Three centuries since, and still moves heart and brain.
>
> More than the pageantries of Drury Lane.
> "Tush! none but minstrel's like of sonneting,"
> Sings Shakespeare's self with an ironic ring.
> Minstrels at least will thank you for the rest
> Who have not time with heart for the Great Quest
> After the Secrets of the Sonnets, these
> May dip and taste where there's so much to please
> Both student bee and social butterfly;
> Whilst *all* will track with grateful heart and eye
> Your slaughtering of that colossal sham—
> Egregious Donnelly's Great Cryptogram.

Massey was a wartime poet—a true patriot, imbued with an ardent love for his country, but not blind to the many injustices inflicted by her citizens. His earlier poems were written and published at the time of the Crimean War, to which they contain many references. Some of these could, with profit, be read and applied at the present day.

OLD ENGLAND

> There she sits in her Island-home,
> Peerless among her Peers!
> And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
> To ease its poor heart of tears.
> Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
> Of a Past she can never forget:
> And again shall she banner the world up higher;
> For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old lookt forth
  In their fear, as they heard her afar;
But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth!
  When the Old Land goes down to the war.
The Avalanche trembles, half-launcht, and half-rive,
  Her voice will in motion set:
Oh ring out the tidings, ye Winds of Heaven!
  There's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
  Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
She will fight as she fought when she took her stand
  For the Right in the olden day.
Rouse the old royal soul, Europe's best hope
  Is her sword-edge by Victory set!
She shall dash Freedom's foes down Death's bloody slope;
  For there's life in the Old Land yet.

WAR WAITS

And England slumbered in the lap of Peace,
Beneath her grand old Oak, which, hale and strong,
Rode down the storm and wrestled with the winds,
To rise in pomp of bloom and paean of song,
Green with the sap of many hundred springs;
And tossed its giant arms in wanton life,
Like Victory smiling in the sun of Glory.
She saw not how the worms ate out its heart.
Life deftly masks the hiding-place of death;
And Ruin leads his bride in a garland green
For sacrifice. So England slept in peace.
And in the glamour of her dream she saw
Brave fancies foot it holding Freedom's pall,
Waving their funeral links for bridal lights.

Came Nemesis, her lightnings stabbed the dark,
To show the way, and startled England woke!
Behold the glorious creature leaping from
Delilah's lap, to the battle chariot,
Like Sternness stript for strife. Grim-wooing War

Mirrors his terrible beauty in her face;
On fire to bring the death-strokes hand to hand.
Her heart is dancing to a loftier tune;
For God has called His Chosen once again,
And the old Guard of Freedom takes the field,
Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
Like some proud cataract she shots for the strife,
And hurls her hurrying waves of valour down.
The glorious shudder of intrepid blood
Hurtles through all her veins, and Victory's voice
Cries from the inmost oracle of her soul.
Her swift avenging armaments shall flame
Oe'r land and sea, sublime as when of old
With a colossal calm she rode the waves
Of War, that heaved magnificent in storm.
The noble prophecy of ripened age
Was on her youthful brow; fulfilment comes.
She lifts the Ark of Freedom in her arms,
Safe through the deluge of a warring world.

Gerald Massey was a Political Poet. He suffered from a sharp appreciation of the evils wrought by others. He had delivered himself from his environment and had risen in a noble manner from the trials and temptations that beset his earlier career; had become the victor in a desperate struggle with poverty, but he realized that while he had risen and overcome, others had fallen and succumbed. He wrote the following when he was but twenty-six years of age:

"I have been congratulated by some correspondents on the uses of suffering, and the riches I have wrung from Poverty; as though it were a blessed thing to be born in the condition in which I was, and surrounded with untoward circumstances as I have been. My experience tells me that Poverty is inimical to the development of Humanity's noblest attributes. Poverty is a never-ceasing struggle for the means of living, and it makes one hard and selfish. To be sure, noble lives have been wrot out in the sternest poverty. Many such are being wrot out now, by the unknown heroes and martyrs of the Poor. I have known men and women in the very worst circumstances, to whom heroism seemed a heritage, and to be noble a natural way of living. But they were so in spite of their poverty, and not because of it. What they might have been if the world had

done better by them, I cannot tell; but if their minds had been enriched by culture the world would have been the gainer.

"Battle on bravely, O sons of Humanity!
Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye toilers!
Too long hath the world bled for tyrants' insanity—
Too long our weakness been strength to our spoils
For Freedom and Right, gallant hearts, wrestle ever,
And speak ye to others and the proud words that won ye
Your rights conquer'd once, shall be wrung from you never;
Battle on! battle aye! Heaven's eyes are on ye!
And Earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a People upgirding its might to be free!

"Dear God! what hosts are trampled 'mid this killing crush for gold!
What noble hearts are sapp'd of love! what spirits lose life's hold!
Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all, and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

Gerald Massey took a deep interest in Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects, on which he lectured in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries. His new interests, however, enticed him away from poetry, to such a degree that he was once described as "the most unpublished of living authors," but his belief in the persistence of life after death was firm-rooted, and his experiments in the realm of communication with the departed were not undertaken from mere curiosity or as a pastime. In his introduction to *My Lyrical Life,* published in 1890, he wrote:

"My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature and realities of my own personal experience; not upon falsification of natural fact. These facts have been more or less known to me personally during fifty years of familiar face-to-face acquaintanceship, therefore my certitude is not premature; they have given the proof palpable that our very own human identity and intelligence do persist after the blind of darkness has been drawn down in death. The Spiritualist who has plumbed the void of death as I have touched this solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can neither be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair; the sighs of unavailing regret, and all the

passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. He cannot be bereaved in soul! And I have had ample testimony that my poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death, which has made so many mental slaves afraid to live."

But Egyptology, as well as Spiritualism, found attraction for him, and he is, perhaps, known better for his volumes, six in number, in three couples on *The Book of the Beginnings*, published in 1881; *The Natural Genesis*, published in 1883; and *Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World*, published in 1907, the year of his passing away.

In 1863, he was granted, on Lord Palmerston's recommendation, a Civil List pension of £70, which the Marquess of Salisbury increased to £100 in 1887. From 1866 to 1877 he lived at Ward's Hurst, near Little Gaddesden, in a farmhouse provided by Lord Brownlow. In the latter year he removed to New Southgate, where he remained until 1890, when he migrated to Dulwich. In 1893, he removed to South Norwood, where he passed away on 29th October, 1907, in the eightieth year of his age, his remains being interred in Old Southgate cemetery.

The career of Gerald Massey suggested the character of Felix Holt, the Radical, to George Eliot, and his work received at various times high appreciative notices from, among other, Walter Savage Landor, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin, Henry Taylor (author of *Philip Van Artevelde*), Bishop Connop Thirlwall, Walter Bagehot, and Hugh Miller. He was twice married: first to Rosina Jane Knowles (buried in Little Gaddesdon Churchyard, 23rd March, 1866), by whom he had three daughters and a son, and second, in January, 1868, to Eva Byron, by whom he had four daughters and a son.

REVOLUTION AND THE CULTURALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

BY WILLIAM NATHANSON

IN THE beginning of the nineteenth century, the thinking part of the human race was agreed that man, as a being who sees, feels and values nature, a being who sings of nature and admires her and in all sorts of ways utilizes her in his own service, in the satisfaction of his wants and as a means towards his ends, could not be simply the pure and direct product of nature alone—merely a rung in the ladder of her endless development.

After Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason,* this thinking part of humanity could not consider man only as a part, expression or child of nature. On the contrary, the whole of nature, i. e., everything which we perceive with our senses and comprehend as something around us and external to us, was placed in direct dependence upon human thought. For with and since Kant time and space have become forms of the human understanding, irradiations of human thought, without which the present appearance, entire composition and form of everything which goes under the name of nature would be completely lost.

Of all the living creatures which we know, man is the only one who possesses transcendental apperception, which, naturally, has not originated with man but which came to him from a higher, superhuman world. It is this transcendental apperception, a superhuman power operating in man, which gives us the entire appearance, and the whole form, as well as a great part of the content, of the wide world outside us.

"No knowledge," says Kant, "can take place in us, no conjunction of unity of one kind of knowledge with another, without that unity of consciousness which precedes all data of intuition, and without reference to which no representation of objects is possible. This

pure, original, and unchangeable consciousness I shall call *transcendental apperception*. . . . It is we who carry into the phenomena which we call nature, order and regularity, nay; we should never find them in nature, if we ourselves, or the nature of our mind, had not originally placed them there. For the unity of nature is meant to be a necessary and *a priori* certain unity in the connection of all phenomena. And how should we *a priori* have arrived at such a synthetical unity, if the subjective grounds of such unity were not contained *a priori* in the original sources of our knowledge, and if those subjective conditions did not at the same time possess objective validity, as being the grounds on which alone an object becomes possible in our experience?"

Such a viewpoint, naturally, left not the least bit of ground for any realistic or materialistic conception. Kant's teaching did not permit searching in something unpossessed of thought or feeling, spirit or soul, for causes, origins, and explanations of everything lofty, spiritual and soulful.

Kant established that originality and independence can be properly possessed only by the mind and spirit. From this it follows that for sufficient causes and explanations of all phenomena, occurrences and events, we need not seek in nature or in economics or mechanics, but appeal to a higher force which can originate with itself and which is consequently capable of producing everything by all manner of means, natural as well as supernatural.

Even before Kant approached his *Critique of Practical Reason*, he indicated in his *Critique of Pure Reason* (in which he tried to avoid speculation beyond the bounds of pure reason) that although it could not be asserted in a positive and purely reasonable manner that the spirit which issues out of the human body is imperishable and indestructible, still the opposite could never be proved.

And there is no ground for denying, by way of example, the following transcendental proposition, viz., that all of life is in reality transcendant and not subject to the vicissitudes to time, and does not begin with birth nor end with death. "We might say that our life is phenomenal only, i. e., a mental representation of the purely spiritual life, and that the whole world utilized by our senses is nothing but a picture which passes by our present status of understanding, and which, like a dream, is without objective reality in itself. Furthermore, we might say, that if we could see ourselves and other objects as they are in reality, we would see ourselves in a world of spiritual nature, where our relation to it did not begin with our

birth and will not end with our bodily death, for both of these are phenomenal."

No wonder, then, that in the beginning of the nineteenth century when Kant's idea concerning the spirit as the lawgiver of nature and the architect of matter and of everything which is fashioned, formed, and built thereof, had conquered the self-contemplating portion of humanity, the history of mankind, as well as that of individual peoples was written, read and interpreted, primarily, in the light of spiritual power and might.

The "must" hidden somewhere in the blind forces of nature, and the aimless, purposeless "necessity" that stares with glass eyes out of all the technical complications and economical relations, had never been considered by historians in general, and by historians of philosophy in particular, as the chief factors of spontaneous, human and social development. Over and against this merciless "must," over and against this blind necessity which stares and sees nothing, the *ought* and the *should* were established as the strong and powerful factors in the progress and development of man and society. Both of these spring from a universal will and conscience, permeated with aim and purpose, full of meaning and value.

In his *Introduction to the Philosophy of History,* Hegel urges the reader to first of all be permeated with the idea that universal history belongs to the domain of the spirit. The term "world," he says, includes both physical and psychical nature. Physical nature also plays its part in the world's history, and attention will have to be paid to the fundamental natural relations thus involved. But spirit in the course of its development is our substantial object.

History, according to Hegel, is nothing more than the development of spirit in time. The universal spirit in the course of its development is refracted, as it were, in man, just as a ray of light is refracted in a prism; and the breaking up into the diverse colors forms a spectrum of national and spiritual ideals and popular geniuses.

Naturally, none of the philosophers and historians of the early years of the nineteenth century was blind to the fact that every people as well as every man and group is influenced, and therefore limited, by forces and elements not included in the category of mind and spirit, senses or will. To them one thing was clear, however, viz., that while all these forces which are designated as natural or material over and against spiritual or ideal, may modify and complicate, accelerate or hinder various individually human and collec-

tively social phenomena, they can in no way themselves produce a single phenomenon in the world, and therefore, indeed, cannot themselves explain a single phenomenon. The power of producing from itself, something in the form of an image or phenomenon, without the least external or outside aid, belongs to the spirit and the spirit alone. This then is the sense, the meaning and the significance of spirit. This is the characteristic property of spirit. This is its chief specific peculiarity. What other properties distinguish the genius of men, if not the properties of depth and originality? And do not both of these properties constitute the power to create in an independent way something that had never existed, something that originates with itself and therefore is absolutely new?

If one only thinks well into the independence of spirit and understands the possibility of identifying spirit with absolute independence, the question: How did spirit originate?—immediately vanishes. For then it becomes clear that spirit is nothing other than self-derived power, and for this reason all explanations, all causes and origins must be sought in it and through it. Spirit itself, however, cannot be explained or caused by any thing.

For this reason, too, Spinoza opens his *Ethics* with the following definition: "By that which is self-caused I mean that of which the essence involves existence, or that of which the nature is only conceivable as existent"; which means, that the conception of substance as something that needs no external causes for its origin, is considered as one of the primary presuppositions of any conception embracing the content and essence of the universe. For those, then, who feel and sense the intuitive meaning of this definition, the problems concerning the origin of the absolute substance of the universal spirit, or of an all-embracing God no longer exist. Substance, Spirit, and God are self-explained, and all else in the world must be explained through them.

Hegel follows in the footsteps of Spinoza.

Hegel explains that human history can have a meaning and value only when it is written and studied in the light of the following philosophic formulations: "Reason is substance as well as infinite power, its own infinite material its entire natural and spiritual life, which it originates. . . . On one hand, Reason is the substance of the Universe; viz., that by which and in which all reality has its being and subsistence. On the other hand, it is the Infinite Energy of the Universe. . . . It is the infinite complex of things, their entire essence and truth. It is its own material which it commits to its

own active energy to work upon; not needing the conditions of an external material. . . . It supplies its own nourishment and is the object of its own operations. While it is exclusively its own basis of existence and absolute final aim, it is also its energizing power realizing this aim. . . . This idea or Reason, is the true, the external, the absolutely powerful essence. It reveals itself in the World, and in that world nothing else is revealed but this and its honor and glory."

This, Hegel thinks, has been established in philosophy and must be accepted in history as a confirmed thesis.

This view in its most general and broad forms had moved Fichte to state that man must not strive directly to blissfulness. He must only endeavor to perceive as deeply as possible the highest and most powerful, which guides and regulates and rules in and over the world; and primarily to be permeated by the good, which, as Fichte insisted, is the most beautiful and highest expression of the most powerful and infinite power. Such perception of the universal spirit and its attributes and permeation with them will eventually fill man with bliss.

"Not that is good," says Fichte, "which is blissful, but on the contrary, that which is good makes us blissful."

The most important in man is, therefore, his close approach to spirit, whose characteristic properties are independence and freedom; a close approach to his deep self, to the self which borders upon the essence of the world. The nearer man draws to the world spirit, the freer and more independent he becomes. This must be the goal of all specific human ventures. The function of culture, Fichte thinks, must be to bring man to this goal. For good and evil themselves have a meaning only when they are referred to beings that are free and independent, or are striving to become such.

"Culture," says Fichte, "is the last and the highest means for the goal of man, for the full identity of man with his own self." And Fichte, therefore, defines culture as the revelation of the universal spirit which bends and utilizes every power to assure complete freedom and complete independence of all that we ourselves are in reality.

Thus the reply of the early part of the nineteenth century was, so to speak, thoroughly anti-realistic; and in the sense of a keen antithesis to materialism this reply was supremely idealistic. It was made as a no uncertain assertion, that the world as presented to us through our senses, is not the world wherein our life begins and

ends. And we must, therefore, not search in it and through it the aims and goals of our life and death.

No matter how favorable this world is to all the human, "worldly" interests, in the critical moments of our life it will be powerless to offer a solution that will fill the emptiness and ease the pain of the human soul, which yearns for meaning and value. These exist for us perhaps no longer than the flash of our eye across paints of many colors. The meaning and value of life must be sought in the world to which all our feelings strive, even though our senses can never reach it. Only this higher world, and no other, must grant us the key to all that takes place and happens in the world where the momentous comes and passes.

The culture-historical view harmonizes well with such a positively idealistic solution, which perceives in the universal culture, which is the eternal, almighty and spontaneous expression of the Universal Spirit, the chief causes, the deepest motives and the greatest forces of all historical events; which sees in the national *culture*, i. e., in the inclinations, environments, conceptions, attitudes, experiences and reactions of a people the cause and driving forces, the seeds and fruits of all national events and phenomena. The stronger and more deeply affecting a phenomenon or an event, the deeper and the more vividly must the specific characteristics of the national culture be engraved in it. Culture must, therefore, be felt most deeply in those rarest and most fundamental social and political upheavals which we usually term revolutions.

And had the world outlook which controlled human thought in the beginning of the nineteenth century, not been forced back by materialism, which, for a while, drove the human spirit to surface rather than to depths, the assertion would perhaps have been made long ago that the kind of revolution a people goes through depends directly upon the culture it possesses. For every revolution, every new order built upon the ruins of the old, is a result and reflection of the culture of a people, through which the Universal Spirit, for reasons known to It alone, has revealed itself in a certain manner.

However, before the relation between social revolutions and national cultures had become clear, materialism, thanks to the great successes and upheavals which science had achieved in the laboratory, broke its way into a considerable number of human brains. Philosophy with its idealism and spiritualism became silent for a while and science began to speak its materialistic tongue in a philosophic

manner. This philosophically feathered science offers an entirely different solution to the problems of idealism and realism.

This solution placed civilization before culture, cosmopolitanism before nationalism. Therefore, instead of seeking the causes and factors of revolutions in national cultures, they were sought in the national means of production and the cosmic material powers, with the faint light of the little materialistic lamps. The concepts of revolution chime in for a while with the conceptions of civilization in a quite mechanical manner.

Science begins to prevail over philosophy in the fifties of the nineteenth century. Metaphysical philosophy had for one reason or another abandoned the swift flight led by giants as great as Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schlegel and Schelling. Natural philosophy now takes the place of metaphysics. Materialism and realism take the leadership over idealism and spiritualism. Nature, matter and power are considered the ultimate and primary, the almighty and all-embracing causes of all the highest and deepest, the most beautiful and best in the world. Nature, in the purely physical sense, and matter and power begin to be looked upon as the only sources out of which life and spirit, sensation and thought, soul and will had issued and continue to issue. And what nature, matter and power had meant for the cosmos, the social organization, economics and tools begin to mean for the development of society. The materialistic conception of history is being created.

From the laboratory and the scientific treatises, materialism and atheism with it, are transported into the popular scientific text books and into the halls where learning is dispensed to the masses. In this way a kind of materialistic-atheistic movement is established. For a while the masses begin to like the idea that the real thing in the world is that which can be touched with the hand, and that which can be understood by sound judgment. Man was not made by God, but on the contrary man had with his power of imagination created God. Why not? If man could invent an airplane, telegraphy, railroads and telephones which he needed for making his life more comfortable, why could he not have invented a God and discovered a religion that would help, for instance, the capitalist to exploit his fellow-man, the worker?

All these concrete discoveries of human mind, especially those that increase the comfort of human life, begin, like the idols, those ancient embodiments of the idea of God, to take the chief place. Men begin to worship them and sacrifice on their altars inner good-

ness and beauty, inner depth and excellence. In short, they sacrifice all the sensations and experiences, all the meanings and values of human life and universal existence which constitute the concept of culture. Civilization takes the place of culture. In the light of civilization national and social ideals are formed. Revolutions are foretold, prepared and made on the foundation of the complete blindness of nature, on the basis of the iron-strong matter and energy, and in correspondence with all the demands of the capitalistic idol—civilization.

Very great in number were the accomplishments of this period during which science and with it civilization reigned uninterrupted. One thing, however, all these achievements failed to accomplish, viz., to give man a little spiritual joy, a deeper penetration into happiness, and a stronger experience of blissfulness. They failed to do it because in all their deeds and works, they completely left out the meaning and value, the why and wherefore of human life. And inasmuch as revolutions of the last and this century were a part of human life, but were led by men who bowed to physical nature and material civilization, they have lost their meaning and value in the eyes of a large portion of humanity. The why and wherefore of revolution could not continue to be inspiring to those who could not give up the soul which is in them, and which can get along without them more easily than they without her. . . . "It is true," says Eucken, "that realism has not only carried the opinion of humanity with it with overwhelming force, it has also given an immense impetus to work, accelerated our whole existence, aroused us to a more manly overcoming of difficulties and to a more victorious attack upon all that is irrational."

"The nineteenth century more than any other epoch, enlarged the whole aspect of life and improved human conditions. One would have expected it to close with a proud and joyful consciousness of strength. The fact that it did not, points to an error in the type of life which dominates the period. This error is to be found in the desire of realism to eliminate the soul. *And the soul will not allow itself to be eliminated.* The very attempt to deny the soul only arouses it to greater activity."

This greater activity of the soul seems to have urged philosophy to revive and throw its strictly critical and intuitively penetrating glance at all the conquests and triumphs, at all the accomplishments and promises of science, and say to her: "I acknowledge and estimate your accomplishments, but you must, however, together with me,

recognize something that cannot be denied. You will never succeed in showing or proving how matter and energy caused, or how they succeeded in producing, life and spirit, and how life and spirit may be explained by them."

The world is not a complex of lifeless atoms. It is nothing but an exceedingly large social organism of wills. Philosophy looks upon the idea of universal associations of consciousness in its final analysis as upon the basis of that which used to be called nature, and in this manner she substitutes the full and complete synthesis of a living reality for scientific abstractions. Science considers the relation of things independently of the subject, which possesses will and thinking power; and, independently of existence in its totality, gives us merely an abstract image, an image which does not include the fulness of reality, the identity of the entire universe of things and of the spirit which is conscious of them.

Once science began to admit that it can in no way succeed and that it has no hope of succeeding in penetrating into the most concrete of the concrete phenomena, the phenomena which are called life and consciousness (and it could not help admitting this) it immediately began to spin the thread of metaphysics. Just as in the days of Spinoza, Leibnitz and Descartes, and later of Kant, Hegel and Fichte, it continues to catch within its nets the fluttering soul of man, only with surer and stronger haste.

With the revival of metaphysics culture will gain control over civilization, just as philosophy has begun to dominate science. For it is as clear as day, that the farther the spirit advances into the profundities, the less oportunities it has to spread over surface and the more man is interested in the world within him, the less he is charmed by the world external to him.

It is the same with time as with space. As man devotes his attention to the problems which touch eternity, the passing world interests him only in so far as he can find an organic relation between the transitory and the lasting. Moreover, hand in hand with the growth of human interest in everything excellent, deep and external, grows his interest in absolutisms, which surpasses his interest in relativities. And what does culture mean if not going to the roots of the problems of eternity and supernaturalness, which border upon the absolute—the something which is good for all times, all places, and all men. For it includes in itself time, space, and man, while itself, it is not included in any one of them.

The greater the prestige culture will gain, the more urgently will social upheavals have to be suited anew and set in the light of culture. And these upheavals lead to a better, more beautiful and spiritually fuller life only when they will be urged and guided by those who consider civilization only as a means toward culture and will see in culture the meaning and value of all.

A revolution urged by the powers of civilization, and by those who bear in mind only the interests and needs of civilization, will perhaps raise the material standard of human life; it may, or may not, bring a little more well-being, but it can in no way increase the spiritual needs of human life. One of these two must happen: either man will become less human, or, remaining human and striving despite the civilizers to become more human, he will complain of the revolutionary upheaval, insisting that his loss is greater than his gain, and will with more impetus and stubbornness fight for a new, meaningful change.

A revolution from the point of view of civilization may change the external, not internal form of things. But when we speak of a revolution as an internal and fundamental change that will yield man real bliss and happiness, we must consider it from a cultural standpoint.

And culture should and must interpret revolution, give it its fundamental basis, and place before it its aims and purposes.

WHAT IS YOUR CREED?

BY HELEN NELSON GLASSFORD

LIFE offers many problems and equally as many ways of solving them. This world seems quite unintelligible at times, and we wonder what it all means. What we believe, or what our creed, is often a question of doubt. I am not promising any solutions here. Merely should I like to offer a casual glance at the views of life held by some of the British poets from the time of Wordsworth. These men dedicated their lives to a study of the poetic, artistic, emotional, and philosophic phases of life.

Wordsworth, in *London*, in 1802, laments that the wealthiest men are considered the best men, that people measure worth in gold. Their lives are dedicated to rapine, avarice, and expense. They do not find worth in books, nature, and innocence. "Plain living and high thinking are no more," he says.

In other poems, Wordsworth bids us feed the soul with high objects and enduring things. We are out of tune with nature, and witness her beauties as a matter of course. We neglect our powers in the rush of getting and spending. Wordsworth solves his own problems in turning to the beauty of secluded scenes, and storing his memory with pictures that will be of comfort to him always. He finds nature uplifting and sublime. In her he hears the call of humanity.

In considering what nature was to him in his youth, he feels that a glory has passed from her. "The child is best philosopher," says he. New from Heaven, he has not learned to grasp the pleasures Earth offers, and thereby, forget his heavenly home. The intimate, passionate love of nature passes with youth, but suffering with humanity gives new interpretation to her appeals.

Though many of Wordsworth's poems picture scenes of solitude with nature, we must not assume that he would prefer the quiet of

nature to the turbulent call of humanity. In the splendid poem, *Elegiac Stanzas*, he says:

"Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness wherever it be known
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind."

Wordsworth does not see in death, a barrier. In the pathetic little poem, *We Are Seven*, he shows the belief of a simple, little country child that the two in the church-yard are still in the family circle:

"'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in Heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'Oh Master! we are seven.'"

Wordsworth does not believe that we should live in preparation for the next life, but rather, that we find our all in this life.

"Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some sequestered island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!"

It seems to me *a propos* at this time to consider Coleridge's views of nature in comparison with those held by Wordsworth. Coleridge does not hear the "still, sad music of humanity," nor, yet, find quiet peace and comfort in his clouds and winds. Rather does his spirit see human liberty in their freedom. He thinks of France, at that time, bursting her chains, only to wear heavier ones, falsely engraved with the name of Freedom. In despair, he feels that true liberty is only to be found on sea cliffs, or in the winds and waves. Nor is there comfort for his turbulent spirit in the calm of nature. He *sees* the beauties of nature, but cannot *feel* them as does Wordsworth. Coleridge believes only when the soul sends sweet thoughts, can nature be of comfort to us.

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

Byron is one who will not acknowledge obeisance to any power outside himself. I have been unable to find anything in his writings that would suggest his believing God neither omnipotent nor benevolent, although I think Browning is crediting him with such a belief in *Caliban Upon Setebos.* In Byron's *Manfred,* the discussion between Manfred and the Abbot throw some light on this subject. Manfred persistingly refuses to beg forgiveness from a Power to whom he feels he owes nothing. He says:

> "The mind which is immortal makes itself
> Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
> Is its own origin of ill and end
> And its own place and time: its innate sense."

In crediting man for what he is and does, Byron makes no allowances. He lacks in the sympathy found in the nature-loving Wordsworth. At least, so it seems in comparing the poems of each poet on Napoleon Buonaparte. Byron sees naught to pity in the conquered Napoleon. Wordsworth sees that the fault lies with the age, and therefore, finds it in his heart to grieve for the man. "What knowledge could he have for governing?" he asks. We train our governors in the knowledge of battles, and neglect to teach them to be wise and good. We do not offer them books, leisure, and perfect freedom, accompanied by "every-day talks" with the "every-day man." Thus Wordsworth reasons, understanding, and can find it in his heart to pity.

Turning our thoughts again to this theory of the omnipotence or benevolence of God, we find a poet who accepts neither theory, but rather with deep founded faith in God leads us into intellectual discourses on this life and the one to come. This man is the comforting poet, Browning. Throughout his *Andrea Del Sarto* is expressed the belief that we are in God's hands, that all is as God overrules, and that God is just. In *Rabbi Ben Ezra* there is a calm trust in God's plans. An appealing comfort, outgrowing from faith, is expressed in the words:

> "All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me
> This, I was worth to God"—

In *Saul,* he says, "I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime,

and all was for the best." He speaks of the submission of "man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete." He believes that by obeisance in spirit he climbs to God's feet. The love in *man's* nature must measure only a small part of the all-love which is God. That there is an all-powerful and benevolent God, Browning seems never to doubt. Equally sure is he of an after-life. Speaking of the dead Evelyn Hope, he says, "God creates the love to reward the love." He believes that he and she will love in a future life. The disappointed painter, Andrea Del Sarto, is convinced of other chances in Heaven. But, Browning is not one who would sacrifice life on this earth to the attainment of a future life. In *Time's Revenge,* he says:

> "There may be heaven; there must be hell;
> Meantime there is our earth here"—

Rabbi Ben Ezra well tells of the beauty there is to be found in life, with age as a crowning glory.

Keats does not try to solve life's problems for us. He has but one god, which to him is all in all, and that god is beauty. He sees beauty in melancholy, even. I think we shall find the consideration of his views on melancholy comforting. He offers us a method of procedure, when a melancholy spell is on us. He tells us not to wish to die, nor to choose sullen companions to be with us in our gloom. Rather seek the rose, the rainbow, that which is beautiful. Melancholy and joy are akin, and only those who have drunk with joy to the last drops see true melancholy. Such people know "the sadness of her might." In reading Keat's, *Ode on Melancholy,* we somehow feel that we would be deprived of something worth while, if we were never to experience a depression of spirits. And, we recall that our last spell of the "blues" was really aching pleasure. Keats died before he had reached the years of thoughtfulness, or, perhaps, he would have added solutions to life's problems equal to the most intellectual which poets have offered us. Personally, I am enthusiastically satisfied in the one panacea he offers:

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Shelley and Arnold both seem to miss the same things in life, though they differ in their manner of solving life's problems. Shelley, in dejection, claims that life offers him "neither fame, power, love,

leisure, or content in meditation," while Arnold, in his *Dover Beach*, says that life only *seems* to lie before us like a land of dreams, that it really has "no joy, nor love, nor light, nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain." Shelly does not seek to solve the problems life offers. He merely looks for some comfort in nature and solitude. He is ever seeking the ideal which is not to be found on earth. Enamoured of ideal loveliness, the poet pursues his vision throughout the universe, vainly longing for some mortal realization of his love. Arnold believes it one's duty to persistently make the effort to solve life's problems of just what this world is, man's relation to it and God, and God's relation to all. Arnold doubts, however, the possibility of finding the answer to "these obstinate questionings." In *Dover Beach*, he hears an eternal note of sadness in the sound of the waves tossing pebbles against the rocks, and he likens the sound to the ebb and flow of human misery. He says that his "sea of faith" was once at full tide, but now he hears only the long withdrawing roar. In *Self-Dependence*, Arnold tells how he was weary of asking what he is, and what he ought to be. He turns to nature, and calls on the sea and stars to calm him, asking how his soul may become vast like them. The answer they give is:

> "Would'st thou be as these are?
> Live as they."

They are not distracted by things around them, nor ever demanding love, amusement, and understanding from the outside. They use all their powers toward fulfilling their own tasks. And so the lesson this poem has to teach us is:

> "Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
> Who finds himself loses his misery!"

But he finds that nature cannot give complete comfort, for there are some things which she cannot understand. "Ah, child!" she cries, "That strife divine—Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

Arnold finds in nature an inspiration, "A world above man's head, to let him see how boundless might his soul's horizon be." We cannot always, however, labor under the light of inspiration. It comes in its own mysterious way after which we must carry out its divine bidding in darkness. Such is, I believe, this life of ideals and routine. The recurrent conception of the ideal serves to en-

lighten what would otherwise be the dark world of slaves. Of the same thought is the following quotation from the *Rubiayat:*

> "Then to the rolling Heaven, itself, I cried,
> Asking, 'What lamp had Destiny to guide
> Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?'
> And—'A blind Understanding!' Heaven replied."

Arnold's views on immortality are expressed in a poem called, *Immortality*. He bids us not to cast down our burdens here, in favor of ease in a life to come. He questions whether the immortals would welcome the failures of this world. Nor, can we put off toiling until we reach the next world, saying,

> " 'Then shall I begin.'
> 'No, No! the energy of life may be
> Kept on after the grave, but not begun.' "

Only he, who has unceasingly struggled and won his battles here, will pass on to eternal life.

Arnold, in his lesson of *Self-Dependence* does not mean for us to attain the goal through selfishness. He espouses the idea of service to others in the beautiful poem about his father. *Rugby Chapel* immortalizes those men who are the real leaders, the shepherds of the world.

Tennyson, like Browning, has all faith, but, unlike Browning, does not seek to convince through intellectual argument. He is the blind optomist. The Lady of Shalott saw always softened shadows of real life. As soon as she saw life, as it really is, she no longer could exist. And so, I draw the moral that when the idealist faces the facts, his ideals are shattered. I do not know if Tennyson meant that such a conclusion be drawn from his poem, however. Although *The Higher Pantheism* is not lacking in the usual beauty of Tennyson's poems, I feel its optimism to be aggressive, rather than convincing. It seems to me to be of the same spirit as

> "Pish!
> He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."

One thing is certain, and that is that Tennyson does not sympathize with attaining one's ideal through solitude. *The Lady of Shalott*

and *The Palace of Art* both prove the fallacy of such a theory. In the latter poem, he recommends life in a glen with other humans, and teaches that we should share what we have of beauty with others. His soul, starving after three years alone in the palace of art, and beauty, and just the lovely things of life, cries:

> " 'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
> 'Where I may mourn and pray,
> Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
> So lightly, beautifully built;
> Perchance I may return with others there
> When I have purged my guilt.' "

William Morris was never forgetful of the serious issues of life. He protested against the commercialism of modern industry, and wanted sweeping social and industrial reforms. In *The Voice of Toil* he appeals to the laboring man:

> "Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
> And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
> While we the living our lives are giving
> To bring the new world to birth.
>
> "Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older!
> The cause spreads over land and sea;
> Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
> And joy at last for thee and me."

In the year 1915, the world lost a very great poet, one who idealized whate'er he touched. Stephen Phillips saw beauty in human passion. He did not think grief should be avoided. We may cherish his idealization of grief. "I have but wept on the pages of a book," says his Francesca in that emotional tragedy, *Paolo and Francesca*. And whene'er we are inclined to think little of this human lot of ours, pray let us reread *Marpessa*. A few lines are quoted here:

> "And most I remember of all human things,
> My mother; often as a child I pressed
> My face against her cheek, and felt her tears;
> Even as she smiled on me her eyes would fill.

Until my own grew ignorantly wet;
And I in silence wondered at sorrow.
When I remember this, how shall I know
That I myself may not, by sorrow taught,
Accept the perfect stillness of the ground."

* * *

"Yet, I being human, human sorrows miss.
The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved.

* * *

". . . I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the joy,
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the bloom:
This is the sting, the wonder."

And so our thoughts may ramble on amid such scattered and casual reading, finally to arrive again at the question, *What is your creed?* Some say what, does not matter so long as you believe it. And others like our delightful Bobbie, remind us,

"And Oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

MORE "ARGUMENTS ABOUT IT AND ABOUT"

BY HENRI VANDERBYLL

THE thought will occasionally strike us that to think about the mysteries of life and of existence in general, and of the hidden power that gives and takes, is futile and purposeless. In especial when confronted with particularly annoying intricacies and difficulties that contribute towards shaping our individual life, we are inclined to listen with a mingled feeling of curiosity and sympathy to the philosopher's wise utterances. Futile and impracticable, we reflect, are his mental activities. Thoughts on the mysteries of existence seem strangely out of place in this ultra-practical life. Who seriously cares about his origin or about his destiny, about an invisible, spiritual world, when the supreme law of self-preservation demands that we shall dispose of our stock in the face of a threatening market, or that we shall make a special effort to raise money in order that we may be able to meet our obligations? We often lack the time, apparently, to seriously devote ourselves to the problem of solving the mystery of our being here.

On certain occasions, however, even the most unphilosophic person seeks surcease of sorrow and peace of mind in philosophic or religious thought. Tragedy, looming upon the horizon of our private life, makes us find the necessary time for asking and answering questions to our own satisfaction concerning the why and the how of things. The melancholy eyes of fate drive us to church and cult, to philosophic and pseudo-religious gathering. In a way, of course, there is something selfish at the bottom of this first thirst of ours for truth. It was Job who observed that when asses have plenty of hay, they do not bray. His observation symbolically expresses the interesting fact that a smooth career of life is not conducive to earnest thinking. On the contrary, it is our trials and tribulations, our days of darkness and grief, the momentary realizations of our

utter weakness and impotence, that stimulate our mind into inquiring into the matter of a possible power that gives and takes, and into that of an individual behavior upon this earth which, alone, will assure us a plentiful supply in our private manger. Even though our first thirst for truth, therefore, is not exactly a thirst for impersonal truth, it being caused by a suffering self which seeks alleviation of its pains, it is nevertheless a highly desirable thirst if philosophic thought, as many maintain, is, itself, desirable. And, considering the more or less efficient manner in which a man's "philosophy of life," no matter how imperfect it may be, propels him through the severest difficulties, we cannot help agreeing that reflections upon the mystery of being own their ultimately useful purpose.

There is another angle from which to view this matter of thinking about things apparently impractical. No man of average intelligence fails to be impressed, at least once during his lifetime, by the supreme facts of birth, life, and death. If he cannot be struck, if only momentarily, by the marvel of it all, his intelligence should be rated below the average. The animal, unconscious life in him predominates, and the intellectual, conscious life has barely awakened. He exists, but he hardly knows that he exists. A little reflection and imagination, only, are required to see life suspended between the whence of birth and the whither of death, both of which are shrouded, apparently, in impenetrable veils of mystery. One way to eliminate the mystery in question from our inquisitive mind is to ignore it. Another method endeavors to lift the mysterious veils for the purpose of discovering what is behind them. Which is the better way? We are tempted to paraphrase: Better to have thought and failed than never to have thought at all.

The lifting of the mysterious veils, however, may not be as easily accomplished as we sometimes imagine. In many, perhaps in the majority of instances, we think that we have found the answer to our urgent query. Although the answer may, for the moment completely satisfy our inquiring mind, it need not constitute the final answer to the great question. The truth is, that we are being answered by degrees, in accordance with the biblical prescription of "milk for babes and meat for the grown man," We inquire to the extent that we are capable of inquiring, and the nature of our answer conforms with that of our being and with that of our intelligence. We are developing creatures, particularly in an intellectual sense, and today's answer may prove entirely inadequate tomorrow. That, however, is something which it is difficult for us to perceive

at present. The answer which our particular intelligence needs at the moment is, naturally enough, the only true answer, in our opinion. No other answer will do. And it is with enthusiasm, also often, unfortunately, with bitterness and enmity, that we combat the answer which other and different minds receive. The fact that the truth which we perceive is exclusively ours, because it constitutes an answer which corresponds with our particular degree of development, is one of which we are seldom aware. It is often with a certain blindness that we advertise our thoughts concerning the mysteries of life and God to the world, a blindness which is expressive of a considerable degree of self-centeredness. That blindness almost invariably results in an overconfidence that we have completely solved the mystery of being. In a way, that overconfidence has its useful purpose. For if, as we maintain, the individual's newly-awakened thoughts constitute the necessary link between what he was yesterday and what he will be tomorrow in an intellectual sense, it is an excellent thing that he clings to them with all the tenacity of blindness.

On the other hand, the more or less blind conviction that we can read the mystery of life like we can an open book, eventually reveals its disadvantages. The day will come when, to our infinite surprise, we are no longer able to harmonize our theories of existence with the new facts of life with which we have recently become acquainted. We begin to doubt the truthfulness of the answer which we received to our urgent question. Perhaps we momentarily lose hope and faith, sinking back into the depths of despair. Happily, however, our despair is not lasting. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," because thought springs eternal in the human mind. A new answer will pacify the restless, seeking mind, an answer which once more conforms with a being enriched with new experiences and with a mind broadened with new thoughts and viewpoints. The truth of life, we repeat, is perceived by degrees, and the knowledge which is humanity's at present was gathered bit by bit during the last hundred thousand years or so. Undoubtedly, a considerable part of the truth remains to be discovered. When we think of the millions of years required by evolution for the purpose of producing an intelligent human being, and of the comparatively insignificant period of time that separates present intelligence from past stupidity and ignorance, we begin to suspect that the process of discovering truth is at present in full swing. The idea of men having successfully sounded the depths of existence seems more or less absurd. When

analyzing the philosophy of the overconfident truthseeker of modern times, who appeals to the popular fancy with his roseate promises of "health, wealth and happiness," and with the astounding simplicity of his whole scheme of being, we realize that there is a strong tendency in man to eliminate, if necessary by an intellectual *"tour de force,"* the element of mystery from existence. But a danger lurks in the philosophy of life which completely satisfies the individual. It is the danger of intellectual stagnation. Our complete satisfaction with the solution of the great problem tends to make us one-sided and narrow in our views, and intolerant of the ideas of others. It prevents us from thinking further and more deeply, for the simple reason that life, for us, no longer holds any mysteries. Yet is it the very mystery with which immensity impresses the soul that stimulates thought. In conformity with the popular method, however, we like to substitute mystery with preconceived ideas, pure assumptions, and catchy pet phrases. The chief error in our chain of reasoning is committed at the very outset. We assume the great unknown to be known, proceed to translate the world and human life into terms of the unknown, and then triumphantly announce that the problem is solved. Were we able to perceive the erroneous method of our reasoning, the most obvious facts pertaining to individual existence would, for us, too, present themselves as soul-overwhelming mysteries.

If anything, we should think, is capable of stirring brain cells into thought, it is the following combination of facts; we came we know not whence or how, we must depart we know not when or whither, and the points of arrival and departure are linked by a trail which is less smooth than most of us desire. We are in the habit of dressing our yesterday in a fairytale, of wrapping our tomorrow in a glorious dream, and to ignore naked and mystifying reality of the present. Minus the fairytale and the dream, individual life seems to be a mere bubble that mysteriously rose to the surface of existence and that, equally strangely, will disappear from the world. What enhances the mystery of it all is the fact that the trail is rough, as a result of which it causes many a cry of anguish to be uttered by the pilgrim on eternity's road. Consider the trials and tribulations of our childhood, the strife and struggle of maturity, the sad experiences which God knows who or what scatters liberally among poor and rich alike. It is not surprising that we are sometimes inclined to ask why in the name of heaven we are and why, being, we are for such a miserably short while. We should

consider, too, let it be granted, the many joys and raptures that light the mysterious gloom of existence. In view of such considerations, however, the question will persist: "Why should spring vanish with the rose . . . ?" As far as the mist of beauty is concerned in which many poetically-inclined persons would wrap the ugly facts of life, it is not such a difficult matter to philosophise upon beauty in a corner of our den, to close our eyes in the face of facts, and to hypnotize ourselves into believing that beauty is a universal quality of life. But den-, book-, and pulpit-philosophy often enough lack the seasoning which experience, only, can give to thoughts expressed. Without such experience, we are merely able to present the world with nicely arranged word-corpses, with lifeless thoughts, with knowledge without realization. When we start from the false assumption that the great unknown is known, life *must* be beautiful, and its mysteries *cannot* be mysteries. Life and the universe are moulded by us to conform with a preconceived idea.

There is another road, rarely traveled by thinkers, which, if followed consistently and persistently, eventually leads to conclusions similar to those arrived at by the overconfident truthseeker. The road starts in the very center of life, and is built on a foundation of facts observed. Not unfrequently, the observer, after having listened to the groaning sound of the heavily turning wheel of life, gradually sees the light of beauty dispel the shadows of this human existence. He is progressing with his search after the great unknown. His method, we believe, is the correct one. Too often, thinkers start philosophising in heaven, and finish upon earth. Very little, however, is known of heaven, and even less is known of the nature of the supreme. Humanity has been searching for God during all the life of its existence, and it is still searching. Considering its present condition of comparative immaturity, and its still more or less barbarous behavior upon this earth, we do not believe that it is sufficiently ripe to know the supreme. If it were, it certainly should act differently, more in harmony with the sublime knowledge in question. The reverse method of the one just referred to seems more recommendable. Being of the earth earthy, having our feet on solid ground, it would seem more logical to reason from observable and known facts to the great unknown. True, it is argued that the material world is a more or less base assortment of things, and that it is unworthy of being the foundation of a philosophic structure whose pinnacles reach into heaven. But that remains to be proven. We are better acquainted with matter than we are with

spirit. We see the starlit countenance of the universe every night of our life, but "no man has ever seen the face of God."

Furthermore, this fleeting existence in the flesh, surrounded as it is by matter, is not so despicable but it can make us think much and deeply. The universe which, to all appearances, is our temporary home, constitutes a field of study so immense that a single lifetime hardly permits the intellect to explore an insignificant corner of it. Yet are we sometimes inclined to shut our eyes to the presence of that immensity, thinking that we shall find the secret, not here, but there! However, being businesslike creatures, we should avoid taking chances. Why let the glorious opportunity slip by, the opportunity which knocks but once at the door of mystery, and lets us out into this starlit world, us, beings of intelligence? With Khayyam, we should exclaim, "Make haste!" For this life is nearing its end before we are thoroughly aware of the fact. And is not this a saddening prospect, this prospect of leaving the world behind without in the least suspecting *what* we leave behind? It is sufficiently saddening, we believe, to arouse an urge in us to think about this universe of men and roses and meteors *now*, while it is here, for the reason that *we* are here. Tomorrow? The hereafter? Tomorrow is a soothing fiction that, very awkwardly, endeavors to veil the awful countenance of the eternal Now.

What, we ask, is the most tragic picture in existence? It is the self crossing the stage of life, blindfolded as it were, knowing not whence it came, knowing not when and where and how it is to vanish, and, above all, failing to obtain a glimpse of all that marvelously created scenery which should turn the desert of life into a paradise. We unconsciously think of another tragic picture represented by the hog whose eyes are riveted on his mire, and whose uncertain life is spent in a continuous effort to please the belly. In what respect does the human self differ from that of the animal which lives and eats and dies, which sees not a single scintillating star in the depths of space, nor hears the flapping wing of time? Which of the million different bubbles floating down with the current of existence is privileged with a peep into what is? Is there, or is there not, something which momentarily tears the bandage from the eyes of the living being that crosses the stage of life? It is the modern age that reluctantly answers, mortal mind, with the emphasis on mortal. The answer hints at the fact that the mind is a hopelessly inefficient instrument with which to unravel the mystery of life. It is that, because it is mortal. To which we are inclined to answer,

that we should not speak of infinite and eternal mind until we know what mortal mind is busy with, and what it is capable of doing.

Not only is the mind an inefficient, it is also a deceiving instrument. It marks the world with its stamp of falsehood. The contempt in which we are holding the world as we see it is becoming universal. True, we admire its beauty, discover its laws immutable, and utilize its never-failing forces. Nevertheless, we pronounce it a stupendous lie. In our childish attempts at self-deception we call it, error, in our religious moods we name it the base material, and, philosophically speaking, it is illusion. Think of the strange drama which reasoning man enacts in the heart of immensity! His short-lived life furnishes him the opportunity to lift a tip of eternity's veil for the purpose of seeing—that which is not!

There is an advantage attached to the process of transmutting that which we see and know into that which we cannot see and cannot know in the ordinary manner. The process enables us to hold the floor unmolested, unchallenged, even. What thinker is prepared to investigate the nature of substance which is immaterial, or to consider the extraordinary problem of a thing which both is and is not? Theories of things intangible, of occult processes by which reality is perceived without the assistance of the mind, of conditions that prevail after the gates of death shall have closed behind us, unduly preponderate in our modern popular philosophies of existence. They are unassailable from a standpoint of logic, of course. There is, in fact, nothing to assail. Belief, not knowledge, faith, not understanding, are required to tint them with the hues of reality and truth. But, what man capable of knowing can conscientiously believe, what mind capable of understanding can have faith in that which it does not understand? Man believes because he does not know, and he has faith because he cannot grasp. And although belief and faith are excellent temporary crutches for the seeking soul to lean upon, we do well in at least permitting our adventurous mind to wander in freedom through this vast labyrinth of *ponderable* marvels. It is soon enough, we think, to philosophise upon the nature of a theoretical spirit after we shall have realized what a fearful thing the body, what sublime instrument the mind is. This, too, we consider sound advice: Let us cease arguing about the supreme until we shall know something about its creation. The sacred spring is found, if it is to be found at all, by following the stream of creation unto its source.

The modern desire to be spiritual is fulfilled at the expense of intelligence. The first stages of the development of human intelli-

gence are marked by an ability on the part of the individual to be aware of the presence of objects and of the occurrence of phenomena in the external world. During one of the later stages, the individual reflects upon the nature of the objects and phenomena perceived, classifies and relates the latter, to finally weave them into a rational whole. Strangely enough, many of us are better acquainted with deity than with the world of objects and phenomena. Of the more simple facts of science we are ignorant, though we claim to be able to penetrate the veil of matter, and to behold the real and spiritual world beyond. We babble about the eternal and the infinite, and we are unacquainted with our world of limitation and mortality. The reason for this must be sought in the fact that we are more or less selfishly interested in the nature of the mysterious life-giver and in that of the relationship which exists between the life-giving power and our self.

Occasionally, much is made of the religious instinct and of man's natural craving for his God. But the religious instinct, though it should sense the supreme existence of truth, beauty and reality, in the majority of instances is not an instinct at all, but rather a product of fear and anxiety. And the craving for deity, unfortunately enough, is generally aroused by our private troubles and sorrows. The two mysteries that hem in our shortlived lives, the mystery of yesterday and the equally profound mystery of tomorrow, are eliminated by a satisfactory conception of the supreme. The conveniently conceived relationship between the supreme and our self prescribes a certain conduct for the individual which will avoid private calamity and catastrophe. The mysterious ruler, and the manner in which we are being ruled, are the things in which we are more deeply interested. The universe does not, to a great extent, hold our attention. Our anxious inquiries into the nature of things have been made in the interest of self. Having received reassuring answers to our questions, there is little urge to discover that our planet belongs to a solar system, or that energy is indestructible, or that the amount of matter in the universe remains for ever the same. Hence our general ignorance concerning the world below, and our startling knowledge concerning things divine.

We miss a sublime source of inspiration, however, by ignoring the stream of creation in our over anxiety to discover the sacred spring. The stars in the blue-black vault of night breathe a message which our unreceptive mind is unable to accept. Our too "spiritually" inclined being prevents us from fully appreciating the quality

of mystery which pervades that material glory. Dust, no matter how radiant, is more or less contemptible. It is not this world, but the world behind, beyond this one which chiefly interests us. But the laws of *this* world some day will close in upon us, and rudely awaken us to the fact that *it* should immediately concern us. We stand aloof from the uglier noises of life, preferring the softer melodies of a Chopin or a Beethoven. But we underestimate life's spiritual possibilities. The grinding drill of the miner, the cleaving axe of the woodsman, and the most commonplace activities of life, may prove to produce spiritual music of the highest order. We haunt the churchsteps, and ransack the libraries in search after spiritual knowledge. But the commonest life of labor and struggle will unexpectedly offer spiritual nourishment which is easily assimilated and to the highest degree strengthening. And God, Himself, in His far-off, extraneous abode, will become less unapproachable when we shall see His body in this infinitive universe of golden stardust.

Our principal philosophic error is that we look beyond. We should endeavor to focus our mind on the here and the now. Even if this world eventually should prove to be an utterly worthless illusion, a shining and vividly colored immensity of concentrated baseness, we must not let the film of life roll by without scrutinizing it. It might hold the key that unlocks the door of mystery. It might be the illusion that helps discover reality. Our golden hopes concerning an existence beyond should not overshadow the importance and the sacredness of life on this side of the Stygian river. Let us consider that eternity, if it be a fact, also includes the present. Eternity is here and now. Our faith-dreams concerning the infinite, the eternal and omnipresence are perhaps realities which are readable in the starlit countenance of the universe. Perhaps, too, we were launched from unknown shores for the purpose of discovering *here* the divine secret of being.

In most of our spiritual philosophies the important fact is overlooked that knowledge is impossible without intelligence and mind. We are able to state that we are, because we know that we are. We are in a position to say that we know, because we know that we know. The abilities in question are always linked with a present existence. As far as knowledge of a past existence is concerned, we do not possess any whatsoever. Only under abnormal conditions, a thousand people or so are able to remember that they were Napoleon, or Caesar, or Louis Quatorze, or some other distinguished historical

personage. Barring such exceptions, however, we do not begin to know until a certain period has elapsed after birth. As regards our ability to know in a future existence, it seems to be, at the very least, an improbability. If our knowledge is blotted out in sleep when the brain temporarily ceases to function, what may be expected from an existence after death when the instrument which enables us to know has been destroyed? We may, therefore, pay more than passing attention to the fact that we know that we are, and to the one that we know that we know. Only the human being is blessed with such knowledge. The tree standing deep-rooted in the soil, swaying mechanically on the breath of the wind, represents life, and no more. The beast in the jungle treading insensibly on the beauties of the world, aware only of the nearness of its prey, represents life, and little more. And man, feeling the presence of a billion distant suns, measuring and weighing things invisible, conquering distance and space, years and time, represents life, and much more. Why much more? Because he knows that he is, and because he knows that he knows. He is capable of carrying an entire universe within his mind, of giving speech to immensity, of uttering the fact that a supreme exists. The supposition that supreme wisdom has furnished him with a marvelous instrument, itself a gay deceiver, that is able to weave a fabric of philosophy across the brow of an immensity which is a sad illusion, would seem to be a more or less extraordinary one. The importance of the instrument, sometimes disparagingly called, mortal mind, becomes apparent when we consider that the universe in general represents mere existence and that, if it were not for the presence of intelligent man, the universe for all practical purposes might just as well not be. Who or what would know about it? Who or what would praise it, or sing its glory? In the mind of man life finds itself, and sees itself reflected. Through the instrumentality of the mind it is transmuted from mere life into conscious life.

Now, we are all agreed that the instrument in question is far from perfect. Its present inferior quality produces dim and hazy pictures of that which is. That fact, alone, however, does not justify us to pronounce the mind utterly worthless and incapable. It reflects, and a semblance of reality is discernible. Moreover, an encouraging fact concerning its ability to reflect is that it steadily increases in the course of time. In the past, intelligence produced grotesque contortions of reality. Today, it at least vaguely hints at truth. The modern age, however, is impatient with the slowness of its achievement.

The naked, blinding, complete truth of life is being desired. Intelligence, revealing but a meager glimpse of it, is pushed into the background, and another, more efficient, instrument is being searched for. A current of thought is at present diverting from the main stream of scientific thought which has flown calmly and self-reliantly for a considerable number of years. The leaders of this new movement are not self-styled teachers of the masses, but authorities in the world of thought. They advertise the incompetency of the human mind, not because they are ignorant of scientific facts, or incapable of scientific analysis, but because they are sufficiently intelligent to perceive the present limitations of human intelligence. If they would let the matter rest there, no serious harm could result. Instead, they desire to replace the limitations of the mind with a deep-hidden and mysterious ability of the soul to intuitively perceive the utmost truth of existence. In other words, they deny that the process of discovering truth and reality is a gradual one, and they deny that the carefully laid plans of evolution play a part in the matter. They plunge into a bottomless pool of metaphysic and mysticism whose mysterious depths harbor many fascinations for those who, consciously or unconsciously, fear or resent the naked reality of life. The mind failing as an instrument of life-interpretation, intuition is made to replace the intellect. Intuition, with its instantaneous grasp of the truth of reality, dispels the gloom in which incompetent intelligence wraps the human soul. The gloom originates in the fact that the mind is not fully able to fathom the depths of life, and in the one that an intellectual analysis of existence invariably points at an absence of individual freedom.

Apart from the question whether or not freedom is a possibility in this universe, we should consider that the theories of inner revelation and of intuition are carefully spun by incompetent intelligence, itself. The very men that belittle the powers of the intellect and endeavor to demonstrate the superior ability of the soul in the matter of grasping truth, cannot escape the necessity of expressing with the aid of the intellect, and of translating in terms of intelligence, that which is supposedly known in a flash of intuition. The simple truth is, that there can be no *knowledge* without the mind. The intuitive philosophy does little more than hint at the fact that the intellect is as yet unable to solve the problem of existence to the satisfaction of reality-seeking man. It is a result of his impatience with the slow progress which the mind is making in the direction of solving the problem. But the intellect, considering the fact that it

is constantly developing and evolving, should be given a fair chance. After all, history is little more than a record of the growth of the human mind. And it cannot be denied that the intellect has constantly made giant strides forward. It has arrived at a certain point of its progressive career, the present, and it is with pride and satisfaction that it can look back upon its former fumblings and stumblings in the darkness of an utter incompetency. And it is, consequently, with hope and courage that it should face a future which will probably be radiant with its competency to solve the sublime mystery of God.

Even if we should agree, however, that here and now, assisted by our intellect, we should knock at the door of mystery, the question arises, Of what earthly or heavenly use is our obtaining a glimpse of the truth? That question invariably presents itself in connection with reflections upon death. If our senses and our mind, as we may reasonably assume, eventually must vanish with the physical self, what may be the purpose of our gathering pearls of truth? What, indeed, we continue to ask, is the ultimate useful purpose of all that we do and feel, of our struggles and aspirations, of our moments of anguish and of our moods of laughter? Do human activity, feeling and thought represent so much senseless waste of energy expended in the hollow emptiness of ever-brooding time? The answers to these questions do not easily suggest themselves, especially not when we separate ourselves in thought from the past and the future, and from the rest of the world. Individual activity, physical, moral or mental, and impression and experience, seem purposeless when linked with a mysterious origin and an unknown destiny. But even if we should not be able to discover our ultimate origin, we are at least able to trace our self to a relative and immediate one. Something belonging to the ancestor, and something that constitutes the future generation, slumber in our deepest soul. The boundary line of our individuality, though we often ignore the fact, is made almost indistinguishable by the ever-murmuring sea of humanity. We are products of the past in the same sense that we are instrumental in shaping tomorrow's human material. We are part of a progressing humanity. We contribute our share, insignificant as it may be, towards making humanity what it is. That fact urges upon us the necessity of a study of history, not merely of a study of its surfaces, but indeed of its soul and inner meaning. A survey of history will convince us that no human thought or action represents wasted energy. On the contrary, a cry of anguish and

a peal of laughter, alike, disturb the smooth surface of the ocean of time, and vibrate upon it eternally. The products of thought and effort, and of human activity in general, do not follow the individual into oblivion. They become evergreen leaves on the growing tree of humanity. They serve as footholds on the slippery slope of progress by means of which a human race manages to climb to loftier heights. The present human world sends its taproot into the ancient soil of a long-forgotten humanity.

If there be a solution of the mystery of life, one of its keys is a clear comprehension of the meaning of history. We cannot discover ultimate reality when we live, in thought, in the present, only. Both we and our present conception of deity originate from inferior products, and the process of becoming has been an inconceivably long and painful one. Within the last fifty centuries, countless deities have ruled the destinies of men and even today our conception of the supreme is subject to constant change. If it is *the* truth that we seek, and not our particular brand of truth, it is desirable that we start our inquiries without either sacred books or deity. We should face merely the rugged rocks of the world and the naked facts of life. Our intellect should then expand towards time and space, towards the past and towards the universe. From the immediacy of our self, and from the present which is interesting because it is ours, we should tear ourselves, realizing that there are, and that there were, other selves from which our own differs widely. Beyond our individual environment, we should seek a universe that will acquaint us with objects, phenomena and laws for which we seek in vain within the narrow limits of our little world of self-centeredness. The secret of the supreme is not found without our wandering through the catacombs of the past, nor is it discovered without taking into consideration the sun-dotted depths of the universal immensity. A supreme concerning itself mainly with the insignificant individual cannot be much more than a provincial conception. Only when we are capable of thinking in terms of infinite universes and eternally rolling ages, the supreme of our conception becomes worthy of the name, God.

In sounding the depths of history's meaning, we simultaneously explore the vastness of the universe. Human history is, for one thing, the history of the mind's development. And one of the chief activities of mortal mind has been the taking of journeys into the unexplored vastnesses of the external world. From the nature of such journeys, and from the success or the disaster in which they

ended, we may learn something concerning the mind's ability in the past to solve the riddle of life. In the light of past accomplishments and failures, we may draw our conclusions regarding the possibility of complete success in the matter of translating into words and thoughts the great secret of being. We are, furthermore, enabled to roughly estimate the distance which man has covered, and the one which he yet must cover, on his journey towards a final goal. And, perhaps, as a final result, we will assume a more modest attitude in the matter of unravelling mysteries of boundless universes, and we will grant that we are as yet children groping in the half-darkness of a dawning understanding. On the surface of things, there is no harm in knowing "all about it and about." Our conception of existence, however, is intimately associated with our actions, in particular, with our moral and ethical behavior. Imaginary possession of wisdom is often more harmful than the rankest ignorance. It makes the individual unshakably narrow in his views, and intolerant of the views and the actions of his fellow being. There is also a logical objection to the claim of full knowledge and understanding of the supreme. The supreme, in order to be supreme, should eternally hide behind a veil of mystery. That which bars our intelligence from grasping the nature of the supreme may be of the thinnest material possible. But it constitutes a barrier, nevertheless. Our intelligence can merely inform us of the fact that deity necessarily exists behind the veil. But what deity is, it cannot tell. He who knows the supreme, in all its fulness unwittingly places himself on the supreme's divine level. Man knows of deity, but never can he know deity.

Man's intellectual accomplishments in the past should influence our conclusions regarding the possibility of his solving the mystery of being. Before proceeding with the discussion of the accomplishments in question, however, we should make clear our views concerning the real meaning of history. Generally speaking, a man's interpretation of history is strongly colored with the hues of his personality. Being artistically inclined, we discover in history the birth and the development of art. The religious person sees religion blossom from the seed into the institution which it is today. Others, impressed with the material facts of life, discover in it an attempt on the part of man to make this earth a comfortable place to live in. The moralist cheerfully talks about a gradual progress towards a condition of peace and brotherly love. And the pessimist sees history carry man, slowly but inevitably, towards a final crash of doom.

We experience difficulty in viewing the facts of life from an impersonal, scientific and philosophic standpoint. Pet theories and preconceived ideas persist in partly crowding out scientific facts, in order that the final product of our conceptions may agree with what we are and with what we think. The mathematician, if philosophically inclined, founds his theory of life on a mathematical basis. The physician applies his dissecting knife to immensity. We invariably blend that which we are with our opinions, judgments and theories. The impartial viewpoint is rare, resulting as it does from a desire to discover truth for truth's sake rather than for our own. Such a desire is awakened in the soul which is capable of living beyond the limits of its immediate surroundings and beyond those of the present. Can we travel back into the past without taking with us our prejudices and our unreasonably predominant notions? If we can, we shall be able to see man develop from the being that he was into the creature that he is at present. We shall be able to discover the nature of his principal mental activities, and to judge about their results, gratifying or discouraging, as the case may be. And from the past we shall be able to build a vision of the future.

PIETY AND THE POSEUR'S POLICY OF POWER

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

WHATEVER a man does in the way of thought, work, creative art or emulative conduct has as its ultimate apology some personal discharge of energy. It is an expression of individual talent, power or choice of vehicle to feel freely capable of exerting himself, whether his efforts be good or bad, useful or idle, heroic or low-aiming. But if he is mercenary and given to sordid strategems and spoils, it is safe to say that but few of his efforts will be worthy or exemplary, no matter how industrious or studious his attention and display of energy.

In matters religious we are accustomed to require that a certain element of piety, gentleness and spirituality shall attend *all* of the various stages of this expression of energy, this self-ordained industry and exertion, and that this spiritual element shall give them their only credential of merit and righteousness, as well as sanction them as activities higher or more benevolent than mere force of intellect or muscle. But we do not demand as emphatically that this piety, et al., shall be genuine, that there shall be no hypocrisy, no specious policy of power, no duplicity of devout concern to postulate priority of personal rights or lay claim to the prestige of eristic preferment. Our neglect of precision consequently abets the poseur's delinquent decision, and the resultant program is usually one of irreverence and ruthless will to power instead of piety, meekness and benevolence.

There is no permanent piety in vulgarian creeds of power, no virtuous veneration, reverence or adequate relief from the criminal commerce of mercenary communions. There is no fitting comparison between those ancient worthies who were so devout and these modern worldlings who are so diabolically discrete. They are the messengers of antithetical moods, virtuous credulity and vicious cleverness, and cannot be grouped together in any durable prospect

of conciliation. People taking up positions of worldly ambition and effort cannot be said to have lovable characters although they may have many exemplary virtues, nor can they be considered pious or devout, although they may be inveterate Bible-students, church-mice and prayer-mongers. They may be intelligent, industrious, courageous, progressive and capable of rare executive office so far as their worldly purpose goes, but will certainly do little penance for finite failure because their philosophy falls short of that gentle spiritual attitude toward life, Nature and God which makes for genuine piety and love.

Some measure of this soul-feeling must be present, else your worldling be also a fool, an infidel, a scoundrel and materialist. I often think that the least modicum of spirituality ought to prevent people from worldliness and sin, rhyomism and war; but it seems to take sober social workers rather than men who are overly God-intoxicated to give us any lasting impulse toward redemption. Having true piety in their hearts and honest wisdom in their heads they see the actual utility of moralism and religion, whether presented in powerful pictures of the Ascension or in satirical sirventes of some medieval troubadour. We have two good biographical reasons for saying that such piety and wisdom would see why Wilhelm Meister's pietism in the *Schöne Seele* was no superficial affectation, but an inner enlightenment of soul which gave that thrill of reverent appreciation to Pater's philosophical aesthetic as well as that calm sense of security which Margaret Fuller found in her ideal hero-worship of Goethe.

Only a few years' experience should teach the most stupid humanist that people have little to concern them but the finite interests of their own petty world, that they have habits and do mischiefs not only peculiar but piacular, for which, whether they know it or not, they are individually responsible and, whether penitent or not, they will be held socially and ethically accountable. It is foolish to think that one has wholly escaped all retribution when he has merely evaded man's flimsy inaccurate punitive provisions; no crime, cussedness or covetous creed ever escaped the Divine ordinance of "Live ye in the spirit, else ye be soon dead living." It is wiser to think, and nobler to understand that *God's Laws never miss fire.* Another thing the stupid humanist should learn from his meagre experience of life is that the world has myriad sorts of men; some are sharp while many are dull, some are philosophers while many are fools; some devout many depraved, some are honest reverent souls but the

majority enjoy the marplots of life, hedonism and vanity or else dawdle away their time eating chocolates and reading valorous vulgarity such as was so piquantly presented in the picturesque literature of the Spanish Main with its heroïc rogues and galleons of gold. Or, if not so romantic, and given more to the veneer-culture of modern civilization, the latter will belong to that overwhelming majority which gobbled up a million copies of Ben Hecht's garish "Gargoyle," that salacious screed of sex-sampling which seems wholly to have stupified the censors; and with this as guide-book they will glory in and emulate the clever exploits of petty poseurs, those précieuse pick-thanks and social climbers smearing culture and smirking their way to fame. All such are worldlings, and whether openly vulgar or covetly vicious, they still manipulate their finite interests without much moral or spiritual discipline. At best they are little else than pietistic poseurs seeking their fortunes in some shrewd strategem of personal power over their fellows. And what manner of faith or love is that?

The sincerity of religion is determined not by what it presents as intellectual content, but by its code of action, by what manner of persuasion it seeks its proselytes or advances itself in the world. What sort of persuasion (power, love or revenge?) was given subtle expression in the early Greek religion which, at the conquest of Troy, gave each hero a fair maiden captive as part of the booty while the beautiful Polyxena was slain so as to accompany Achilles through the Elysian Fields? What true piety was ever exercised or even feebly expressed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when the Inquisition was the favorite resort of fanatic fools and power-lusting nuncios, especially in the latter days when Torquemada launched vandal codes of vengeance in the Spanish Tribunal of the Holy Office and in the sixteen years of his foul leadership ordered upwards of 9,000 put to death and probably an hundred thousand mercilessly tortured? I sometimes think that the pagan Trojans in the first instance and the Waldenses, Catheroi and Albigenses in the second had quite a little margin when it came to piety and restraint of malice. They could not help responding with a certain measure of retaliation in kind, but they had neither the resources nor genius for a coldly organized system of persecution such as seemed so characteristic in the "Holy Office." The poverty of man's love and loyalty proves him essentially vulgar and irreverent, the poverty of his faith and piety proves him cynical and proud, subject always to psychological fallacy and automorphism. These alone would be quite bear-

able, but there are so many more malicious mischiefs, so many more ruthless and incorrigible expressions of vandal power, that we find our life, in the past, now, and probably hereafter as well, made unnecessarily difficult, artificial and ordered according to discreet pragmatisms rather than devout pietisms.

Very few people could be won over to religions of weakness nor could they be persuaded to listen for long to propaganda which smacked only of absolute meekness and renunciation. Their very life and survival in this world requires that their creeds be flexible and their philosophies practical. Everyone seeks some sort of knowledge, power or position of influence, some title to the proud company of the elect, so as not to continue being the slave and under-dog of those who do already have this knowledge, power and influence. Otherwise they soon find themselves classed as *unfit* for anything but exploitation and extinction. It is quite natural then, and well within the scope of anticipation to say that people will continue to be easily convinced and converted into *any* creed which offers a proper dispensation of rewards and punishments, an easily adapted revelation or eschatology, and at least a *chance* to circumvent the strategems of their enemies. This is an inevitable condition of life in a finite world of mercenary motives, arbitrary moralism, rhyomism and revenge.

Are they not religions of power and prestige which attach great importance to the idea that the sun, as the source and sustainer of life, has title to Divinity, and that by correct credulity and appropriate ceremony we can win health, wealth and bountiful harvests? Their insincere persuasion soon eventuates in graft, political assumption, trading in popular favor, or other official simony. Amon-Ra, Mazda, Indra, and a myriad various other nominal titles of address with just as numerous rituals reciting and exalting the symbols of the sun's creative and regenerative power, have held many a nation's people together when all other reasons and resorts have failed. The immense popularity of helio-centric religions has of course, waned considerably today, but we can see the evidences of their ancient glory and power in the many temples, monuments, obelisks and pyramids still standing after forty or fifty centuries. The solar discs on Celtic monoliths, the astronomical plan of Stonehenge, and the invariable solar drama behind the architectural art of Hindu, Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and even Mohammedan temples with its radiant acroterium, heavenly engraved pediment, skyline architrave and the many columns, metopes and triglyphs, symbolic of the

numerous heliochthonal blessings and fruitions—all these, like the golden minarets on the Mosque (St. Sophia) of bloody Moslem tradition, point toward heaven, but rest on the secular security of caliphs directing Islam's militant ministry.

A few historical instances of delinquency and defect in religious theory and practice will suffice here. In ancient Babylon and Persia, Marduk the sun-god of all creation had power to cause bodily resurrection, but was usually open to the prescient persuasion of his wife Zarpanis not to exert this power in favor of any but those not yet really deceased. It was a shrewd proviso of the Chaldean astrologers, and neither the ancient Magi nor the modern Parsees seem to have noticed that many clever priests have feigned death so as to give plausibility to the doctrine of physical resurrection. The baggy-sleeved soothsayers of a later day in Rome probably knew but did not let on that great importance could be attached to the fact that the early Etruscan colonists in Latinum with their exotic mythology and Nature-lore gave the later Romans that subtle religious preparation and respect for tradition which made them not only willing borrowers but gullible devotees to the "soft life" presented and argued from the Greek and Mithraic sources in dialectic pastimes and religious pragmatisms. There were sufficient patterns for all the wills-to-believe-in-practical-truth-values that they might devise or dread. It hardly seems a *mere* coincidence that the pantheons of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome should share that peculiar creed of power and poseur-piety under which the gods and goddesses took rank in precedence and popular favor largely by the amount of influence and authority they were able to exercise over the lives and affairs of the people. It was the invariable tactics of priestcraft to assume the role of mediator between the pantheon and the people, and they took shrewd advantage of the plausible fact that the divine power and rank conferred upon their ministry was patterned after the power and rank which their prototypes as natural forces and agencies were seen to have over the weather, climate, harvests, men's lives and other external conditions of the natural world. It was largely through symbolism and conceptual representation that the transition to humanism was effected, when the divinities first of Nature and then of a housed-in pantheon became no more blind powers and forces, but were idealized and gradually apotheosized into intelligent personal beings related to each other in the various man-like but yet divine degrees of authority and power over men's lives and fortunes.

Passing on to the medieval church, we find that it paid most attention to scholastic studies and controversies because its ideal was a religion of persuasion and hoped to win men's consciences quicker by wit and wheedling than by working some miracle or mischief while they slept (intellectually). It, too, had its policy of power which took shape in antagonistic monastic orders and found expression in assisting whatever feudal king seemed most likely to win the season's tournament against his neighbors. This policy found united action only during the Crusades, and then it was simply for the purpose of overthrowing the Saracens and reclaiming the Holy Land from the Turks. Next, in the decadent days of the Inquisition and its attempted plebian revival by the reactionary Puritans, the theory of omnipotence had been so well brought down to men's bosoms that their religion left piety and persuasion in keeping of the mellow monastic life and became once more a religion of power and vengeance. A full-fledged Puritan's pietistic anxieties for power or revenge could at times suavely enough fall back on the unusually effective persuasion of stern character and virtuous example, but whenever this failed he sought ready refuge in the vengeful tactics of a malicious prophecy, if not a directly physical demonstration reminding the "recalcitrant sinner" of his doom under a Saturnalia of hell's-fire and everlasting torment. A major portion of our past tradition is summed up in Sir Thomas Browne's remark that we should look to "Egypt for science, India for mythology, Israel for revenge, Greece for philosophy, Rome for government and *Norwich for sin*" (Norwich being the great seat of infernal dispensation where the Puritan parliament held sway after Charles II had been sent to his fathers). Although Sir Thomas Browne was a member of the then little-esteemed medical profession, and his acceptance of Christianity as a pragmatic religion shocked his Puritan contemporaries, it did not prevent him from showing a more honest faith and sincerity in the duties of his daily ministrations to those who were sick morally as well as physically. He had no sham salvage scheme, no automatic gear-shift or mechanical Walscheart link-motion with which to make life's spiritual grade in high.

It was only after the various romantic, rationalist and Erastian movements of the eighteenth and the scientific criticism of the nineteenth centuries that brought about the separation and ultimate subjugation of Church to State had become a durable part of man's twentieth century intellectual equipment that he began to look on religion as being much in need of rational restraint and intelligent

guidance. Only after these disciplines had become thoroughly effective did the Church take refuge in the meekness and piety of which it was supposed to have been exemplary all the time. But there are still a few conditions raucously requiring improvement, especially the attitude toward the utility of religion; as it seems still necessary to offer rich and rare rewards so that anyone will feel justified in any religious faith at all. So that today we find the tutelary gods working overtime trying to satisfy our pious policy of power—a situation to be expected when we understand that predatory preachers of pragmatic religions always flourish in a vulgarian age such as ours and seek new proselytes by shrewd prescriptions to cupidity, fear and prejudice. I cannot see much difference between this practice and that other policy so cleverly affected by the dissolute precisions of Puritan persuasion whose vain formulism, as Macaulay says, "made the most dissolute cavaliers stand aghast." It is indeed fortunate for us that through the endless agitations of modern Erastians the secular power takes care of practically all punishments, the Church only having power to withhold its own institutional sanction on certain forms of conduct the same as it still claims power and authority to withhold the objective benefits of holy communion. On the other hand we can readily see whether it is for the sake of piety or power that the various denominations or sectarian organizations send whole parties, processions and caravans of missionaries into Africa, China, India, Asia Minor and Australia armed with guns and concessionaires, wireless apparatus and surveying instruments, cameras and gaudy presents, while, as though only an afterthought of the enterprise cartloads of Bibles, Psalters, hymnbooks, propaganda and other paraphernalia bring up the rear. Even a numskull heathen can often see that *his* religion is ridiculed and trampled under foot for the very selfsame reason that his land is exploited and his freedom replaced with mandatory law.

Another phase of the modern fallacy in religious pietism is trying to find its basis in forced readings, in driving hard bargains with Revelation and reward. How much indebted is our own great Scriptural heirloom, the King James Version, to the allegories of Alcuin and the postillations from the schools of Charlemagne? Here were sources for genuine reverence and piety, but their modern imitations in poseur pietism, in the morbid search for signs and wonders, mysteries and hidden meanings, which is the bane of every honest spirituelle and healthy religious interpretation or Bible study, have debauched the whole program of religious outlook and education

With these as the principal purposes of study and interpretation there is no end to the number of doubtful allusions and ambiguities to be read into (rather than out of) the Scriptures and *there* is always to be found a condition whereby a thousand misunderstandings and controversies may continue to rancor and canker in men's minds and hearts. Any of the world's great Scriptures, without regard to national or racial distinctions, should be first read literally, then interpreted according to the moral figures supplied, and then, if the probable analogy seems to conflict with the social or historical character of the narrative, take pattern from the general spirit of the whole and but few errors of construction will be made.

Practically all the clever assumptions of ambiguity, Cabalistic analyses, and formulistic schemes are false, farfetched, word-stretching efforts to realize verbal symmetry rather than spiritual verity, thus proving themselves particeps in causum to the usual automorphic fallacy behind all eristic theologies. What difference does it make whether our favorite Church be disguised as R. C., C. S., Anglican, Unitarian, Theosophist, Parsee, Presbyterian, Shinto, Moslem or Buddhist so long as we seek piety *before* power, and not afterwards like the vulgarian? If we pray only for personal rewards and prestige, only for our own reprieves and good fortune, what value except that of mere rhyomism may be read in all our Psalms and ceremonies, however loud and pompous our lip-service? Such intellectual hypocrisy, precian formulism and feigned conformity to a strained doctrine knows little religious truth, for it is vain, a vicious and demoralizing practice ranking alongside the proverbial quackery of doctors, graft by corrupt politicians and chicanery by shyster lawyers. Casuists are invariably set on realizing the common vulgarian passion for ambiguous readings, both a literal and an hermeneutic interpretation somewhere behind whose conflicting meanings they can work their own mischiefs on the world. They are never concerned to understand how discerningly that famous jurist-philosopher Thomasius showed that true pietism consisted in turning from external rituals and institutional authority to the inner soul-life and moral integrity of individual religious experience; that it is the spiritual devotion to truth and innocense, beauty, wisdom, courage and benevolence, rather than a mere cupidity or forced conformity to some theological prescription, which makes up the religious life, be it Christian, Moslem, Confucian, Buddhist or Tartar in ritual distinction. Neither rubric dogmatism nor ritual empiricism can dissuade true piety from its faith.

KAPPOROTH

BY JULIUS J. PRICE

THE cock, which customarily serves the orthodox Jew as a sort of vicarious sacrifice on the day previous to the day of atonement, was regarded in no ordinary light by the nations of antiquity. Although Aristophanes regarded Persia as the original habitat of the cock and Ginzburg credited India as the original home of that fowl, yet a number of authorities are of the opinion that Europe was the original home of this bird. Hyde, however, discussing the subject contends that the cock was originally brought from Europe to Persia while Wilkinson claims that it was later introduced into Asia.

The Cabbalists as well as the Persians attached great importance to the cock inasmuch as it announced the coming of the dawn when man was to arise and pray. "Never sacrifice a white cock," was one of the sayings of Pythagoras, who regarded the bird as sacred to the moon; but some of his fellow countrymen carried this notion still further and regarded all such birds, white or colored as sacred to either the sun or the moon, and laid down the rule, "Rear a cock but do not sacrifice it for it proclaims the hours." It was also thought that the cock was created by God to oppose all the demons. According to Anquetil du Perron the Persians in the Vendidad termed the cock *parodarsh* (forseer).

The Parthians must have attached special importance to this bird, for one side of the several Partian coins, that have come down to us, is surmounted by a cock. This is also true with regard to the Cretan coinage. The Greeks regarded the cock as sacred because they announced the good or evil or on the other hand the approval or disapproval of the gods. In the Catacombs at Rome, a picture of a cock is found by the side of St. Peter. This is supposed to represent resurrection.

The cock has not lost its significance in modern times. The Chinese still emphasize an oath in three ways, i. e. (a) By breaking a porcelain cup. (b) By burning a piece of paper. (c) By cutting the throat of a *pure white cock.* If the latter is to be done on board a ship, it is related "The sailors there in time of imminent peril offer a cock to the spirits of the waters. The head of the bird is wrung off and committed to the deep while its warm life blood is sprinkled on the deck, the mast, the anchors and the tackling and some of its feathers stuck up as a charm, in convenient places. Various libation with holocausts of tinfoil and gilded paper follow, which duly accompanied with prayers, etc., conclude the strange proceedings."

In Tonquin a child is presented with a cock when it first enters school. The fire worshippers offer up a cock on the *Nouz* (New Years).

Among the orthodox Jews, the cock still serves as a means of atonement. Gentiles who have dealings with Jews generally know about what time of the year it is to their interest to take their best poultry to the Jewish market for sale. Happy is that poulterer whose fowls are white cocks, for he is sure of a good price for them; and happy is that Jew who can secure a white cock for his *Kapparah,* for, in that case, though his "sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Speckled and partly colored fowls have their value all the year around, and are eagerly bought up in honor of the Sabbath, but the value of a white cock for propitiation on the eve of the Day of Atonement is far above rubies. Although the custom of the *Kapparah* has been strongly opposed by such men as Nahmanides, Solomon ben Adret and Joseph Caro as a Pagan one in conflict with the spirit of Judaism which knows no vicarious sacrifice. It has, however, been approved by such men as Jehiel ben Asher as well as by his son Jacob and by Samson ben Zeadok and others who have followed the authority of Hai Gaon and the other Geonim.

Let us now devote a few words to the ceremony proper among orthodox Jews known as the *Kapparah.* The ceremony known as *Kapparah* is a sacrifice not mentioned in Bible nor Talmud. It is doubtless an invention of a type of Oriental mysticism. It is based upon the Hebrew words, *"Gever,"* which words often occurs in Scripture and always in the sense of "man." In the Talmud, this word occurs only once in the sense of "cock." This word *"Gever"* has a two-fold significance, and means both "a man" and "cock."

Tradition has built up the theory of *Termurath Gever b' Gever,* that is, "the substitution of a cock for a man." This theory finds

expression now as an annual custom, and custom is law to the Jew. The Rabbis taught in the Babylonian Talmud that "a man should not deviate from an established custom." And the Palastenian Talmud says, "Custom sets aside the law." With that in mind, there is no need for wonder that the annual custom of the *Kapparah*, "The atonement of the cock," is still in vogue among the orthodox Jews. "None can by any means redeem his brother nor give to God a *Kapparah* for him, but the *Kapparah* of a white cock is in all sufficient atonement."

Long before dawn, on the day which precedes the day of atonement, there is a great stir in the Jewish home where there are a number of fowls being bound and got ready for the sacrifice of the atonement. As a rule, a cock is provided for each male and a hen for each female in the family, while a woman who is enceinte brings both a cock and a hen for reasons too obvious to need explanation. The head of the family first makes the atonement for himself because the high priest first atoned for himself and then for his family. He grasps with his right hand the tied legs of the bird, while with his left hand on its head he coaxes it to keep it quiet. He then proceeds to repeat as follows: "The children of men that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their hands in sunder.

"Fools, because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities are afflicted. Their souls abhorreth all manner of meat; they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sendeth His work, and healeth them and delivereth them from their destructions. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."—(Ps. cvii. 10, 14, 17-20). "If there be for him an angel, an intercessor, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness, then He is gracious unto him and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a (*Kapparah*) ransom."—(Job xxxiii. 23.)

At this point, he lifts up the cock and swings it round and round his head, while he repeats as follows, "this is my substitute, this is my commutation, and this is my atonement. This cock goeth to death, that I may be gathered in and enter upon a long and happy life, and into peace!" After having three times repeated the above formula, and having duly swung the cock round his head for the third and last time, he grasps the bird by the neck, and throws it to

the ground in the most out-of-the-way corner of the room. All the members of the family, of whatever age, each with his or her fowl of corresponding sex, following in due succession to make the atonement as above described. When all is finished the fowls are immediately carried off to the duly authorized slaughterer, who cuts their throats and despatches them in quick succession. The Talmud, though it says nothing about the atonement of the cock, expressly says (in Yoma, 5a.), "There is no atonement but by the shedding of blood," or, as given in New Testament phraseology, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

One of the things which the casual observer overlooks regarding this custom of the *Kapparah* is, the conclusions that the Hebrews draw from the first letters of three Hebrew words mentioned above, i. e., *Chalapathi, Temarathi, Kapparathi.* If one will take the trouble and put together the first letter of each of these three Hebrew words, he will find that it spells, "*Chatach,*" which signifies "to cut," and this word is the proper name of the angel who is appointed to cut off the measure of life for every human being, like the *atropos* of Greek mythology. "*Chatach,* the name of this angel, is spelt out also from the final letters of the three words (Ps. cxlv. 16), i. e., "Thou openest thine hand." *Chatach,* by Gematria, has the numerical value of 428; and 428 is also the numerical value of the Hebrew phrase, i. e., "This shall be an atonement for thee." *Catach* is the name of the angel who is the Lord of Life and the appointed minister of the atonement of the cock. This cock is appointed to die that the soul that sinneth may live. Sin is the transgression of the law and the penalties ordained by the Law for its violation are either stoning, burning, strangling, or beheading. In order to make full satisfaction for every possible crime, the cock, as the substitute for the sinner, has to undergo what is intended to be a representation of all four modes of capital punishment. The throttling of the victim resembles strangling, casting it to the ground symbolizes stoning, the cutting of its throat reminds one of beheading, and the cock after a fashion performs what does duty for burning, in cooking the cock of atonement for table.

The Talmud states in Sanhedrin that all criminals about to be executed were urged to confess because by making confession they secured a portion of the world to come, etc. It is also maintained that confession is necessary. While the cock can die as a sinner, he nevertheless cannot be made to confess as a penitent. It was therefore resolved to make every Jewish sinner confess on the

day of atonement, a custom which is regarded with the greatest reverence and held in the greatest sanctity.

The *Kapparah* as was contended above, by three great authorities on Jewish law was regarded as one of the relics of oriental paganism which the Jews must have brought from the banks of the Euphrates during their exile. Its heathen features can plainly be seen through the thin veil of Judaism, behind which certain mystics had intended to conceal it.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE COMMUNIST

BY JANET B. T. CHRISTIE

THAT Communism, like many other great movements, springs from something great and ideal there can be no denying. The idealists who have formulated the lofty schemes for the brotherhood of man have included in their number many of true vision and exalted purpose. The first of them is undoubtedly Christ, Whose teachings all tend that way, and give color to the tradition that He belonged to the Society of the Essenes, a sect which practised communism in daily life. This great psychologist used His powers of intuition: "He knew what was in man," St. John tells us—for the high purpose of leading men into the Communism of a Kingdom which is not of this world.

Plato, too, was a great communist. His *Republic* sets forth his conception of an ideal state, which is to be a real commonwealth: there true communism is to be practised, a communism of effort and agreement no less than of goods and remuneration. He is concerned more with the desirability of such a state of affairs than with their practicability. Yet Plato has no delusions about the equality of men—he grades his citizens into marked classes, and does not hesitate to label them as "superior" and "inferior." Unfortunately, his system fails to take into account many of the most primitive and most powerful instincts of human nature. Yet today no one can suggest a different means of regeneration from what he does, Education and Nurture.

That great practising Communist who has just gone to his account, Lenin, differed vastly from other big figures in the movement. He, too, "Knew what was in man," but he used his knowledge to increase his feeling of power: he exploited his intuitive knowledge of all that was evil in man. He made tools of those lesser individuals who are ever ready by nature and circumstance to fall under the

unreasonable sway of some powerful demagogue. It is of such lesser communists that this article would treat, lesser as individuals, but forming a class which by its numbers and its tendencies is a tremendous menace to civilization. They are within the practical experience of us all, and without them all the ambitious schemes, all the wild imaginings of a Lenin or a Trotsky would be impossible.

They menace all the culture and progress of the ages. Given their way, they would demolish civilization, and drive man back to the beginnings of things. The cataclysmic happenings of the crash of nations and the uprooting of all standards and established laws of living would reduce man to the elementals. Once more he would become a mere animal, wresting from nature his daily bread, and caring only for the satisfaction of his natural instincts. The law of the herd would have to be built up afresh. What Russia has seen and is seeing would be a mere trifle to what would come to pass. "God's own country" would become the prey of the beast, but a more awful beast than that of Apocalypse,—the beast of man's lowest nature, a law unto itself.

Such is the threat with which the Communism of the meaner natures overshadows our times. Can we afford to be ignorant of it, its cure? This article is but a suggestion, a flicker of light upon the darkness. But like the little candle it may serve to show how great *is* that darkness. If so, it will not have been written in vain.

The Communist is to the "political person" as the child is to the grown-up. He is undeveloped, primitive. He suffers from an "inferiority-complex."

It is a psychological fact, though a paradox, that those who are most busily engaged in asserting their possession of certain qualities do so because they do not possess them. They know their want, and think that assertion will make it come to pass. The man who insists that he is, say, very religious, and misses no opportunity of proving it to all seeming, or of dragging it into his conversation, is actually deficient in that particular. He who has it in reality takes it for granted, and says nothing about it, either in himself or in his fellows. So the Communist of the French Revolution, the *sans-culottes,* insisted most strongly on Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, while by his behavior he denied to thousands of his brothers the possibility of liberty, and *égalitè* was an unknown quality in his treatment of *les aristos.*

Again, psychology shows us that one is inclined to "project" on to others the very faults one possesses oneself. None is harder upon

the girl who has gone astray than the very person who has done so herself, or would do, were circumstances to allow. So the Communist imputes to others that very love for gold, and lust for power which is an important part of his own make-up.

The Communist of today, who loudly asserts that all men are equal, and that he is as good as you (if not better), is merely declaring that in his heart of hearts, his Unconscious, he *knows* that he is really inferior.

This inferiority may be in two spheres: either he may feel himself mentally inferior, or his physical build may make him one of the little folks who feel they are apt to be overlooked. Consider the declared communists, say of your own acquaintance, or if you have none, of Russia, and see how many come under the latter category. In either case, in order to effect "compensation," we find the natural reaction of self-assertiveness. Little men are proverbially "cocky," like bantams. This law of compensation is not, however, without its good points . . . it was that which made, for instance, an orator out of Demosthenes, congenitally afflicted with an impediment in his speech. The Communist arises as an abnormal development of this law of compensation.

He remains in many ways childlike in his attitude to his fellow men. It is a fault in development, sometimes a regression. Children as a rule have a very clear idea on the subject of "meum"; but "tuum" is a very different matter altogether. You may not meddle with what is mine, but I shall do as I please with yours, if you are silly enough to let me! So the Communist does not desire to have *his* possessions, rights, or privileges touched, but will deal in arbitrary fashion with those of others, under the pretence of making them the same for all. Children, too, are naturally cruel. They are Sadists. Ask a group of children how some offence (which does not touch themselves) should be punished, and you will find their sentences severe; and the suggestions of the younger children will be harsher than those of the older. As we grow older we tend more to mercy. So it was in the childhood of civilization. The code of Hammurabi is severe in the extreme; the harshness of the laws which Draco made for ancient Greece is still commemorated in the phrase "draconian severity."

So the Communist is cruel. He wishes to gain his way by brute force. He acts on impulses, motivated by the lower centers and not censored by the higher. In many cases, he personally finds violence of speech a sufficient outlet for his reactionary feelings but too often,

his fiery and ill-considered words start a train which leads to mob violence.

For mob psychology, still little known, complicates the general tendencies of the Communist. The mob, too, is primitive in its psychology. It is more primitive, peculiarly enough, than the individuals which compose it; more prone to act in an unreasonable and uncontrolled manner. It is highly susceptible to suggestion, and a remarkable medium for conveying it. So when it is composed of Communists, all primitives, it is even more primitive and suggestible, and who can wonder at its acts? The interaction of their psychology on it, and its psychology on them, leads to acts of violence inexplicable in any other way.

Besides lacking in physical development, and possessed of a mentality which requires more than anything else education and direction of will power, as a child does, the Communist is primitive in so far as he has not learned civilization's great lesson, the necessity of subordinating self to herd, the need for the suppression of instincts which tend to be anti-social. Suppression is not enough: these instincts, say the psychologists, must be sublimated. That is, they must find expression but in a form which is satisfying to the individual, and of value to the community. This is what the Communist has most need to learn. He employs suppression, not sublimation, and the result is the same as in the case of the neurotic . . . an abnormal condition marks him out from his fellows. He has this to learn. He has not kept pace, for various reasons, mental, social, environmental, with those around him. His hand is against them. His primal instincts, chafing under the bridle of civilization, drive him to violence in word and deed. He wallows in blood and rejoices in hatred.

He will only disappear with the production of a better race type, i. e., through eugenics, by greater facilities for self-development, through education for individuation, and through using up his aggressive and pugnacious instincts in the playing fields, where he will learn the rule of the herd, for the side and not the self, for the nation, not the individual.

Like most of the evils from which the world is suffering today, the cure can be found in education, a method advocated as of the highest importance so many hundreds of years ago, by that master Communist, Socrates, through the medium of his pupil, Plato, "all is easy if care be taken of one thing, nurture and education."

PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGY

DR. KAUFMANN KOHLER—AT HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

BY HAROLD BERMAN

WE ARE living in an age distinguished by the neglect of book-learning and the deep concentration on business. Meticulous attention is being paid to matters practical and the scantiest to despised abstract reasoning and the studies that are but remotely related to the production of wealth and the promotion of comfort. The solemn declaration of the Constitution in its guarantee to all of us of our "inalienable right" to "the pursuit of happiness" has been interpreted to mean the pursuit of material happiness and bodily well-being, but the "pursuit of happiness" in the spiritual realm scarcely does exist for the most of us, especially as an object worthy of being fought-for and bled for. The worker in the field of the Ideal, as distinguished from the concrete and the material, usually receives his meed of recognition in the form of a pitying nod of the head; a silent commisseration with the man who is wasting his gifts upon things that are, at their utmost, harmless to the human race and, at their worst, a sheer waste and dissipation of both brains and energy that could go towards the manufacturing of hardware or shoes.

This has been—and largely still is—the traditional American viewpoint; the outlook upon and the evaluation of the work of the man who deliberately chose the life of the scholar and the producer of spiritual wealth in preference to that of the producer of physical wealth. That this mood is changing, if but slowly, we find evidences here and there. The man engaged in pure scholarship is gradually coming into his own, if but slowly and despite the fact that he still lags considerably behind the village-boy who went into the Metropolis and became a millionaire, or the whilem corner-grocer who today controls five score of stores wherein cheese and butter are being weighted out to exactly 11,869 pleased patrons daily.

One of the few representatives of the little-thought-of scholarly caste of America is now about to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of his birth, crowning a long life busily spent in faithful labor in the field of Jewish theology and fruitful research in the inexhaustible storehouse of Jewish literature, both the old as well as the new. Dr. Kaufmann Kohler, President Emeritus of the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, is even now being honored by American Jewry on the occasion of the attainment of his eightieth milestone (on May 10th), still vigorous in mind and body and still bent upon the diligent pursuit of his favorite study.

Doctor Kohler has ploughed deeply the field of Jewish theology. He has cultivated his soil with such meticulous care that it has produced for him an unusually fine crop of fine fruits. He has discovered ever-new beauties, age-old yet ever-new truths in the old, old field.

His system of theology is a progressive one. He believes that theological thought and principle are not the cut-and-dried formularies handed down to us, of this and succeeding generations, by men living at a time and age that could not possibly—with all their greatness and claim to inspiration—foresee the many changes—fundamental changes—brought into our life by the gradual, yet effective, forces of evolution as well as by the more revolutionary and epoch-making discoveries and inventions.

While he believes that the underlying principles of the Jewish system of ethics and creed are immutable and as changeless as the very elements of nature or man and are to be the guide-posts of the Jewish people for all time during their existence upon this earth, his theory is predicated upon the belief in growth; the development and expansion of our credal and ethical conception in consonance with the growth of our general cultural life and the opportunity granted us for a gradually extending spiritual life and the broadening of our mental horizons.

Creed, then is not static but dynamic; not at all a thing handed down to us, in its finished and final shape, to be used in its identical form by its votaries to the end of days but rather a living well tapping an underground spring whose living waters keep ever welling up and renewing themselves despite the steady drain by human hands. And if a creed is a growing organism instead of a finished product; a handiwork of God in place of the artificial and once for all limited creation of man it follows that it will continue to grow together with all the forces and life, and that all the elements, hidden and seen,

that continually operate to keep every living creature—and force in nature as well—from becoming a finished and stunted object will at the same time and in the same manner operate to keep a religion from becoming fossilized; but, on the contrary, will preserve its elasticity as well as adaptability to life. In brief, even as there is no finality in nature so is there none in the realm of thought, in all its many branches, creed included.

Viewing matters from this vantage ground, it follows that there cannot possibly be any quarrel between revealed religion and science, because the *Raison D'etre* of that quarrel, the underlying principle of that quarrel—the irreconcilable and opposing positions of the two towards our cosmic viewpoints and outlooks—has been removed. The antagonistic and hostile feeling of the two towards one another has been motivated by their inherently-opposite attitudes towards life and the composition of their being. The one has been static and other dynamic; the one has assumed an air of finality and consummate ultimateness, the other, one of flux and accretion; two viewpoints that are utterly disparate and impossible of conciliation in any rational sense despite the many and futile attempts. But if one views theology, and creed as well, as but one of the many abstract sciences in none of which has the final word been spoken or the *ultima Thule* been achieved, then the greatest as well as the most potent source of mischief is automatically removed. Theology simply keeps on growing, together with the natural sciences and man's cosmic philosophies; and the two dwell harmoniously side by side. What is one's meat thus never becomes the other's poison!

Had this belief been general among the educated three or four decades ago, what a lot of stress and storm we would have been spared! What a dreadful and long-drawn-out series of battles we would have been spared during all these years, and more especially in the days immediately following the announcement of the Darwinian theory! Parenthetically, it may be added that this Battle of the Books is by no means ended as yet; at least, not in this country. On the contrary, it is even now a very live question in certain sections of the country and is engaging the legislative attention of certain law-makers let alone the hosts of lay preachers and various political Phoenixes. The very fact of the persistence of this dispute at this late day and the added phenomenon of a discredited political leader successfully keeping himself politically alive by tenaciously and desperately holding on to the boot-straps of this discredited sophistry is an eloquent commentary of the benighted atti-

tude of great multitudes of people, as well as an indirect advocate of the cause of dynamic theology.

It is also the belief of Doctor Kohler that Judaism represents a creed pure and simple; a Divine law and nothing more. Jewry, as he conceives it, is not a national unity, nor has it any Nationalistic basis or philosophy. It is merely a creed; a faith; a philosophy of life or code which its acknowledged votaries are expected to follow. The Great Dispersions in the days of Titus and Hadrian had duly said *vale* to the Jewish nationality as such, and since then the practitioners of the Jewish faith and followers of its traditions have simply been members of the respective nations in whose midst they were born and dwelt and not excluding even the mediaeval—and some of the modern—days when full and equal citizenship was denied to the Jew in most lands of Europe. For even then, he was merely a member of an oppressed class, clan or family, but boasted allegiance to no other state of the present, past or future; one actually on the map or situated in the realm of the dreamer's vision.

Acknowledging such views, it is rather strange that Doctor Kohler should have so frequently quarreled with the theories of Moses Mendelssohn and his immediate disciples who earnestly strove to rationalize Judaism and thus bring it into harmony with life as lived at the present day. But, his quarrel with these apostles of modernity is motivated not by any opposition to that modernity—that is, in fact, the very viewpoint to which he held fast all through his life—but rather to the method; the system of thought by means of which they duly arrived at that desired destination. And the systems of the two are entirely disparate. Mendelssohn was a child of the eighteenth century whose ear-marks were Rationalism and Scepticism, while Doctor Kohler is a child of the more mature nineteenth, which witnessed the birth of psychology as a science, and hence, was in a position to appraise the human emotions—as distinguished from mere cold reason—and assign to them their proper place in the cultural life of man. The one dealt with a negative and limited force, the other deals with a positive and practically limitless one; the one is essentially destructive in its work, the other constructive. Rational thought may properly be employed in undermining a time-hallowed creed or a system of ethics; but to attempt to use it as a means of bolstering up that which primarily is the child of emotion nursed by tradition is futile and certain to be barren of results.

A creed never, in all human history, did spring from the rational thought and the cold logic of its creators. Rather was it in each

and every known and unknown instance, the product of great emotion; a great and inexpressible longing after the indefinable something; a great fear or a great joy in something impalpable yet real; a quaking and a stirring of the heart and the fancy; an overpowering something within the man which motivated by alternate mystification, fear and joy, results in the formulating a certain philosophy of life as a means of clarifying once for all, man's relationship to the great universe and to the spirits that rule it. And for man to expect that negative and sceptical Rationalism will serve as the lodestone with which to draw forth the steel hidden away in dogma—much less act as a prop to its tottering foundations—is sheer nonsense indeed.

Doctor Kohler, as befits one brought up in the school of Holdheim, Einhorn and Geiger, is a firm believer in the mission theory, the theory so elaborately developed by these Nestors of the Reform Movement in modern Jewry as to the persistence of the Jewish people as a body through the ages. Having discarded the belief in the national entity of the Jewish group as well as discarded the belief and hope of a Messianic Redemption at the End of Days, they evolved the Mission-theory; i. e., the belief that the Jews have been providentially scattered to all lands for the express purpose of spreading the Monotheistic belief among the people where this faith is not, or was not, yet known or widespread. When this mission will finally be achieved the *Raison D'etre* of their existence as a *separate and distinguishable body* of people will have disappeared and they will be ripe for the entering into the crucible that will finally and ultimately dissolve their historical and separatist constituents, and they will then be absorbed into the physical and spiritual body of the people among whom they variously live. One may, as a matter of course, accept or reject this article of faith according to his own native predilection or temperamental inclination.

This, in essence, constitutes the sum total of Doctor Kohler's philosophy of religion; his theological system and his interpretation of the Jewish creed and its place in human thought as well as in life, as it is variously expressed in the hundreds of his monographs and addresses, and more especially in his *magnum opus* which he has named "*grundriss einer systematischem Theologie des Judentums und Geschichtlichen grundlage*," published at Leipzig in 1910.

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LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE LEGEND OF SOCRATES

BY JONATHAN WRIGHT

THERE is now, as there always has been, when civilization was virile, a searching of the moral law under which man lives to render life more conformable to rules that promise happiness to the individual and success to the social organization. In the past history of Christian culture there have been innumerable experiments to formulate new rules. Some of these have endured. Many have perished. With the decay of primitive faith in Christian tenets of creed and the efficacy of ritual, with a marked diminution in the birth of new faith in some of the altered details of the old has grown the tendency to search history for shreds of ethical rules laid down before as well as since Christianity came into the world. For the most part this may be in the way of curiosity and research, but there is often a manifest desire that they shall be utilized in lighting up difficult and complicated problems of modern life. Much of this has continued to come, as it has always come, from oriental sources more or less directly. India still feeds western lands with esoteric inspiration and impulses of thought.

The reversion, mild enough as yet in its manifestations, to the study of classical literature is very likely to some extent a part of this re-examination of the old, to some extent a dissatisfaction with the results of the materialism of science. It can not be said that the classicism, which came in with the renaissance among the humanities, was kept alive chiefly by a desire to study the moral law of the ancients. It lasted for two or three hundred years when religious strife and fanaticism were at their worst. Nevertheless, the comparatively recent relaxation of intolerance in most Christian creeds has gone hand in hand with the drift from materialism, the secret grudge against science, and has furnished an opportunity for the

revival of interests in the classics which scarcely existed a generation or two ago. Partly at least to this revival we owe the appearance of a recent book[1] on the legend of Socrates and the sources of Platonic thought by Professor Dupréel in Belgium, a stronghold of the Catholic Church. How far the impulse of the mind of the author to approach with hostility the idea of the existence of a real Socrates like the Platonic Socrates is due to a subtle atmosphere of jealousy of a rival of Christ in the affection of Christians, it is quite impossible to say. It is sufficient however to remark that absolutely no overt evidence of this can be adduced from the book itself and it is very probable that the learned author is entirely unconscious of any such impulse. The thought will obtrude itself however when the critical reader observes with what readiness he grasps every hint, with what tenacity he holds to every more serious reason for believing there was no real estimable Socrates, that he was only the figment of Plato's imagination as we know him.

Much of the old classicism, which flourished before the advent of modern science almost a hundred years ago, has slumbered under the ashes of neglect which then began to fall upon it. For much like the half of that time the love of the classics has slept a sleep, until within a few years, like the sleep of death. The suddenness with which the awakening has come is to be explained by the persistence of living embers which have never been extinguished. We turn with interest then to a treatise which reminds us, by its lack of sympathy with the legend of Socrates, that he has always been looked upon by the Christians as second only to Christ in the value of the moral ideas he set afloat in the world. Grudgingly the author has to acknowledge that the real Socrates was much concerned with these at least in a general way. This halting admission has its significance, it might seem.

It is not likely that the new interest in the literature of ancient Greece will bring about a Neo-Platonism much resembling the old, but in denying there ever was a real Socrates like the Platonic Socrates Dupréel will encounter the same kind, though of course not in the same degree, of resistance as those who in the past have denied the existence of a real Christ, but he will have the acquiescence of a certain number of naturally skeptical men who believe in the reality of neither and of a large number of men whose real intelligence is so lacking as to entitle them to no serious attention. Like

[1] *La Légende Socratique et les sources de Platon, par Eugéne Dupréel.* Bruxelles, 1922.

Christ, possibly Socrates has also grown for us into a sort of myth and for the same reason. Neither of them left behind any writings of their own. Possibly this has heightened the stature of Socrates, but like Christ, Socrates has had historians who knew him in the life and we have their records of his spiritual and moral precepts. We have been accustomed to regard Plato as the chief of these historians. Dupréel tries to trace practically all of the "legend" of Socrates to him. Practically he is the only one. Dupréel says from his account of Socrates all others have originated, even those of Xenophon and Aristotle. Plato created him. The real Socrates was something quite different, quite inferior, perhaps like the one Aristophanes hung in a basket on the stage, we may conjecture.

In our resentment we are inclined to suspect that the Belgian professor has been betrayed into that aberration of the mind, into that tendency at least, which makes of history a myth,—"all history is bunk." This is but another aspect of the doctrine of Protagoras, with which we shall find Socrates laboring—man is the measure of all things. If that is so then every event appeals differently to recorders as it occurs—every record as read appeals differently to each reader—of course history is "bunk." What else could it be? This is plain enough. We know too the error of those who wish on every occasion to furnish up a myth into history. Thus everything goes down into a welter of agnosticism. The modern historian of Socrates can scarcely expect to escape the pitfalls hidden by the atmosphere of his environment which emanates from a dominant religion if not from that which emanates from the meticulous scientific scrupulosity of historical research and analysis. It is to the latter Dupréel is chiefly devoted. But even Troy became a myth until Schliemann dug it out. Modern Egyptology gets on the trail of many a personage who has been a myth but Prester John still eludes historical research. It is inevitable, too, that one who dwells so much in the minds of men as Buddha, Christ, Socrates, should become something of a myth. Homer's heroes are still myths for us, but Troy has regained something of its reality. All national heroes tend toward apotheosis or oblivion. We struggle to know even the real Washington—the real Lincoln. One impudent author after another, oblivious to or ignorant of Protagoras and his doctrine, tacks "the real" on his biography of our heroes.

How shall we succeed in differentiating in this legend of Socrates the real man from the Platonic? Dupréel seems to think that must have always been the question. Was it otherwise with Hercules?

But so far as we know none of the immediate successors of Plato who was his pupil ever questioned the essential justness of the pupil's marvelous portrait of him. Plato,—no one doubts it,—Xenophon and Aristophanes knew a real Socrates and Plato, who knew him best and was most capable of dealing with his philosophical and personal attributes, was the one the next generation followed in their estimation of Socrates. It all seems extremely simple, but Dupréel gives us the impression Plato destroyed a real man and created one out of his own mind and out of fragments of the real man. We know well that is what every historian, unconsciously as a rule, begins to do, even he who first records. He distorts somewhat at the start his hero out of the shape of the real man. He distorts too the shape of the real world of life and if he is a great artist in literature, like Macaulay, all the more. But the historian of contemporary lives and events hand us no aberration from reality such as Dupréel charges on Plato, even if he writes as an artist and not primarily as an historian. Supreme artist as he was he could not have carried his art so far, we are forced to believe, so soon after the real Socrates had drunk the hemlock. Real art has to have more of reality than that. We should too certainly have had some protest, some shaft of ridicule, left to us directed against Plato. Aristophanes put the comic Socrates himself on the stage when Plato was but seventeen years old. Would the comic writers of the fourth century have been less lenient towards Plato than those of the fifth towards Socrates himself? Surely not if the contemporaries of Plato had not been imbued with the greatness of the real Socrates. Even Punch mourned at the bier of Lincoln. Who, especially among the Athenians, would not have made a burlesque out of the Platonic Socrates, if he had been a joké? Aristotle was Plato's disciple for a long time, seventeen years the records say, and he was born fifteen years after the death of Socrates (399-384 B. C.). He attributes, apparently, much of Plato's doctrine, aside from his ethics, to Socrates. Is it possible Plato during all this time of Aristotle's apprenticeship did not betray to his pupil the "real" Socrates, a creature quite inferior to the created Socrates?

If we find so much in a general way to object to the iconoclasm Dupréel exhibits towards the legend of Socrates it is very different as to the origins of Platonic philosophy. Of this, more in detail, I shall have something to say elsewhere. Here I only desire to refer to that immediately concerning the personality of Socrates. It is preposterous to think Plato had no background for his philosophy,

no soil from which he cultivated it, no predecessors who sowed the seeds and planted the plantain trees for Socrates to sit under. Dupréel makes use of Diels, Burnet, Gomperz, Grote, Zeller, authors much before his time, just as Plato doubtless did of Hippias and Prodicus and Protagoras and Gorgias and many more. The *Dissoi Logoi* are notes taken of lectures given in Athens by the sophists antedating Plato, and Dupréel sees on comparing them with the dialogues of Plato they are sprung from the same sources. Plato creates a mythical Socrates and makes him superior to Protagoras and those teachers from whom the lecture notes are taken but we infer Socrates in real life was incapable of such refutations of any original theory. This we gather from Dupréel's early pages and in his last pages we find him disposed to insist Plato has mingled no originality of his own thought in his dialogues with what he has received from his predecessors. He says almost as much of Aristotle. He intimates that all these thoughts existed before his time and Plato took them and polished them with his superb art so that they have thus been preserved for us. They owe their existence today to the setting he gave them.

The note book, *Dissoi Logoi,* seems to represent the kind of discussion, two sides to every question, among the sophists before Plato and it seems from this and much other evidence that the method of the Platonic Socrates is but their echo, but if he makes victorious the doctrines he espouses it is not clear at all that the real Socrates "entertained none of these doctrines." As we have no writings of Socrates himself it is difficult to see how even an author so learned as he of the University of Brussels knows whether he did or did not hold such opinions, if we ignore the testimony of Plato and Xenophon, who were at least his contemporaries and are said to have been his disciples. If all the legend of Socrates started with Plato and we do not believe Plato's legend, we certainly can not be very learned in the matter of the real Socrates. Suffice it to say Plato makes us believe every man of us should hold such doctrines and in fact that is the reason we do hold them. And Plato originated nothing, but borrowed it from the age in which Socrates lived? What did Socrates believe anyhow?

As to the form of short term dialogue, Dupréel says in the *Menexenus* and the *Banquet* Socrates is making fun of Aeschines, also a writer of dialogues, a sophist Plato disliked, though he is said to have been also a disciple of Socrates. It seems there was an historical Socrates, whom Dupréel can not evade. We are not willing

to give him up. It seems he had disciples besides Plato and Xenophon. What did he teach them? Plato was a rich man and an aristocrat. The world of letters and philosophy and influence was open to him. He might have had instruction from Protagoras and Prodicus and Hippias and Gorgias, even from Parmenides, if they were professors of learning in his youth, but from such as these high-priced instructors how could Socrates get his lore? How even from Anaxagoras, the high-placed friend of the noble Periclés? Why should the son of a stone mason and a midwife have had such advantages? Was it Socrates furnished Plato with doctrines and if so where did he get them? To a professor worthily filling a post in the University of Brussels this *does* seem a problem. How could Connus and Prodicus and Parmenides and Anaxagoras have been his teachers? Socrates must have had some real opinions as he was a real man. He was put to death for them like a real man. We assume, therefore, he held his opinions firmly and if Plato was his pupil he taught them to him. Plato may have taken liberties with his name. It is related Socrates before his death joked about the young man putting thoughts in his mouth which had never occurred to him. I suppose there can be no doubt of that, but such doctrine as Plato did get from an untutored son of a mason and has given us were worth dying for and Socrates was a real man. That is about the essential part of any legend.

In the *Menexenus* he says he learned wisdom from Aspasia, the siren who captivated Pericles with it as well as with her beauty. In the *Banquet* it was some fair Diotima he mentions, who had charms for laying the plague in Athens and who taught him the charms of love, evidently like Aspasia, a high-placed dame among the mistresses of Athens. Dupréel says he was making fun, we have noted, of Aeschines who had shown these heroines in such a shining double light they were ridiculous, but the joke could only have been a good one if there had been a real pug-nosed, poverty-stricken Socrates in a ragged cloak and bare feet who went around the markets, known to everyone, stopping reverend professors of philosophy and bothering them and angering them by backing them into back alleys of subtle argument. The gilded Aspasia and the faith curist Diotima teaching such a figure as the real Socrates wisdom and love *would* have been a joke, but it argues for a real Socrates not so very unlike the Platonic Socrates or it would have been no joke at all to the contemporary readers of the *Banquet* and the *Menexenus*. Like other good jokes it was repeated in one of them with variations from

the other. That argues a public who knew both the tatters and the wisdom of Socrates. If Socrates had not been what he was, a personality that worried the trustees of the sophist faculties into wishing him hung, it would not have been a good joke at all for Aristophanes to hang him up in a basket toward the clouds to snuff fresh air, when Athens had its fresh air fad away back in the time of Diogenes Appolonius, a Socrates very like the jokes which flow from his own mouth through Plato in the dialogues.

Plato makes a warrior of Socrates—a hoplites in armor when he was a young man and Dupréel remarks Socrates, the real man, could have been no hoplites, for they must have been rich, as they had to buy their own armor. Plato is here caught making a slip, making an aristocrat out of a penniless man, the poor son of poor parents. I am not versed in such matters, but in the Peleponnessian war there were 30,000 Athenian hoplites, according to Thucydides. This began in 431 B. C., when there were 40,000 citizens. In 480 B. C. there were 30,000 citizens and 12,000 hoplites.[2] Aristotle[3] says the hoplites were composed of rich men. In the *Banquet* Alcibiades is made to say Socrates distinguished himself at the battle of Potidaea which we know took place in 429 B. C. When the army force of the Athenian hoplites was three-fourths the number of citizens, the rich man we may be sure found a way to put a poor man in full panoply. We know of such things ourselves. The contempt with which Socrates in the *Euthydemus* speaks of war as nothing but a chase of men to deliver them over to the politicians who enslave them is a talk we know of too, from recently returned soldiers, but it is conceived with a different feeling from that of the care and attention and honor he gives to its military defenders in the *Republic*. It is this way also in the *Charmides* of looking on war and other arts from an utilitarian point of view which Dupréel says Plato borrows from Prodicus and in which he had the support of Hippias. So the pacifists were a party in Greece before Plato. Alcibiades tells in the *Banquet* how Socrates at Potidaea was a brave soldier, bore fatigue without flinching, endured the heat and cold without apparently noticing them, went barefoot in the snow. No one ever saw him drunk there or elsewhere. He held his liquor like a gentleman. We get the touch of the artist in all this. It is the hand of Plato, but it is not impossible even with the inconsistencies noted. The men who go to war hate it most, they may be the bravest of the brave,

[2] *Le Travail dans la Gréce anienne*, par G. Glotz, 1920; *Les democraties antiques*, par A. Croiset, 1920.

[3] *Politics*, VI, VII.

but they talk one thing and do the other from compulsion or duty or shame.

What a picture we get of Athens in the *Banquet*—a cross section of a marvelous life? We see Socrates standing in a doorway across the street, motionless and with fixed gaze listening in a trance to what his guardian demon is saying to him. The inspiration of the prophet and the poet was so interwoven with other interests—what we might charitably call the recreations of intellectual life—that it took a hue from the many contacts it had with its environment of every kind and we note them all in the dialogues. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the musician, the actor and the rhetorician are cheek by jowl with the philosopher and the researcher. No civilization like that has arisen elsewhere so to guide humanity along the paths which matter and that did not endure. In the talk of the sophist and the play of wit across the proscenium of the stage philosophy and science were comrades with pot making and shoe making, with carousing and debauchery. The jibes of Aristophanes and the retorts of Socrates in the *Banquet* were the interplay of minds in daily social contact of hail fellows well met, hardened to the play of thrust and parry of the rudest kind without loss of temper and self-respect, a democracy worth living in. Think of Alcibiades reeling in drunken revelry, held on his feet by the flute-playing girl, his arm around her, telling in his maudlin pathos of Socrates saving his life on the field of battle, of his moralities and his philosophies. Think of Socrates insisting to the few still awake, after the band of revellers have broken in and made the confusion chaotic and departed, that the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy. As they probed the depth of thought and feeling think of Socrates drinking Alcibiades and Aristophanes under the table at cock crow and going home to Xanthippe in the grip of the morning after a dip in the bath at the gymnasium. The post prandial vinous intellectuality of a very recent epoch stands out in all its hideous boredom in our memories, but Plato has made the *Banquet* immortal, not by the sublime dialogue there more than by the art of its setting. Scores of dialogues may very likely have been written before and after by other hands. In some of them Socrates has figured, but they have all perished except Plato's—all but a few miserable fragments, or such as have been thought might possibly have been from the hand of the master. Shakespeare has been dead three hundred years, Plato two thousand years more. There is no third.

Dupréel's view that Xenophon copied his Socrates from Plato is not all borne out by reading the *Memorabilia*. It is a very dull Socrates, the Socrates of Xenophon, but the Socrates Plato scintillates. We don't swell with enthusiasm and melt into tears over Xenophon's Socrates, because he does not stand forth idealized and draped by the art of Plato. Xenophon chose badly from his memories of his talk, but there was a real Socrates who impressed him as well as Plato. The reader of the dialogues of Plato and the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon can hardly come to any other conclusion. The difference in the figure of Socrates is the difference in his creators. The real Socrates, whatever he was, was one to inspire two very talented but entirely different men, men of widely different natures and capacities. It takes a real man to do that. Xenophon was no mere copyist and his *Memorabilia*, though not an inspiration exactly, is no "second hand work," as Dupréel characterizes it. It was not Plato of course, but it was by the author of the *Anabasis*, the *Cyropaedia*, the *Hellenica*, a man thought fit to follow Thucydides as the historian of Greece, and his work has survived. He plays small along side of Plato in philosophy. This difference in the two pupils of Socrates who were inspired to tell the world that came after them about him, is all the more reason for believing in the real existence of a many-sided, marvelously-gifted Socrates who inspired such men, such antithetical men as Plato and Xenophon, each to make a hero of him after their own kind. Xenophon may have plundered Aeschines and Antisthenes for Socrates and the Socratic dialogue. I don't know about that, but he did not get Socrates from Plato.

The literary figure of Socrates may have been formed by Plato and Aeschines and Antisthenes and Aristophanes before Xenophon wrote his *Memorabilia*, but that there was not a real and a really remarkable Socrates for all these men to hang their fables on, seems absurd to a generation which is tacking every sort of a story on Abraham Lincoln. A great sculptor has even made him look like the Wall Street director of a bank—our Abe. This is one of the best Lincoln jokes the western farmer boy knows. The real Abe in bronze has been sent out of the country and stands in a Birmingham square—unexplained—in spite of the insight Mr. Roosevelt had of the hero of the Illinois prairies. Certainly no one can be very much interested in Xenophon's Socrates but one is very much in Plato's Socrates and if Plato has made an aristocratic hoplites out of a real plebian Socrates he has done no more than the artists who lend a

grace to the rail splitter in the woods along the Sangamon, which really belongs to Fifth Avenue and Beacon Street, who discovered Lincoln late.

But there is no mistaking the fact that the art of Plato has added stature to the Socratic figure. We can not believe any real man, Socrates though he may have been, could foresee the end of his argument and cling spontaneously to it through pages on pages to victory, if not over his opponent, over the mentality of Plato's readers. We can not believe that any man can thus argue with such equally convincing power on both sides of a question and then bring us satisfied after all to the view that it is beyond mortal power to answer it either way. That is Plato's genius and his is marvelous enough when written deliberately and slowly on his tablets, doubtless with many erasures and interpolations. That is the finish of the highest art, but when it is said to have been spoken extemporaneously and laid in the mouth of the best imaginable Socrates, common sense refuses to believe it of any but a god. The hero, who sees only one side of his shield, is nauseatingly familiar in every melodrama, the vacillating pedant and the political trimmer are every-day objects of epithets of contempt, and to erect into a hero a mortal man who looks on both sides of the medal—into an incomparable hero too, marching to inevitable death, stopping long enough in the portico of the King Archon to ridicule the smug Euthyphro, is a triumphant achievement of the human intellect—none greater. And at last, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways,—I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows."

THE PROBLEM OF PERSONAL IMMORTALITY

BY R. PETSCH

THE belief in immortality reflects in its development the most different phases and the most manifold turning points in the history of mankind. Often denied and combated, often materialized and polluted, it is yet indestructable like the spirituality of mankind itself. It always arises again with new life when a generation such as ours begins to turn away from the brutal reality and listens to the voices which penetrate from the innermost soul. The monstrous murder of the world war, the spendthrift policy which all the nations partaking in it had to commit in real or imaginary necessity of defence of their existence, and carried on at the expense of their most precious possession, their youth, has brought out with a sort of supercompensation the incomparable value of man's soul. The ever-present consciousness of death laying in wait brought forth in the best and most mature intellects the certainty of a higher and infinite destination, a destination transcending the bounds of life. The re-awakening of idealistic and personalistic thought, which had already started before the war, was here completed in an unforeseen way: namely, in the sense of the indestructible final substance, the soul-force acting according to its own constant life-laws. To the unconditionally active soul, following impulses absolutely its own, with its infinite hunger for full and most personal development, for further extension, for eternal growth and continuous refinement, the thought of an end is inconceivable, just as to a logic schooled in the world of the senses the thought of immortality is indemonstrable. Nevertheless, with a deeper and closer exposition of this series of thoughts, the senses enter into their rights again; just as no religious experience can exist or manifest itself without symbols, so must every thought of the immortality of the soul borrow its colors from the colored reality, even if they be the most delicate and least obtruding tones and shades. And as long as we remember this necessity as

such, and also incorporate into our ideas of the consciousness how inadequate all these indispensible symbols are, there is nothing to object to in their use; only with such deductions and limitations can man experience and enjoy in the highest sense that which is more than human. But if we discard all conceptions of a heavenly landscape, of a boundless life in aesthetically pleasing and ethically elevating forms, if we remove all earthborn ideal conceptions from our picture of the beyond, retaining them at most as necessary help for our concept, but for no more, there remains a question which from earliest memory has occupied man again and again and which at times stirred the best to their very depth. The question is: Shall we see each other again in the beyond? Is that, too, only an earthborn concept, to be discarded critically; or is there at least the *possibility* of reality, with which we may anyhow reckon, and which we may unite with the innermost kernel of our thoughts of immortality. Perhaps a few words to clarify this question may not be out of place.

First of all, one point must be settled: What of us survives? Certainly not the body, without which we can conceive of no intellectual life; not any soul life based on our experiences and on the peculiar construction of our soul. The expression of such soul life need not, however, be identical in essence with what we clearly feel as corporeal. Just as we decline every materialism, so we refuse to accept every theosophical, esoteric teaching of the ethereal body, in which we can only see a sublimated form of materialism. What is the entelechy in the sense of Goethe? It is the constructive principle of spiritual existence. It is the personal setting of an aim to our life process which by no means need be defined in a material sense, but may be designated as a directive tendency, as the inclination to self-development, to intensification of being, or to the calm enjoying of self in the fullness of life or in intellectual enlightenment—but which is still further characterized by the selection of the sensuous which it draws into itself, as well as by the individual tempo and rhythm of its life processes. That the latter forms of manifestation are given to us by existing earth conditions is undeniable: but we are much too ready to regard these somewhat accidental conditions as equally necessary and eternal with the essential traits, because we neither have nor can have any experience whatever of the behavior of personality under quite different and remote conditions. Nevertheless not the mystic alone, but every man with any depth has at times the irrepressible need to think of his ego as freed from all earthly ties, conditions, and definitions; and to listen

to the innermost driving force of his soul. But it is that innermost soul alone which the spiritual man can, and wants, to think immortal and incorruptible. Who would want to drag through all eternity these earth conditions, the slender sensory satisfactions of which he has by unspeakable tortures and humiliations to purchase daily. Thus for us the question arises: does being with those "nearest" to us, using the word in its highest and most daring sense, belong to the externals; or does it touch anywhere the core of our personality? This can only be decided separately in each case. We come into contact with a countless number of persons in the course of a year without being fundamentally moved; there may even be people who are quite unreceptive to any influence from other personalities; there are others who are "hungry for men" (*Menschenhungrig*) but who consider their neighbors as substance, or as an object for a certain aesthetic pleasure, perhaps also for moral judgment if not for blatant self-interest. Of all this, we do not speak here. All these types of people do not interpenetrate, although a pure aesthetic devotion may enjoy the manifestation of an inner power in some mode of deeper vision. But a real understanding of others we only get through the medium of "love," by apparently extinguishing our own ego, and by thinking ourselves into the soul of the other, which now becomes our own soul. The repression, and still less the extinction, of our own personality is only apparent: there is merely a change of aim in the soul's energies, perhaps for a shorter, perhaps for a longer time. In all cases, the living thing which by love we have acquired, will become an integral part of our personality; it will become one of the deciding factors in the force of our soul and as such will act even when the bearer of this force has been lost to our bodily eyes, and even when we no longer think of him. As the energies and directions of force inherited from our father's and mother's side continue to act in us, without our being conscious of them in most cases, so also with the influences of those personalities whom we have conquered through love. But we especially treasure and cleave to these influences because we attach to them a value which we have experienced, and which life cannot take away from us. For, in love, only that aspect of the loved one continues to live in us which was of special value for us: that by which we felt intensified and deepened. And as we are conscious of this action we retain a livelier and more precious picture of the loved one than even his bodily presence or most effective portrait could give us. This is not a case of mere remembrance of loving thought; it is an

effect of the personal life of the other in us, and of our personal life in him. Certainly it is not easy for us to see quite clearly into these inner processes because of the duality of our nature. In other words, being spiritual as well as sensuous, we are bound to the corporal phenomenon, and by association the outward phenomena always appear before us with the inner being in order to react again on our sense-nature. Still, from what has been said already, it becomes clear to us that this way of seeing is only the necessary outcome of the connection of our spiritual principle with matter and with the relations of the world of experience. Thus it begins to dawn on us that it might also be otherwise; that the death of the other cannot hinder and interrupt this most tender, intimate intercourse of the soul. Often enough, it happens that the corporeal, final separation makes the relation of the living with the dead friend only purer and deeper. But as soon as the continued existence of the proper spiritual man is assured, we shall be of firm faith that everything which we grasped in love follows us into a far future, in a lasting communion, even when every remembrance of one's own and of the others "empirical individuality" has vanished. What has been acquired in love belongs to the active and moulding forces of the entelechy; and in the beyond a Faust cannot be without Gretchen just as she will be drawn with magic force to her lover. We are mistaken when we believe that such a spiritual union and acting together gives no satisfaction, that it cannot replace a full union in an earthly sense. Here again our values are based on our earthly position which does not hold good for eternal life. In the deepest recesses of our personality, we do not value in our friend and our lover that which comes near to us in everyday life through the senses, but the soul which is active in all these things and cannot be grasped from without. This central core can become our sure property and the "meeting in eternity" signifies only the purest, closest, indestructible community, the glory of which we can only conceive in rare moments of enlightened vision.

In any case there is no other means given us to secure the lasting union with the beloved one than to love with our whole soul, to love in such a way that we appear no longer to live our life for ourselves but in heartiest wooing of the other soul. And if we succeed in kindling in that other soul an equal love, and an equal honest need for our personality, then our friend remains as closely tied to us as we to him, whether he believes in immortality and a meeting after death or not, and whatever his conception of such a meeting may be.

THE ETHICS OF JOHN DEWEY

BY J. V. NASH

JOHN DEWEY, in *Human Nature and Conduct,* has presented a theory of ethics which exhibits a relation to the older school of morals somewhat analogous to that which the modernist movement in religion bears to the traditional theological orthodoxies. Recent tendencies in psychology are here applied to the problem of conduct, and their implications thoroughly worked out. All supernatural sanctions are discarded and morality grounded squarely on evolution, human nature, and the social environment.

The Deveian system is remorselessly scientific and pragmatic; yet it flowers in spiritual values, expressed in the idealism of self-realization and human fellowship. The individual self merges into the social, without loss of its own sovereignty and autonomy. John Dewey seems to have performed the remarkable feat of bringing William James, the pragmatist, and Josiah Royce, the idealist, together in a friendly handclasp, while H. G. Wells hovers in the background, pronouncing benedictions out of *God the Invisible King* and *Men Like Gods.*

And yet, after all, the basis of the new ethics is not new; it is that of individual realization—or salvation, if you will—through fellowship and service. He who of old said: "I have come to let them have life, and to let them have it in abundance" (John x.10) also declared: "If anyone wishes to be first, he must be the last of all and the servant of all" (Mark ix.35). And Paul accomplished the synthesis of the individual with the social in the words: "We are individually parts of one another." (Rom. xii.5).[1]

Such was the message of another great religious teacher, denounced as a heretic by modern orthodoxy—the late George Burman Foster, who conceived the mission of religion to be "the formation of free and independent personalities, and a kingdom of such person-

[1] Quotations from the recent Goodspeed translation of the New Testament.

alities, in which all are ends, and no one mere means, the relationship among them to be one of mutual love and service." [2]

Such, too, was the lesson which Maeterlinck learned from the bees,—the articulation of the individual in the life of the group; a lesson through which he overcame the terror of death, and which lighted the pathway to the new Romanticism of which he is the prophet.

This is pretty close to Royce's vision of the Great Community, on which his dying eyes rested in the midst of a war-torn world:[3]

"Its members will not be merely individual human beings, nor yet mere collections or masses of human beings, however vast, but communities of some sort. . . . Ethical individualism has been, in the past, one great foe of the Great Community. Ethical individualism, whether it takes the form of democracy or of the irresponsible search on the part of individuals for private happiness or for any other merely individual good, will never save mankind. Equally useless, however, for the attainment of humanity's great end would be any form of mere ethical collectivism; that is, any view which regarded the good of mankind as something which masses or crowds or disorganized collections of men should win. . . . Loyalty, the devotion of the self to the interests of the community, is indeed the form which the highest life of humanity must take, whether in a political unit, such as in a nation, or in the church universal, such as Paul foresaw. Without loyalty, there is no salvation."

Dewey aproaches the subject from the side of biology, psychology, and sociology; interpreting the accumulated results of research in the fields of these sciences in terms of humanism and ethics.

The somewhat discursive treatment of his theme is explained by the fact that the book grew out of a series of university lectures delivered in California during the year 1918.

Moralists, says Dewey, have thought of human nature as essentially evil because it resisted the yoke which they tried to place upon it. "Parents, priests, chiefs, social censors have supplied the aims, aims which were foreign to those upon whom they were imposed—to the young, laymen, ordinary folk; a few have given and administered rule, and the mass have in a passable fashion and with reluctance obeyed."

The morality of the theologians, according to Dewey, would seem to be something akin to what Nietzsche called "slave morals." "Gen-

[2] See *The Open Court*, June, 1922, and January, 1923.

[3] *The Hope of the Great Community*, posthumous essays by Josiah Royce, 1916.

erally speaking," he says, "good people have been those who did what they were told to do, and lack of eager compliance is a sign of something wrong in their nature." Thus, "men have turned moral rules into an agency of class supremacy."

However, Dewey believes that there was in the beginning no deliberate design to rule by imposing moral rules upon the masses. He believes that ignorance of human nature and its rightful claims is the primary cause of the false moral rules that have grown up. The reason for this ignorance is that there was absolutely no scientific knowledge of any kind. "Lack of understanding of human nature is the primary cause of disregard for it."

He goes on to say: "A decline in the authority of social oligarchy was accompanied by a rise of scientific interest in human nature." Might it not be truer to the fact, however, to see in the rise of scientific interest, with the coming of the Renaissance and the spread of the new learning through the invention of printing, that which was really the chief factor in the decline of social oligarchy and the birth of democracy, which in turn opened the way for scientific inquiry into human nature? In other words, the advance of physical science broke down rigid class barriers and prejudices, so that there could be a free study of human nature.

Dewey states the purpose of his book as "a discussion of some phases of the ethical change involved in positive respect for human nature when the latter is associated with scientific knowledge."

His point is well taken wherein he shows that the separating of morals from physiology and psychology has resulted in a conventional goodness that is abnormal and pathological, because cut off from living roots in human nature. "The badness of good people . . . is the revenge taken by human nature for the injuries heaped upon it in the name of morality." Thus we find people who are "holy terrors." But such morality is usually negative, manifesting itself in insipidity of character, sham "respectability," and downright hypocrisy. It is a "drab morality," in which one dreads to be himself. Its great aim is avoidance of what is considered bad form, and in observing prohibitions, rather than in positive action that has ethical value.

He shows how the church, finding this system of morality unworkable, has got around it. The Catholic Church, with its supernatural morality, nevertheless allows many dispensations to the multitude and concessions to the frailties of the flesh. It is only the select few, who retire to monasteries, that attempt to live up to

the church's ideal morality. Protestantism has accomplished the same result by its emphasis upon "justification by faith," which winks at "daily lapses into the gregarious morals of average conduct."

Dewey speaks of "those forceful natures who cannot tame themselves to the required level of colorless conformity." Their attitude is usually unconscious, however, and "they are heartily in favor of morality for the mass, as making it easier to manage them. Their only standard is success, putting things over, getting things done. Being good is to them practically synonymous with ineffectuality; and accomplishment, achievement, is its own justification. They know by experience that much is forgiven to those who succeed and they leave goodness to the stupid, to those whom they qualify as boobs."

This certainly is much akin to Nietzsche's idea of the superman, who is a law to himself, "beyond good and evil." This sort of character, however, according to Dewey, is very apt to degenerate into hypocrisy, since men of this type usually pay tribute to established institutions and are fierce "in their denunciations of all who openly defy conventionalized ideals."

Another evil result of this false morality is that those who rebel against it usually fly to the other extreme and identify freedom with complete licentiousness, and think that the way to realize their individuality is by the most abandoned gratification of their physical passions. "They treat subjection to passion as a manifestation of freedom in the degree in which it shocks the bourgeois."

Again, those few who do take seriously the idea of morals separated from the actual facts of human nature are apt to become "spiritual egotists." He says that "their exaltation of conceit makes them absolutely inhuman in their selfishness." William James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* cites some examples of this type which bear out Dewey's statement.

In other cases, says Dewey, this ideal moral world becomes a refuge from the real world, into which men retire from time to time, sometimes offsetting the strain by "pleasurable excursions into the delights of the actual." History, to be sure, records many cases of individuals who have lived in alternating periods of piety and debauchery.

One of the worst effects of the separation of morals from human nature, thinks Dewey, is that human nature is left without any guide in the ordinary relationships of business, civic life, friendship, and

recreation. "In short, the severance of morals from human nature ends by driving morals inwards, from the public, open, out-of-doors air and light of day, into the obscurities and privacies of an inner life."

This driving inward of morality results in "the almost complete severance of ethics from politics and economics." The former is regarded as summed up in edifying exhortations, and the latter as connected with arts of expediency separated from larger issues of good."

This explains why there are today two schools of social reform, one based upon "the notion of a morality which springs from an inner freedom, something mysteriously cooped up within personality," holding that the way to change institutions is for men to purify their hearts. On the other hand, we have the school which maintains that "men are made what they are by the forces of the environment, that human nature is purely malleable, and that till institutions are changed nothing can be done." It is the old problem of free will versus determinism.

Neither of these views, Dewey believes, expresses the real truth. He holds that there is an alternative. "All conduct is interaction between elements of human nature and the environment, natural and social. He believes that progress proceeds in two ways, and that "freedom" is found "in that kind of interaction which maintains an environment in which human desire and choice count for something." There are forces within man as well as outside, and the problem of ethics is one of adjustment, intelligently attained.

Morals are not degraded by dealing with material things. Much of the suffering and unnecessary slavery of the world, he thinks, is due to the inherited belief that moral questions can be settled privately in our minds, apart from any practical application of knowledge in industry, law, and politics.

This shows that Dewey would apply to ethics the pragmatic method which William James applied to philosophy. In other words, the test of the value of moral ideas is their result in practical action.

According to Dewey, this view of ethics will do away with the dualism of which we have been speaking in morality. "It would put an end to the impossible attempt to live in two unrelated worlds." Again, it makes ethics a social, not an individual science, because "it would find the nature and activities of one person coterminous with those of other human beings, and therefore link ethics with the study of history, sociology, law, and economics."

He does not claim that such a view of ethics would automatically solve moral problems or make the moral life as simple as speeding down a lighted boulevard. It would simply enable us to approach moral problems with a constantly growing fund of knowledge based on past experience.

In short, morals must be integrated with human nature, and both with the environment. Then we shall have a science of ethics recognizing the continuity of nature, man, and society, and which will be (1) serious but not fanatical, (2) aspiring but not sentimental, (3) adapted to reality but not conventional, (4) sensible but not profit-seeking, (5) idealistic but not romantic.

Such a point of view brings morals down to earth, and "if they still aspire to heaven, it is to the heavens of the earth, and not to another world."

He then goes into an extended discussion of various factors entering into human nature and conduct: (1) The place of habit in conduct, (2) the place of impulse in conduct, and (3) the place of intelligence in conduct.

Habits are compared to physiological functions like breathing and digesting, though the latter are involuntary while habits are acquired. Habits are social, for if an individual were alone in the world he would not be able to form habits. Psychologists agree with this; a child allowed to grow up separated from all human contact would not and could not develop a personality.

Dewey asserts that there is no such thing as "neutrality in conduct." "Conduct," he says, "is always shared," and so it is meaningless to say that conduct *ought* to be social, for it necessarily *is* social, whether good or bad.

Individuals come and go, but their habits endure; therefore the kind of world that our descendants will enjoy depends upon the habits that we practice. Simply wishing for the abolition of war, industrial justice, greater equality of opportunity for all, will not bring them about. "There must be change in the objective arrangements and institutions. We must work on the environment, not merely on the hearts of men."

Desire, while a feeble thing, may set the ball rolling. "Every ideal is preceded by an actuality; but the ideal is more than a repetition in inner image of the actual. It projects in securer and wider and fuller form some good which has been previously experienced in a precarious, accidental, fleeting way." Thus, by occasionally seeing wild flowers, man came to desire the beauty the flowers, and

this led to cultivation of them making better flowers and in greater abundance.

The essence of habit he believes, "is an acquired predisposition to ways or modes of response." It means "special sensitiveness or accessibility to certain classes of stimuli, standing predilection and aversions, rather than bare recurrence of specific acts. It means will."

Although he rejects individualistic free will, he does hold that environment binds the will.

Taking up "Character and Conduct," he discusses free will and ideas of morality which have been widely accepted heretofore. Here are two characteristic sentences:

"A holiness of character which is celebrated only on holy-days is unreal."

"A virtue of honesty, or chastity, or benevolence, which lives upon itself apart from definite results, consumes itself and goes up in smoke."

We must recognize that in a changing world old habits have to be modified, no matter how good they have seemed to us. "Any observed form or object is but a challenge," and so it is with our ideals of justice, peace, human brotherhood, equality, or order. The new psychology will assist "in breaking down of old rigidities of habit and preparing the way for acts that recreate an environment.

He shows that customs are not formed by a consolidation of individual habits but chiefly because individuals face the same situations and react in the same way. An individual usually acquires the morality as he inherits the speech of his social group. This seems very evident. Certainly a man born in Turkey will acquire different ideals of morality from one born in Presbyterian Scotland.

Dewey believes that we have been unfair to the helpless child in forcing our beliefs upon it. "Education," he says, "becomes the art of taking advantage of the helplessness of the young; the forming of habits becomes a guarantee for the maintenance of hedges of custom."

Customs, says Dewey, have supplied the standards o personal activities; they "constitute moral standards." This seems to be true; the word *moral* itself is from the Latin "mores," which means *customs*, as in the famous exclamation of Cicero: "O tempora, o mores."

He criticises Westermarck for treating sympathetic resentment and approbation as pure emotions giving rise to acts. He declares that "feelings as well as reason spring up within action." It is

breach of or fidelity to custom that excites in us sympathetic resentment or approbation.

The different classes in society develop their own customs, which are their working morals, and each class believes it is right; but commerce, travel, communication, war, inventions in industry, etc., are constantly breaking up the old customs; "frozen habits thaw out and all are mixed again."

It is so with nations and races. Today nations and races with different moral standards are facing each other. "The demand of each side," he says, "treats its opponent as a wilful violator of moral principles, an expression of self-interest or superior might." (This was written in the year 1918.)

The discussion from there on is chiefly of psychological interest, until we come to the chapter on "The uniqueness of Good." By means of the true psychology, he believes, we have revealed to us the nature of good or satisfaction. "Good consists in the meaning that is experienced to belong to an activity when conflict and entanglement of various incompatible impulses and habits terminate in a unified orderly release in action." In other words, good is a resolution of conflicting elements, resulting in an action that gives us satisfaction. Many of our unifications, however, are merely temporary compromises. The good is not a stereotyped, monotonous thing. On the contrary, "the good is never twice alike. It never copies itself. It is new every morning, fresh every evening. It is unique in its every presentation."

In the chapter on "The Nature of Aims," he shows the pernicious effect of the idea of "fixed ends," which was the cornerstone of orthodox moral theory. We do not shoot arrows because targets exist, but we set up targets simply to make our shooting more significant and effective, and we keep changing the targets. Making motive or intention the touchstone of morals is equally futile. It makes them an end. Dewey would do away with such "ends" completely. Ends are in fact endless, "forever coming into existence as new activities occasion new consequences." This he believes is equivalent to saying that "there are no ends—that is, no fixed, self-enclosed finalities."

In "The Nature of Principles," he criticises Kant's philosophy in certain particulars, but pays tribute to the moral value of Kant's famous rule of action, that the test of an act is whether an individual would want to make it a universal law. "Looked at in the light of reason, every mean, insincere, inconsiderate motive of action shrivels

into a private exception which a person wants to take advantage of in his own favor, and which he would be horrified to have others act upon. . . . Kindly, decent acts, on the contrary, extend and multiply themselves in a continuing harmony."

In *Desire and Intelligence* he maintains that "impulse is primary and intelligence secondary and in some sense derivative." Recognition of this fact, however, he thinks exalts intelligence, "for thought is not the slave of impulse to do its bidding. Impulse does not knows what it is after; it cannot give orders even if it wants to. It rushes blindly into any opening it chances to find. Anything that expends it satisfies it. . . . Intelligence converts desire into plans, systematic plans based on assembling facts, reporting events as they happen, keeping tab on them and analyzing them." On the other hand, "nothing is so easy to follow as impulse, and no one is deceived so readily as a person under strong emotion. . . . Impulse burns itself up; emotion cannot be kept at its full tide."

In Part IV he states that conduct, when discussed under heads like habit, impulse, and intelligence, gets "artificially shredded." He now sums up the ethical problem. Very briefly, we see that morality is not something static—*it is a process*. His leading conclusion is that "morals has to do with all activity into which alternative possibilities enter. For wherever they enter, a difference between better and worse arises."

He would apply the trial and error method to ethics. "All moral judgment is experimental and subject to revision by its issue." Here again we see the ethical pragmatist. He scorns the old traditional school of morals which, while displaying anxious solicitude for a few acts, gives most others "baths of exemption," so that "a moral moratorium prevails for everyday affairs."

Morals, he declares, "means growth of conduct in meaning. . . . In the largest sense of the word, morals is education. It is learning the meaning of what we are about and employing the meaning in action." Again he hammers away at the idea of "fixed ideals." "If it is better to travel than to arrive, it is because traveling is a constant arriving, while that arrival which precludes further traveling is most easily attained by going to sleep or dying."

His empirical position is expressed again and again with the greatest force. Progress means "extension of the significance found within experience." We must not, however, expect such progress to bring us immunity from perplexity and trouble. If he were going to make a categorical imperative like Kant, he would say: "So act

as to increase the meaning of present experience." Experience, then, is our moral guide. But there can be no absolute imperative. Each case must be acted upon on its own merits.

The business man compares today's liabilities and assets with yesterday's, and it should be so morally with the business of living.

He discusses the relation of evolution to ethics, and believes that "the ethical import of the doctrine of evolution is enormous." Evolution means "continuity of change." The old fixed goal idea leads to pessimism and the war showed the bankruptcy of our old ethical standards. After all, man lives because he has the urge of living and not because of philosophical reasons for living. Even the experience of trouble and failure is valuable in furnishing us instruction. Humility is an aid to endeavor and we should prize every opportunity of present growth.

What is perfection? He believes it means "perfecting, fulfilment, fulfilling, and the good is now or never."

Plato, Aristotle, and Spinoza, made good and evil too much of intellectual abstractions. Utilitarianism was on a better scent but put too much value into the future. Good must be made a matter of social experience here and now.

Dewey's doctrine is not mere Epicureanism, which failed to connect good with the full reach of activities. That is true, he maintains, of all theories based on the individual self. It is not the residence of experience that counts, but the contents of the house. We must visualize a larger self and the way to help others is to give them opportunity to enlarge and strengthen their personalities. He would have us delivered from professional reformers and busybodies.

Since morals is concerned with everyday conduct, and "grows out of specific empirical facts," he has no good word for "supernatural commands, rewards, and penalties." Morals is a human thing; "it is that which is closest to human nature; it is ineradicably empirical, not theological nor metaphysical nor mathematical." Moral science is related to other sciences. He believes that even Spencer's ethics was too Utopian.

However, he points out that morality "resides not in perception of fact, but in the use made of its perception. . . . Perception of things as they are is but a stage in the process of making them different." And so morality begins with the use of our knowledge of natural law, and "use varying with the active system of disposition and desires."

Conflict is the goad which stirs us to observation and memory and instigates us to invention, but social hostility is not the road to social harmony. Darwinism has been perverted in making it appear to sanction war and brutality of competition. On the other hand, we should not profess smug satisfaction with things as they are, for to do so is hypocrisy. We should recognize existing facts and use them "as a challenge to intelligence to modify the environment and change habits."

He believes that the road to freedom "may be found in that knowledge of facts which enables us to employ them in connection wth desires and aims." Freedom contains three chief elements: (1) efficiency in action, ability to carry out plans, (2) capacity to vary plans, to change the course of action, and (3) the power of desire and choice to be factors in events.

We do not use the present to control the future, he says, but "we use the foresight of the future to refine and expand present activities." It is in this use of desire, deliberation, and choice, that, for Dewey, freedom is actualized.

Finally, in the last chapter, he emphasizes the fact once more that morality is social. Our thinking is largely determined by factors outside our conscious mind. Our conscience is based on our feeling for the opinion of our fellows. Moral judgment and moral responsibility are the work of the social environment and show conclusively that our morality is social. The actions of an individual bear the stamp of his community just as does the language he speaks. This is simply a statement of fact, without saying that it is right, as when a man is socially admired just because he has made money. Mere blame or approbation does not determine underlying ethical values. "If the standard of morals is low, it is because the education given by the interaction of the individual with hs social environment is defective."

The scientific study of human nature will give us the method and materials for true judgments on human conduct. The development of the science of human nature is, therefore, a matter of prime importance for a right understanding of ethics. Religion, he thinks, has lost itself in cults, dogma, and myth, instead of being a sense of the whole and a spontaneous thing. It has produced "an intolerable superiority on the part of the few and an intolerable burden on the part of the many."

Every act of ours must carry with it a sense of the whole to which it belongs and which in a sense belongs to it; yet we are re-

sponsible only for our own personal acts and are freed from the burden of responsibility for the whole. His last sentences are suggestive of Royce's idea in the "Great Community":

"Within the flickering inconsequential acts of separate selves dwells a sense of the whole which claims and dignifies them. In its presence we put off mortality and live in the universal. The life of the community in which we live and have our being is the fit symbol of this relationship. The acts in which we express our perception of the ties which bind us to others are its only rites and ceremonies."

THE IDEA OF GOD TODAY: THE NEO-AGNOSTIC VIEW

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

IT IS a truism nowadays that ideas and doctrines evolve just as institutions and movements do. Old names may be used by thinkers who have little else in common with their predecessors. The Christian of today is not what the Christian of the middle ages, or even of a century ago, was. The Freethinker of today is not likely to be a follower of Robert G. Ingersoll or even of Thomas Paine. The Positivist of today is not a rigorous follower of Auguste Comte.

Conceptions and ideas change with advance in science, with the general spirit of the age, with all manner of currents and tendencies which indirectly and subtly affect our habits of thought and our use of language.

The idea of God is, of course, no exception to the rule just referred to. That idea has undergone many changes, as scholarly works on the subject have shown. The point of the present paper is, however, a special one, in a sense. The idea of God is changing, as it were, before our own eyes. The discussion of it takes a line that would hardly have been possible even a decade ago.

Under what influences is the change in question being effected? It is hard to say. The new psychology is one factor; the philosophical study of the development and evolution of language is another; anthropology and what may be called descriptive sociology—an inexact phrase, of course—have of late rendered great service to the cause of sober and honest thinking on the subject of religion. The new logic and the new view of the mission and scope of philosophy have contributed to the result in question.

Those who entertain lingering doubts concerning the decline and disappearance of the crude theological notion of a personal God—the God of the Bible, if the Bible be given a literal interpretation—or the misty and nebulous metaphysical notion of God—the power in

the universe which makes for righteousness—would do well, to read and re-read such significant books as Prof. James H. Leubas, *The Belief in God and Immortality*, Prof. C. O. Beckwith's *The Idea of God*, and Prof. A. J. Leighton's *Religion and the Mind of Today*.

To contrast the tone, spirit and method of these works with the manner of matter of Mr. Balfour's lately republished *Foundations of Belief*, is to become aware of a difference of atmosphere, of perspective and of background. It was easy enough to refute Mr. Balfour a quarter of a century ago; indeed, Huxley and Spencer performed that operation with neatness and thoroughness. Today, no well-informed student of belief and its foundations cares to argue with Mr. Balfour. His argument strikes one as irrelevant, antiquated, pointless.

The truth has dawned on the modern mind that there is, in reality, no "idea" of God. The term is still freely used, but those who use it are totally unable to attach any half definite *meaning* to it. They know that, if they try to define it, language fails them and the mind reels. The modern man, even if but slightly educated, cannot seriously maintain that there is a *place* which may be called "heaven" and another *place* which may be called "hell," and that God presides over the former and issues orders and decrees, after the manner of a sublunar autocrat and thus governs the universe and everything beyond it. Such infantile notions are no longer entertained even by those "fundamentalists" who think, or say, they entertain them.

When driven into a corner, some thoughtful people who adhere to orthodox phrases declare that, of course, God is not a person, but a super-person. No one, they admit, can imagine his form or appearance, but it is convenient to think of him as possessing human form and human qualities—that is, the very finest and noblest of our qualities, such as love, tenderness, all-embracing charity. This position seems plausible enough, until one analyzes it.

In the first place, what is the possible meaning of "super-person or super-personality? When we speak of supermen we think of men who are physically, mentally and morally superior to the average man, or even to the highest known product of human evolution. A tall, handsome, distinguished, high-minded, intellectual, attractive, courageous and courteous man would be called a superman. A genius though physically defective, might be called a superman. But how childish it would be to apply such notions of super-personality, or super-humanity, to an unknowable, inconceivable power supposed

to be capable of creating and ruling our universe and every other universe—or whatever we may call it—beyond it!

It is simply and patently impossible for human beings *to transcend their own experience and imagination.* There is, of course, racial experience in addition to individual; racial experience is registered in the whole nervous system—according to modern science—and we become dimly aware of it when we act contrary to reason and to the lessons of limited personal experience under the compulsion of instincts, innate proclivities, categorical imperatives, and the like. In either case, when we come to attach names to things, to feelings, to states of mind and to situations we are of necessity limited to the region of experience. Something is seen, felt, thought, imagined which requires a name. The savage, the primitive man, the man of Biblical culture severally knew what they meant by God. Their ideas were very definite—if wrong and crude. When the Hebrew prophet of old spoke of "the Lord," he made a powerful impression, because his Monotheism was simple and austere. When we moderns speak of the "spirit that is God," we use words literally without meaning.

But are there not, some will object, terms that, although extremely vague and indefinable, yet stand for great realities? What, for example, is the definition of "beauty"? No two writers on aesthetics give the same definition, and the probability is that no exact definition of beauty will ever be offered. Yet do we not know that beauty exists? Do we not worship beauty? Why not use the term God in the same way, and why not worship God?

This line of reasoning is undoubtedly plausible. But it points to confusion of thought. The term beauty is an abstraction. We know that when we speak of beauty we conjure up fleeting and alluring images of beautiful persons, beautiful scenery, beautiful flowers, beautiful pages, beautiful pictures. It is the experiences with a multitude of things and forms that please and charm us that has given rise to the abstract notion of beauty. But what experiences have given rise to the abstract pseudo-idea of God? The finite cannot suggest the infinite. We have no experience whatever that is not explicable by the constitution and nature of the finite mind.

Every attempt at defining "God," when closely analyzed, brings us back to misinterpreted experience of something that is finite, limited—pathetically limited. Take two or three illustrations.

"God is love," some schools tell us with an air of superior wisdom and freedom from crude superstition. What do we know of love? We derive the idea from the love we have felt, the love we have observed, the love we have read and heard about. We love human beings, animals, flowers, ideas, institutions. We know that animals love. We do *not* think that there is love between the sun and the planets in the solar system. We do *not* think that there is love between the atoms in the molecule or between the component units of the atom. Love is the name rational people give to a sentiment, an emotion felt by sentient beings. Is God an emotion of a sentient being? The question is absurd; then the phrase, "God is love," is meaningless. Why, then, use it?

"God is the principle of goodness whereby the world lives and steadily advances to perfection." Again, what is a principle? The term was coined by educated men and means, in all scientific discussion, a basic proposition, a cardinal rule, etc. We speak of the principles of economics, the principles of ethics, the principles of jurisprudence, the principles of psychology. How can God be a basic proposition or cardinal rule, and how can a proposition be God?

Or take this definition—Prof. Leighton's: God is "the supreme source and ground of the spiritual qualities of persons, of rational and moral individuals," or, in other words, "the eternal perfection of that type of being which, in our human order, we call spiritual individuality or personality."

What we mean by the spiritual qualities of human beings is quite clear. Love of justice and mercy, love of beauty, the sentiment of generosity, moral courage and devotion to truth regardless of narrow expediency are spiritual qualities. We possess them, and we are certain that the perfect man will always and naturally live up to them. But these qualities have been evolved exactly as the less noble, or more self-regarding, sentiments have been evolved. Animals are not destitute of spiritual qualities; they love, they make sacrifices. There is no reason to suppose that there is one source or ground for spiritual qualities and another for non-spiritual. If God is the name for some unknown and unknowable source of spiritual qualities, what is the source and ground of the others, and what name shall we give them—the Devil? This would be harking back to childish theology with a vengeance. We gain absolutely nothing by calling *our* qualities, or their source, God. And it is presumptuous to imply that God is only a perfect man.

Once more: God is simply a name for the inconceivable power which created the totality of things we call nature. Since self-creation is inconceivable, we are driven by the constitution of our mind to assume that some kind of creative force existed, exists and will continue to exist forever.

This, clearly, is the familiar Paley argument in a modern form. We see a watch, or any other piece of mechanism, and we conclude that some one made it. We behold our universe, infer existence beyond it, and we conclude that some power created all that is. But why is a creator conceivable and self-creation not? In truth, is not the creator, by the hypothesis, self-created? Even children ask, "who created God?" We laugh at that naive query, but the wisest man cannot show *why* it is ridiculous. If we cannot conceive self-creation, we cannot conceive creation by a self-created power. The words, then, have no meaning. Why use them?

Both propositions in truth are verbal and empty. They convey nothing to the human mind.

No alternative is left except this—that, it is useful, for practical moral purposes, to adopt the God hypothesis and to suppose that God—or the power above, below and in all things—is benevolent in our human sense of the word. In science and philosophy, it is pointed out, hypotheses are absolutely indispensable. Facts only begin to acquire significance when we regard them in the light of a theory. This is indisputably true, but in science and philosophy, when we frame and put forward a hypothesis, the words in the formula have meaning. The hypothesis itself is of use. We discard it when it fails to account for all of the facts, and frame another. The God hypothesis is not of scientific origin; it has served no *scientific purpose.* It was an absolutely natural hypothesis in the infancy of the human race, and it has been modified from time to time to correspond to tests and demands of advancing intelligence. Today further modification, in the sense of attenuation and refinement, will not suffice; even men and women deeply religious are not content with the hypothesis; they would rather take the frankly Agnostic position than profess beliefs which they cannot rationally entertain.

Furthermore, the God hypothesis is no longer useful for moral purposes. Professor Leuba, in the work above referred to, deals with this question at considerable length, and with ability and knowledge. Here it is necessary to make only a few points deserving of particular attention.

In the first place, the God hypothesis does not help us in the smallest degree to solve the problem of evil. From Job down to Professor Jacks and other contemporary thinkers, that problem is evaded, not faced. We are told that evil may not be evil—a question-begging argument. Pain and suffering, especially when not deserved by sin and crime, are evil to the human mind and heart, and a just and omnipotent God would not inflict them. "Evil is the price of discipline and character building," suggest some. They assume, without proof, that evil develops character, although there is evidence to the contrary, and they overlook the reasonable objection that a benevolent and omnipotent God would have devised more acceptable means of building character. They reason in a circle. When convicted of this beyond all escape, they fall back on the ancient plea that poor, groping, limited beings like ourselves cannot hope to comprehend the ways of God!

Where, then, are we? We cannot comprehend the ways of God. We cannot grasp the idea of God. We cannot reconcile our hypothesis of a benevolent and omnipotent creator with the facts of life. We cannot solve a single moral problem with the aid of that hypothesis. What problems we manage to solve, we solve scientifically. What and where, then, is the value of the God hypothesis?

The Agnostic answer is, the hypothesis has been shorn and deprived of real value. The conclusion is not an agreeable one; indeed, the Agnostic position as a whole is unpleasant and humiliating. One cannot help wishing—futile as that is—the human mind had a longer reach than it has. It is disheartening to feel that the wisest among us is ignorant and hopelessly unequal to the solution of the problems which concern us most vitally and deeply. What is the ultimate purpose of existence, and what the destiny of man, the highest product of evolution so far? Has existence a meaning, and, if so, what is that meaning? Alas, we cannot scientifically answer these poignant questions. We are bound, being human, progressive and curious, to frame hypotheses; but we must not and cannot adhere to theories which find little support in known facts and fail to account for other facts. Above all, we must be honest with ourselves and with others, and make no statement that is unintelligible even to ourselves. Religion and philosophy must be reconstructed—are being reconstructed. There is much in past thought that we can take over and utilize; but let us be sure we know what we take from the past, why we take it, and what we propose to do with it in more scientific, philosophical and coherent systems.

Not that mysticism has no place in life and thought. It may have a very important place. But the mystic can only appeal to other mystics. Those who have not had his actual or fancied experiences can attach no weight to his "proofs"; to offer proof is to adopt the tests of science, to acquiesce in the results of such tests. Let the mystic who asserts he is certain of the existence and presence of God tell us how we may achieve like certainty, like communion, a like sense of presence. Let him even plead for free play for the will to believe—in other words, for the provisional adoption of his particular hypothesis. This is legitimate, as we have seen. But if, with the best will in the world, we fail to verify his hypothesis, to repeat his experience, he cannot censure us for rejecting his hypothesis and framing another, or for suspending even tentative and provisional opinions till the right amount of evidence of the right quality—scientific evidence, in a word—is available and a new working theory becomes profitable and serviceable.

We may add, in conclusion, that there will never be a dearth of theories. We frame them too readily, rather than too reluctantly. The neo-Agnostic does not dogmatize. He does not deny propositions that he does not understand, and does not issue sweeping denials of all possible propositions concerning God or purpose in creation. He denies only propositions which he knows to be arbitrary, false or absurd, and he asks for explanations and definitions of terms in propositions which *appear* to carry meaning but do not really possess any.

SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY

BY HENRI VANDERBYLL

HONESTY will compel us to admit that the mind is a miserably inefficient instrument, in its present condition of development, at least, with which to grasp this immense scheme of existence. It threatens to cease operating should we persist in confronting it with the incomprehensible immeasurability of that which is. Such threats perhaps constitute a source of discouragement for us. We think of this fussy, foolish, weeping, sweating humanity in connection with the utter purposelessness and futility of all its wondering and questioning, of all its seeking, hunting and ferreting out the truth! But a consoling thought is the following: our forefathers were worse off than we are at present. Their minds were more miserably inefficient than ours are today. History clearly hints at the fact that the human race is steadily progressing, intellectually, towards a certain point. It is true that we, the individual, travel but a negligible distance. Nature, however, concerns herself with the future of the race, and not particularly with that of the individual. When we, therefore, find ourselves caught in the maelstrom of life, wondering in despair what it is all about, let us solve the problem half way by realizing that we are, for a fleeting moment, a part of a slowly-progressing whole. Ours is the duty to conspire with nature towards the realization of her schemes concerning the entire human race by being as good a part as lies within our power.

Even if we cannot find a satisfactory answer to the burning question relating to the mystery of being, we should consider that the average intelligence of the whole of which we are a part completely overshadows that of any humanity that existed in the past. Here, then, is a source of hope that casts its searchlight on a future human race: from utter night and inability to think, through the twilight of half-awakeness, towards daylight and understanding, such is the course which humanity is following according to the facts

of history. Our ancestors have left a sufficient number of imprints on the sands of time to enable us to obtain an idea of the general direction in which they were traveling. Their course followed a more or less straight line that extends through the present into the future, and their destination seems to have been at all times the hidden throne of supreme intelligence. But man's journey through existence is a more or less complicated one. The trail is constantly picked up by offspring and next generation where parent and ancestor breathe their last. Succeeding generations travel faster than their predecessors, and their appreciation of the surrounding scenery is different from that of the latter. In the second place, noisy activity that reverberates through the hollow past, and false glory and glitter that cast their deceiving luminosity upon the screen of the present, are liable to divert the attention of the superficial observer from the actual human thing that travels through space and time to the expressions that of necessity accompany it. But, perhaps, we encounter our greatest difficulty in forming an adequate conception of a progressing human race.

Was our present human race born in darkest antiquity, did it slowly and painfully develop into the present product, and is it now toiling towards still greater heights? There seems to be question, at all times, of several human races that simultaneously share the shelter of this globe. One among them, however, is specially favored by nature. It is permitted to lean upon the past, and to gradually raise itself into the golden mist of the future. In time, the other races vanish, almost imperceptibly, from the presence of ascending man. The latter is occasionally reminded of their existence as he sees them wander aimlessly in the vicinity, like distant memories that haunt the present, like tired souls that seek a resting place. *A* humanity is constantly progressing, even if scattered heaps of human debris mark the trail which it follows through eternity. It represents the noblest product which nature has been able to fashion, with age-long, infinite patience, from her original supply of human clay. It is the life-driven core which, stem-like, shoots high above the first ephemeral human leaves, and which eventually must culminate in the full-grown flower that rocks on the breeze of heaven. What sort of flower, and what sort of heaven? We cannot know. But we can surmise. Its growth, like that of all upward-shooting stems, is imperceptible from moment to moment, but measurable when we compare its present development with that of a remote yesterday.

In our endeavor to roughly measure human progress, we should not forget the fact that nature has cast her trial packages of human beings upon the earth, and that many have been found wanting by the gods. The temporary greatness of half-fashioned man echoes through the past, and makes a bit of ancient history. But the contents of the best among the packages is still the basic substance of the God-aspiring human being of today who writes his share of the eternal history of man upon the granite brow of time. True it is that all men spring from a common origin, but not all men traveled the same road, nor did they cover equal distances. Some turned to the left, some to the right, and some went straight ahead. Those who wandered from the main highway of evolution lingered for a while, dreaming their dreams of bygone greatness, then silently and unobserved slid into the abyss of oblivion. Those who traveled straight ahead, the torchbearers of intelligence, ascended the peak of civilization, and their present descendants are still climbing. The latter look down upon the trails made by the wanderers who, ages ago, went to the left and to the right—trails that finally will lose themselves in the scrapheap of evolution. Evolution chooses at all times the best from among its innumerable samples of humanity. The superior product must ye be improved upon, must become another stepping stone in the process of fashioning ideal man.

The task of roughly measuring the progress which man has made during a certain period of time is, therefore, a difficult one. We compare present man with the human being of two thousand years ago, and we conclude that man has progressed considerably during that period of time. But who is man of today, and who was he of two thousand years ago? Human beings live at present that cannot compare very favorably, as far as intelligence is concerned, with men that existed twenty centuries ago. The reverse is true. But when we mention today's human being, we unconsciously refer to the most developed men of the present. We choose, likewise, the leading civilization of twenty centuries ago for a basis of comparison. In fact, in our study of human progress, we should retrace the steps of those that temporarily functioned as torchbearers of human intelligence. That is something which we often neglect to do. As a result, we are unable to join the many dim and time-hidden sections of the human trail in such a manner that the whole becomes a path of uniform progress. We see the very beginning of things, climb in thought through the realm of physical evolution into the domain of human intelligence, continue soaring towards the present and, finally,

behold the immediate doom of the human race. Such conclusions completely puzzle the logical mind. If two hundred thousand, nay, a million years, spell seven consecutive letters of the word, progress, across the desert of the past, should we not expect that the last and completing letter is being written at present, or that it will be written in the near future? And should we not make an effort, at least, to search for indications pointing at the fact that such is the case, rather than throw a million years of progressive creation into the depths of cataclysmic oblivion?

There is a class of thinkers whose failure to see in history a more or less unbroken path of human progress is caused by mistranslating the past rather than by misunderstanding the present. Their ideas, we believe, constitute a greater impediment to the progress of enlightenment than those of the sensationally inclined pessimists who are prepared to throw humanity on the scrapheap of time. They have mixed the sections of the ancient human trail. They have misspelled the word, progress, in such a manner that the final letter was written thousands of years ago. They urge us to be guided by the thoughts and the sayings of people who lived in an age when the simplest phenomena of nature were completely hidden mysteries for the human mind. They would have our intellect cease its further efforts, and accept that which other minds, long ago, managed to unravel from the tangled threads of this baffling existence.

In these days of modernism, the extraordinary spectacle presents itself of antiquity coming back to life. One is modern, apparently, when one's thoughts linger on the level of intelligence of some twenty or thirty centuries ago. Religions and cults are being founded on the "ancient wisdom." Half-forgotten superstitions are being resurrected from the garbage pile of human thought, wrapped in an attractive, modern dress, after which they become excellent sources of income for unscrupulous adventurers. Unless evolution is a myth, however, or unless the mind is exempt from its laws, the pages of history should not be turned back for the purpose of discovering intelligence equal to or greater than the present one. The journey of humanity is, for one thing, a progressively intellectual one. We often fail to penetrate down to intelligence, and we stop at the vividly colored screen of murders, battles, inquisitions, and revolutions that rather effectively camouflage history. But history's distant smoke and thunder are expressions that necessarily belong to the average intelligence of the history makers. When reading with an open mind, we should gather from the records that, as time

progresses, color begins to replace the originally black smoke, and music the rumble of thunder.

The ancients, no doubt, owned their leaders whose intelligence was superior to that of the masses. The prehistoric wizard, pretending to call forth the clouds and to produce rain, was such a leader. The prophet of biblical times who possessed the ability to clearly survey the present and to link it with the immediate future, was another such leader. The important civilizations of antiquity are known to us by the thoughts and deeds of their more intelligent sons who registered on the scroll of time. In fact, we know overwhelmingly more about the intelligent sons than we do about the civilizations themselves. And, so, we commit the error of judging an entire people by the few individuals that shone like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of humanity. That is one reason why we fail to discover intellectual progress in certain periods of history. Another reason is our absurd attempt to transplant ancient glory into modern soil. That, if we will but consider the nature of both the soil and the atmosphere of the present, is a hopeless attempt. Let us imagine, if we can, a Moses, or a Caesar, or a Paul, in a twentieth century setting!

Intellectual leaders are products of the times, and they fit, more or less, into their surroundings. Though they generally travel ahead of the masses, much like stray clouds that precede the main body of stormclouds, an undeniable relationship nevertheless exists between them and the masses that follow them. They are not too far advanced, intellectually, but their contemporaries are prepared to listen to them. Theirs is the task, whether they are aware of the fact or not, to cut a rough path through regions as yet unexplored by the human mind. Years, sometimes centuries, elapse before the rough-hewn path becomes a beaten trail. Then, another pioneer, more finely equipped mentally, is needed. Human greatness has its setting and is, therefore, relative and ephemeral. It belongs to a particular age with its particular average intelligence. Prevailing thoughts and conceptions form a dark background through which superior intelligence sends its shafts of light. Hammurabi, ancient king of the Babylonians, parts of whose code of laws might not be entirely out of place even in our present civilization, worshipped star-gods. Moses, great leader and legislator of the Hebrews, "went up into the mountain" to hold personal conversation with deity. Solomon, wisest of Jewish kings, in his temple had gathered almost every

symbol belonging to foreign heathen religions. Kepler, astronomical genius, interspersed his writings with a good deal of astrological nonsense. Flammarion, the highly poetic and imaginative astronomer, communicates with the souls of departed dogs.

A good deal of average thought and conception clings to the genius, and the records of the great men of history rather indicate in what sort of world they lived and what sort of intellectual atmosphere was theirs. Can we sever the genius of Shakespeare from the world of kings, merchants of Venice, Romeos and Juliets, in which he lived in a physical and in an intellectual sense? Were it possible to transplant the mind of a Shakespeare into the present, the result would be as disastrous as that of transplanting a flower from its native to a foreign soil and climate. It is doubtful whether such a mind would be able to lead its owner to recognition or fame in our present world of dethroned kings, presidents and Lenines, of eugenics and birthcontrol, of cubists, modernists and impressionists, of women's clubs and women's votes, of Versailles peace treaties and disarmament conferences.

Why, then, this desperate clinging to the past? Humanity shows its appreciation of the rare occurrence of the great man's arrival by indulging in a good deal of Carlyle's hero-worship. Now, hero-worship is an excellent thing at the right time and in the right place. When it persists for too many generations, however, it may cause man to ignore the presence of his contemporary heroes. There is, we think, altogether too much worship of ancient and not sufficient appreciation of present glory and greatness. It seems to be a sort of customary obligation with us to do homage to the past, whether or not this be with the approval of our intelligence. We all think Milton great, for instance. If, however, we had sufficient courage to speak our minds, we would suggest that the poetry of the old bards is mostly artificial speech, and that the subjects which aroused their poetic emotions cannot interest us from a standpoint of intelligence. Garb nonsense in a rhythmic dress of melodious sound, and it nevertheless remains nonsense. What, asks modern intelligent man, do I learn from the person who wrote magnificently concerning the tortures of the damned? Nothing more than this, that our predecessors possessed some extraordinary notions about life after death and about the consequences of sin. That the great man wrote magnificently is of course to our benefit. It gave prolonged life to the fruit of his intellectual labors, as a result of which we own a record of the thoughts and ideas that prevailed centuries

ago. But, in view of our own ripening conceptions and ideas, should we not honestly admit that we prefer one Emerson to a hundred Chaucers, Miltons, Dantes, or Popes?

If average humanity were not constantly becoming more intelligent, greatness would be a thing immortal. As matters stand, however, it fades with the years, and finally becomes a more or less glorious memory. Leadership is made possible by those who are willing to be led. The receptive attitude of the audience determines that thought shall endure for a while. The attitude in question is receptive when the average intelligence of the listener is not so much inferior to that of the teacher but the former is able to glimpse the realm of truth which lies just beyond the one in which he dwells. The nature of the audience, however, is subject to constant change, and for that reason humanity requires new great men every once in a while. These new great men must represent average intelligence, and a little more. The little more constitutes their greatness, and it is the magnet which draws prevailing average intelligence towards the level which is next in order.

But we often see human greatness in the past where in reality there is none. The past has its charms, to which we easily fall victim. Its most barbaric noises not unfrequently sound like music in our ears. Perhaps it is a sort of race-memory that lures us away from the present into the ruins of yesterday. Whether the past be represented by a worm-eaten piece of furniture, or by a dust-covered canvass, or by a thought that has become ridiculous with age, we are prepared to cherish and to worship. Like our individual history, however, that of mankind records the progress from infancy to comparative matuity. And the present stage of comparative maturity is preferable to the innocent but foolish fancy of youth. Undeveloped judgment, naughty tricks, silly behavior, uncontrollable love of possession, childlike fancy, fear of the dark and the unknown, an almost unlimited capacity for believing fairy-tales, such things accompany the youthful stages of a developing human race. The things in which infant humanity believed, its fears and terrors of the unknown, its dreams and its fairy-tales, are dimly reflected in its fussy and noisy activities upon this globe, and saturate its artistic creations. They are indelibly written on the clay tablet, the papyrus and the manuscript of universal literature. Nor should we suppose that the present age of comparative enlightenment indicates that man has entered into the period of full maturity. Eternity has many centuries, periods, cycles and aeons available for a thorough process

of human development, and evolution, thus far, has failed to display signs of either hurry or impatience. We, too, have our naughty tricks our silliness, our fairy-tales, and our incorrigible love of possession. We own them, perhaps, on a higher level of development.

Coupled with our unreasonable love for antiquity is our failure to link greatness with intelligence. The smoke and fog, and the occasional bright glow of history, detract our attention from the fact that behind that curtain of alternate blackness and radiance labors an intelligence of some sort. The things that have been done in the past are interesting because they reveal the actor has progressed on his journey towards enlightenment. Lifting the multi-colored veil that hides naked history, we behold a single scene. We see man stagger from darkness into light. From the very moment that he crawls on all fours from out the underbrush of his primeval forest, his efforts are directed towards following the staight and narrow path of intellectual progress. There is no question of conscious effort. He is unaware of the fact that his early falls and bruises are instrumental in keeping him on the straight and narrow path. He does not dream that his subsequent foolish running hither and thither in the labyrinth of bypaths that lead from the main highway constitutes experience which teaches him how to walk sensibly. After a thousand years, however, we see him turn towards the road that lies behind and that vanishes in the mist of a distant past, and we hear him exclaim: "I have progressed!" The ultimate results of his unconscious efforts is progress, a progress which is, as a rule unnoticeable to the wanderer, himself, but which is clearly marked on the map of time.

The strange things that man does, and the peculiar noises that he utters, on his journey towards the light, really are of secondary importance. They, indeed, do not constitute history. The creature that does and utters, he is history. The nature of his actions and that of his utterings change as he progresses. The things that man, at any time, says and does in the hollowness of this immense universe, belong to the particular lap of his journey as sand belongs to the desert, or as green belongs to the oasis. They are the natural and necessary expressions of a certain degree of human intelligence. Would we have history be a disconnected series of events brought about by the busy aimless doings of man? Or should the nature of the act tell us something about the kind of thought that dwelt in the mind of the actor? When acquainting our children in school with many prominent figures in history, we do not sufficiently em-

phasize the fact that the performances of our ancestors naturally reveal the degree of their intellectual development. We owe the younger generation an apology for requiring that they shall make a knowledge of such performances a part of their education. That apology may well be framed upon the assertion that the human intellect develops slowly and gradually, and that man's activities upon this planet, at any time, roughly reveal the stage of maturity at which the mind has arrived. We, instructors, are to such an extent inclined to offer heroworship to the past, that our pupils plunge into the serious business of life with the conviction that queen Elizabeth was an excellent woman, and that Napoleon was a truly great man.

The question arises, When may we speak of superior intelligence? In what particular manner do highly intelligent people express themselves? Let us consider Sumer of seven thousand years ago. The Sumerians dug canals for irrigating purposes. They fnced their land, plowed it, sowed their seed, and reaped their harvest. Records exist that mention one or two of their real estate transactions. Surely, we must speak of intelligence here! Let us consider Hammurabi, wise king of a Babylonia that flourished more than twenty centuries before the birth of Christ. It was he who prepared a schedule of wages to which employers must adhere. In his famous code of laws he stipulated a sum which the physician might charge, and which the patient must pay, for certain treatments and operations. He reserved a severe penalty for the architect whose carelessness in building a dwelling should result in injury to the tenant. He condemned to death the judge who, knowingly, pronounced sentence in violation of justice. Again, we feel compelled to speak of civilization and intelligence.

Considerations of this sort seem to lead to the conclusion that, after all, intelligence has not made giant strides across the waste of centuries. In choosing the facts, however, by which we arrive at our conclusion, we do not act entirely without prejudice. Hammurabi's code, for instance, contains a larger number of laws the contents of which cause us to shiver with horror. Such laws have no place in our present civilization, and may have been necessary for a much less developed humanity. The few bright points that flicker in the appalling darkness of ancient times should not make us ignore that appalling darkness. Nor should we imagine that everything that we call civilization is necessarily indicative of a highly-developed intelligence. The first expressions of intelligence, especially those of an inventive nature, owed their existence to necessity.

The sort of intelligence which results from necessity is also, to a certain small extent, possessed by animals that probably inherited it from a long line of ancestors. The latter, in turn, acquired it while struggling for self-preservation. We, today, possess it, and use it for the purpose of acquiring the dollar, the thing that buys preservation of family and self. Considered in its naked reality, it is a weapon that must successfully combat the terrors and the threats of the external world, and that must wrest from its bosom the things which the hungry belly craves.

Now, it is a difficult matter to estimate a people's degree of intellectual development solely with the aid of the things which they create or employ for the purpose of ameliorating the conditions of life. Low water in the Swiss lakes revealed, recently, the remains of dwellings which thousands of years ago housed the so-called Lake-dwellers. Necessity in the shape of wild beasts lurking in the vicinity, and of rising and furious waters, stirred a probably very immature intellect to creative activity when these ancient people conceived the idea of building their homes on piles. We find the Javanese and the Malay people of today, however, build their huts in a similar manner. They use bamboo sticks instead of wooden poles. Necessity, in the latter instance, is represented by wild beasts and by swampy ground with its inevitable fever. Should we conclude that the ancient Lake-dwellers were on the same level of development with the present Malay people and Javanese? But, instead of looking backward, let us consider a hypothetical case of the future. Our descendants, ten thousand years hence, endeavor to unearth the long-buried empire of Japan. They find the well-preserved hull of the Mutsu, battleship among ancient battleships. They face concrete evidence of the use of wireless and telegraphy in the ancient days of the empire. In fact, they hit upon identical appearances of civilization when unearthing the ancient American and Japanese cities. Will they conclude that the Americans and the Japanese of ten thousand years ago dwelt on the same level of intelligence?

The material paraphernalia of human life, those things created by man for the purpose of making the business of living a more comfortable one, undoubtedly inform us to a certain extent about his degree of intelligence. Manicure sets and beauty parlors, submarines and bombing planes, street cars and limousines, are creations of a highly intelligent type of human being. Yet, do such things fail to give us a definite idea regarding the stage of development at which the employer of such things has arrived. The American negro, for

example, wears a silk shirt, smokes cigarettes, telephones to his neighbor, rides on street cars and travels in automobiles, celebrates the Fourth and eats Thanksgiving dinner. Is he the American's equal in an intellectual sense? And can we, with certainty, ascertain the development of the peoples of history by making their material paraphernalia of life our basis of judgment? It is not altogether from the manner in which their palaces were built, their armies organized, or their meals served, that we can fully estimate their intelligence. There is another kind of paraphernalia of human life which more definitely points at the particular place which man has reached on his journey towards enlightenment. They are purely intellectual, and they are at all times original with those who invent and accept them. They differ from the material paraphernalia in this, that they result from thought which is impersonal, whereas the material paraphernalia invariably owe their existence to conceptions of necessity or desirability, their immediate purpose being that of protecting, pleasing, or coddling self. The latter, moreover, are easily imitated, and their use is easily adopted by human beings much inferior in intelligence to the original inventors. A savage can be taught to eat with a silver spoon. But, even if a monkey wears a golden ring, he still remains an ugly thing.

The physical objects with which man surrounds himself, even today, more quickly draw our attention and arouse our admiration than the thoughts which he thinks. In the study of history, we are similarly inclined to link superior intelligence with the feat of placing a huge block of sandstone on top of another rather than to see immature civilization in the fact that armies of slaves were compelled to perform that feat. The magnificence and the hugeness of ancient temples make us forget the absurdity of the ideas which they embody. The one-sided genius of a Napoleon blinds us to his modernized primitive make-up. We are perfectly willing to let a million dollars cover a multitude of the most selfish sins. Human existence, however, in one respect at least, is a struggle for supremacy between thought of self and thought of not-self in the individual. Which of the two will eventually reign supreme is as yet a matter of guesswork. Thought of self being associated with the ineradicable instinct of self-preservation, in all probability will always be present in man. But the value that we attach to its expressions will decrease as we learn to correctly estimate that of the products of thought of not-self. Among the latter must be classed laws, institutions, religions, philosophies, science, art, customs, traditions, in short, such

products of intelligence as have nothing to do with the belly or the self.

As examples of what we have named, the intellectual paraphernalia of human life, we would cite a Workman's Compensation Act, an Eight Hour Law, a League of Nations (were it realizable under present conditions). We are well aware that the existence of such laws and institutions, in the opinion of many, is made possible by a more or less mature development of man's moral, ethical or, perhaps, spiritual nature. If by, spiritual nature of man, is meant the nature of something which is identical with the ego or soul, we confess our inability to argue the point. The nature of the soul is a profound mystery to us. As regards the moral and ethical natures of man, we suggest that they are far from being the fundamental things which we often suppose them to be. They were gradually acquired and developed by him in the course of his career, and they are most intimately associated with intelligence, the maturity or immaturity of which they faithfully reflect in the individual's attitude towards the world of not-self, in particular, the human world. Our failure to link morals and ethics with intelligence as a source from which they spring, in many instances gives rise to the conception of a more or less sentimental love which man harbors, or is capable of harboring, for his fellow, be the latter friend or stranger. The modern age, especially, is saturating the world with a theoretical brotherly love which it seems impossible to put into practice. This love, too, is conceived to be something fundamental, and independent of intelligence. We observe, however, that the author of a Workman's Compensation Act was not primarily fired with love for the worker. Before such love can be or express itself, there must be something else. There must be the ability to live in thought beyond the limits of an individual world which is bounded by a solid wall of self-interest. There must be the ability to think about things other than ME. The mind's field of activity must extend beyond house and lot, beyond business interests, beyond private ambitions, into a surrounding world of things and creatures that differ from the self not only in their nature with its accompanying expressions, but also with respect to the immediate goal towards which they are traveling. The mind's field of activity must first have widened, perhaps, into an immeasurable universe of night-depths, with the uncountable things and creatures which it contains. The creature whose interest is centered exclusively in his ME, not only is devoid of generosity, unselfishness, and sympathy for his suffering fellow, he is

also ignorant. Self-centeredness and the inability to be aware of the world of not-self necessarily go together. The individual is not equipped to receive impressions from the external world. In the absence of such impressions, the field which the intellect covers is limited to immediate surroundings, and to things and conditions that are of immediate personal interest. The result is, that an attitude of sympathetic understanding towards the creatures belonging to the external world of which he is hardly aware, is impossible.

Our failure to realize that the moral and ethical nature of man, and his activities in general, are shaped by individual intelligence, prevent us from gaining a clear insight into the meaning of history, and from tracing the steps of a progressive human evolution. We are incapable of deciding which sort of intelligence is inferior and which superior, because we do not penetrate beyond the inevitable expressions of intelligence unto intelligence, itself. We do not here man to assert that human intelligence is a thing fundamental. Where there is intelligence, there necessarily is something which is intelligent. For present practical purposes we need not yet consider this something. We may content ourselves with divesting man from the various cloaks, physical, moral and ethical, that rather effectively conceal him. He then reveals himself as a center of intelligence that travels the road of progress. The progress in question consists of the increased ability of intelligence to reflect upon the world that lies beyond ME. The world that lies beyond ME is the external world. And the external world is a mighty large one. In fact, it is the universe, which owns, or does not own, limits: we are as yet uncertain about the matter.

It is seldom that historians draw our attention to the most important revelation of history. We are asked to witness the growth of intelligence during the last fifty centuries or so. But just exactly where and how this growth is discernible is not definitely stated. Improved morals and broader ideals are distilled from yesterday's materials. Tolerable living conditions, a social life of a fair order, and all the material paraphernalia that are essential to modern civilization, we are told, are the nuggets that remain after thoroughly sifting and washing the apparently valueless muck of history. But, the thousand and one things that pertain to human life evolve with man. Not a tool that he employs, not an institution which is his, not a custom to which he adheres, but it owns its history of development. From the distant past man, himself, emerges a constantly changing creature, and the comet's tail of paraphernalia, material and intellec-

tual, that trail close behind him, reflect the shadows and the glimmers of his progressing self. To see in history the growth of morals, only, or the perfection of tools or an improvement in the social order, is to see merely the whirling eddies in the main stream of human life. That which necessarily belongs to man diverts our attention from fundamental man, himself. The exclusive interest that we display in human expressions is the cause of our ignoring the mysterious nature and the silent and subtle development of the creature that expresses.

Progressive intelligence has the tendency to soar skyward. That statement may be taken literally. Although the intellect has achieved innumerable successes in various directions, it has been mainly busy, and rather successfully, we think, exploring the external world. Man has lived, from the very beginning, in two worlds. The first is, of course, the actual universe, true existence, that which is. The second is the world of his imagination. Perhaps it is more nearly correct to say that it is the world of which he is capable of being aware, dressed in the colors of his imagination. Now, the second world was, at first, a very limited one. Man's immature development is characterized by his being deeply absorbed in self. This high degree of self-centeredness is the cause of his being unaware of the presence of a large and an intricate external world. Only such objects and phenomena as immediately affect the self are observed by him, and are eventually being reflected upon. But the world in which man thought that he lived slowly and gradually expanded. It encircled tribes and hunting grounds. It included thundergods and stargods. It embraced empires and inland seas, oceans and continents. It became the abode of deities. It enveloped the earth, and assumed the proportions of a solar system. It extended towards the luminosity of the Milky Way. At present, it is losing its boundaries in the unutterable magnificence of an infinite immensity of universe. Strange and impractical as the fact may seem, man's chief business upon this earth has been the intelligent discovery of the world that lies outside the self. It is significant, moreover, that the external world of his fancy, which at the start was absolutely unlike the eternal origin, in time began to resemble reality. It would appear that the creation of a faithful image of the original, expressed in terms of reason and understanding, has become man's chief ambition and goal. History suggests that he embarked on his journey towards the light for the purpose of becoming acquainted with his universal home, and for that of giving voice to its glory.

We have described man as a center of intelligence which on its progressive earthly career sent its vibrations deeper and deeper into a bottomless external world. When we divest him from this cloak of intelligence, we should behold him in all his nakedness. We should, but we do not. The ME of man is a presence that cannot be seen or known. It is known by the manner, only, in which it expresses itself through the medium of its servants, the body and the brain. All our scientific methods have thus far failed to correctly label it. This much, however, is known concerning it; it is capable of receiving impressions from an external world, and that capability varies with its degree of development. In its immature condition, the number of impressions is very small. When it is highly developed, that number is staggeringly large.

Man is a center of intensified being journeying through an ocean of rarefied being, a veritable storage battery of existence. Traveling beyond the domain of man into the universe, we find the latter crowded with billions of such nuclei. Although they are subject to an intricate system of classification, the differences which we encounter among them are not differences in kind but differences in degree. All individual existence is wrapped, figuratively speaking, of course, in a more or less profound sleep. The profundity or the lightness of the sleep determines what the individual is, and how far it has progressed on the road of evolution. The universe may be likened to an immense dormitory wherein nature watches over the sleepers. Some are completely unconscious. They exist, but they do not know that thy exist. Others are becoming restless under the influence of impressions that reach them from the external world. And, some, seeing strange things and hearing mysterious sounds, sit up rubbing the sleep from their eyes, wondering where they are and what they are. Consider the impressions that reach the flower, which closes its petals at night, and opens them to absorb the vitalizing rays of the sun. Can you place yourself in the condition of that flower, can you vaguely feel the few impressions that reach it, and can you see the very, very faint glimmer of reality that penetrates into its soul? Consider the animal, capable of receiving many more impressions, capable therefore of expressing itself more freely and in a greater variety of ways. Can you vaguely picture to yourself the considerably larger world in which it dwells? Finally, consider the human being and the numberless impressions that find their way into his soul. He has awakened to such an extent from the original nature-slumber that he is compelled to marvel at and to babble about the

strange world that roused him from his sleep. A certain degree of that awakeness necessitated the creation of the instrument which enables him to babble and to marvel—the human brain.

Penetrating to the very bottom of history, therefore, we do not see human intelligence, but the mysterious ME of man follow the road of progress. We cease mistaking the surface of human life for its foundation. We not merely insist that developing man is an increasingly better thinker, warrior, community-builder, or what not. Behind things thought is the thinker, behind things done is the actor. The material and intellectual paraphernalia of human life change their nature in the course of centuries because the fundamental self changes its nature. What force or forces cause the change in the inner man? A burning question, this, which in importance overshadows all questions concerning the queer sounds that man utters, the toys and the tools that he manufactures, the ant nests, which he builds, of law-woven communities that are concrete representations of contemporary civilization. Another important question is, how does change in the inner man manifest itself in the life of the individual? When we are able to answer these two questions, we cease wondering why John Jones thinks this and does that. We realize that John Jones necessarily acts and thinks as he does because he is what he is. The mention of his name, of course, immediately creates a series of mental images, of his residence, his office, his clothes, his face. We remember his good and bad qualities, and his extraordinary notions about certain matters. This is generally as far as we go. But, the name, John Jones, should enable us, ultimately, to distinguish one nucleus of being from another. The different paraphernalia that accompany the one and the other on their respective journeys through the infinite, reveal the existence of a certain difference between the condition of the one nucleus and that of the other.

Considering the development of fundamental man instead of one or more of his being's necessary expressions, history proves to be more than a mere record of intrigues, murders, wars, and acts of general human misbehavior. It records much more, even, than the steady growth of intelligence. Behind intelligence is that which expresses it: one of the billions of life-centers that compose the universe. What is this life-center? When and where did it originate? Whither is it traveling? In history, we follow the movements of the Divine Finger, for a little while only, that eternally weaves the golden threads of creative evolution. Though we

are unable to scientifically analyze the nature of the particular life-center which is man, we are nevertheless in a position to determine that it has been subjected to a change during a certain period of time. The paraphernalia that accompany this human life-center on its earthly travels help us reach our conclusion. Their nature changes as the inner man changes. As was stated before, however, we should not rely completely on the material paraphernalia of human life for our judgment as to how far the inner man has developed. They owe their existence chiefly to thought of self. And one hundred per cent thought of self marks the beginning of man's career. Those expressions of his that owe their existence to his ability to be aware of not-self, directly and definitely point at the narrowness or the vastness of his mind's field of activity. Indirectly, they furnish some information concerning the condition of the self. They tell us about the insignificantly small or the divinely large section of the universe with which the self is in touch. They draw a circle about the individual, beyond the boundaries of which his soul is incapable of sending its vibrations, and his mind its searchlight of understanding. The things that occur within that imaginary circle happen naturally and necessarily. Its radius, in fact, determines their nature. Within the circle we hear a thought expressed. If we will but consider the fact that the universe is infinitely large, we can roughly deduce from the nature of that thought the length of the radius of the circle of individuality. Within the circle we see an act performed. The nature of the act immediately enables us to draw a dividing line between the world of which the individual is aware and the world of which he is not aware. For the individual, that which is lies within the boundaries of the circle. Beyond the circumference are mystery and the unexplored.

The highest degree of intelligence is expressed by the individual who is least self-centered. Before this truth becomes thoroughly apparent, however, the answers to the following two questions should be first discovered: What force or forces change the inner being of man? How does change in the inner man manifest itself in life?

ASPIRATION AS AN ARTIFICIAL ATTITUDE

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

IT is the futile function of romanticism to be forever yearning for some sort of strong faith, but never being able to strike upon the exact object of its ideal affection. It finds, in this world of course, a myriad obstacles and enemies to its desire and therefore usually aspires more to evade the struggle of conquest than to meet its adversaries face to face in mortal combat—nay, more, its own lack of a durable faith often prevents its meeting even the requirements of an honest cultural *combat a outrance*. Such an aspiration, even though admirably devout and habitually pursued under direction of some sovereign religious conviction, is yet artificial as well as superficial. It misses the actual discipline of experience, the slow refinement of toil and trouble, and skims carelessly over the underlying realities of existence, quite unmindful of the fact that two-thirds of its possibilities are still dormant, submerged under the vast ocean of delusion and artifice. I believe that it is this surface schematism of life, more than anything else perhaps, which keeps the romanticist constantly tortured with the apparent insolubility of the cosmic riddle and with it the many ironies and paradoxes of his half-blind religious experience.

In religions which place great reliance on human hope, we find that faith and aspiration are the chief requirements of their rubrics. Mere verbal assent or lipservice is not enough; it is not ornate rituals nor verbose ceremonial recitations, but simple piety, loyal devotion to the divine in a consecrated spiritual life which makes them vital and significant. Anything short of these necessities mark any so-called religious experience as shallow and artificial; without these it is but a cycle of sham sacrifice, poseur practice and specious sanctity. Spiritual aspiration, as one of the chief functions of religious experience, means that there is a definitely conceived goal toward which, and a sturdy courageous faith with which, to make

sincere moral effort and heroic self-sacrifice. It does not cast about desperately like Carlyle, whose romanticism was more a digestive aid to rhetoric than a spiritual spontaneity of aspiration and mystic insight, seeking the ever-elusive simile which would carry just the proper amount of ambiguity to make it ironical; there is always something wrong with desires that are desperate, with religions that are rhetorical (and rhyomistic), with psychic attitudes that are artificial.

Such a system of upreach is feeble and fallacious, such a miracle-maze is mischievous, in reality a mere mirage of mercenary and meticulous moods which are more exasperating than aspirant. It is, as a general thing, a system of sophist cupidity, crass cunning and confessional credulity which seeks petty prizes at the spirit's expense, trying to capture specious prestige for moral courage at the Cowards' Intellectual Bal Masque. With postichees every aspiration is artificial, with sham saviors and psychic salesmen of the soul's security all progress is a pose, all civilization corrupt. But I will simply say that if all our tactics should turn out to be so much artifice and subterfuge, then indeed would our happiness and virtue be sorry affairs; they would consist only in finite aims and wishes, their skill-limits would be such as to offer nothing but mediocre rewards and vulgarian heavens. And anyway, the poorest scholar in college would not dawdle away his time and paternal favors if he could just once understand how really antithetical hedonism and headwork are. But alas, he does not see, know nor care why it is that in a happiness philosophy which hypocritically aims at worldly comfort, luxury or gratification, no honest concern for or effort toward actual virtue or wisdom will inhere nor be much sought after. He is an ignorant galoot to start with, so how can a brief term in some fashionplate college make any cultural veneer stick long enough to rub off when he begins brushing against the obdurate realities of a worldly life? Foresight and good luck might win his better nature if caught in time, but after twenty years of shallow preparation, pleasure and profit-seeking, what hope for a poor numskull who didn't know any better in the first place? Finite interests and unrestraint have caused more failures than war or panic; clumsiness and inexperience have caused more rancor and regret than all the vandal vengeance in the world.

But to get back to the immediate subject: There is neither piety nor aspiration of any genuine sort in religions of power, persuasion and revenge; their proprium is self-service and their procedure is

seduction and spoliation, either get proselytes or kill off enemies (or as in Islamism, both). The original sources of practically any religion are usually sincere and ennobling, constructive and altruistic; but their charm and vitality are soon grown corrupt, vulgarized and given vendible interpretation, so that they are shortly no more aspirant or inspiring than any other wordly institution or enterprise. I am not so well posted on the different sects of other religions, but of the common fate of every schism and sectarian departure throughout the history of Christian dogma is any argument, I will say that we Occidentals are only recently become religious, we still cling to our former animal traditions and have more faith in power than penitence, more hope for revenge than for redemption. It may be one of the permissible tactics of a *growing* religion (not yet adolescent, much less already matured), to resort to vital lies, psychological fallacies, automorphism and prejudicial propaganda. Ritual artifice and ceremonial magic, hypocritical assent and ambiguous observance, run rife in every creed and code of Christian gregarianism. Even when we agree that religions have to *grow up*, like any other product of the earth through man's tender(?) care and cultivation, we do not also acknowledge that all these questionable resorts are very respectable tokens of his aspiration and sincerity. We do see, however (although our discretion advises silence), that these practices are worldly and clever perhaps, but certainly not spiritual or exemplary such as a true religious sovereignty ought to offer. They are sanctioned by poseur priests whose only office seems to be to strike artificial attitudes favorable to popular sentiment, rather than be aspirant and devout in sight of God.

It is not redemption from Nature or the material world that men need, so much as it is redemption from false notions, bad habits and mercenary motives. True love of Nature never yet corrupted any man. She is his mother, nurse, comrade and guide, and if the man himself is upright, just and even half-way congenial, Nature will aid and comfort all his periods of aspiration or adversity. It is all a sophist scheme of false psychology, a specious logic of lucre-lust, which makes prejudice plausible and tries to show us in need of revival and rebirth, telic judgment and total transfiguration. We are smothered with rubric recrimination and revived with a perfunctory sprinkling of holy water. The vacuous hermeneutics and astute anagogy of the world's religious scriptures are vain and voluble to no good cause; they serve largely to befog the issue so that priests and potentates may continue in their lecherous hypocrisy.

The major portion of the world's people are not responsive to any moral exhortation except as it exaggerates the goal and magnifies the reward. If no great epileptic phenomena attend a savior's birth, nor any cosmic consternation mark his decease, people generally do not feel aroused to the significance of the situation, nor are they very ready to accept the exhortation on such normal merits alone. They are emotionally sluggish and mentally inert, so it requires quite a charge of dogmatic dynamite to "waken them from their native slumber and break up their caked prejudices." Our motives, even more than our methods, need occasional overhauling, they require revamping for the same reason that any other habitual practice requires occasional reformation or readjustment. Likewise it is aspiration and its emotional sobriety, rather than material ambition and worldly achievement, which require revision and redemption, because the quality of the latter invariably depends upon the quality or purity of the former. We are alright by natural birthright, but our early education has been sadly (and often criminally) neglected. In view of this, religious anagogy caters too much to human cupidity, to abnormal psychologies, inert minds and imbecile morals. Better no religion at all than to have forever the cheap melodramatic resort to force of artificial aims, rhyomistic rewards, bribe tactics, unctuous umbrage and précieuse perquisites of power.

Antiquity was perhaps as noisy and turbulent with factions and antagonisms as our modern era. Those times were creative, we say, of all our venerable traditions, our historical perspective and our even yet probate heritage of moral principles. But there has been little uniformity in the various legacies of those glorious times when former civilizations flourished and the fittest unfit survived for a time; especially if we look at past history as the chronicle of different races, regions, types of religion and of men. We find, as a national characteristic mainly, that the Jews taught wrath and revenge; the Greeks love, art and education; the Hindus superstition and intellectual subtlety; the Chinese political probity and ceremonial magic; the Egyptians priestcraft and sorcery; the Romans economic power and political prestige. And these were not only diverse expressions racially or nationally, but were also the different results of native prejudice, climatic conditions and geographical situation, indigenous conflicts and long centuries of determined meditation and meandering practice. No wonder there were gods and goddesses of nearly everything under the sun—love, lust, wisdom, folly, beauty, deformity, jealousy, hate, creation, destruction, war, wine, power

and prosperity. There were gods active and fainéant, Demiurgos and Osiris, Orpheus and Horus, Agni and Varuna, Kuan-Ti and Kuan-Yin; there were even deities of old (so Heine and Nietzsche say) who actually laughed themselves to death at man's petty postulates and predications. What then would they do today when man's motives are mercenary, his schemes selfish and his aspirations artificial? Huxley says they would feel too sad to laugh and only too glad to die. Even what are now monotheistic religions were originally ambitious cults which took over all the divine attributes and theological predications of preceding and contemporary pantheons, and bundled them all up into *one* being without omnipresent powers and multiple personality. Early Judaism was a religion of wrath and rancor, for Jahveh was always either jealous or proud, in a rage or skillfully hiding in ambiguity. The Jews of old were as prejudicial against the mortalism of the Sadducees as they were scornful of the mercenary vulgarism of the Philistines. With the Greeks and patristic writers religion was guided by philosophic and apologetic persuasion, but the Romans turned back to a religion of power based upon the revision of pagan and Mithraic sources. Proto-Christianity counselled meekness and renunciation because it was a religion of fear and futile ambition (futile at that time, at least). Excepting the few rare thinkers who strove to develop a logical apology and conciliation no one had the courage to oppose, nor the ability to analyze and expurgate the pagan creed, but felt content merely to cast flat denials and sharp anathemas at it, eventually (and literally, we must also admit) talking Christianity to extinction, and it has been a dead issue ever since. Even today no really constructive criticism or sincere effort at ritual reformation is welcome, the rubrics are supposedly the dogmatic word of God and therefore above the need of human tampering. However, mere antiquity of religious traditions is no valid or sufficient credential of their truth or power to inspire. They may be forceful and fascinating without necessarily being also factual and free from fallacy. Hence, they argue no conviction except on those already given to blind belief, already half stupid, intellectually lazy and incapable of any critical aspiration to examine their content of truth or telicity.

Bruno Lessing says that an interesting chapter is being written in the great History of Hypocrisy, and that every hypocrit invariably wraps himself in a mantle of bunk morality. That's a good word, Bunk; it is so charmingly versatile and omnipresent; it reminds one of the old Jewish Jehosophat whose ineffable covenant

replaced the previous Elohist theocracy with artificial propaganda and shrewd character analysis. Bunk morality is the Jenkins mind taking an active interest in religion—it is always businesslike and uses indiscriminate force and flattery. There was some element of bunk morality and religion practiced by that society of repentent Friends whose doctrine of nonresistance did not keep their pietism wholly honest, for we find them devising Quaker cannon and dummy garrisons to scare Cornwallis' men away. And there is a far greater proportion of bunk religion in that highly predatory and pragmatic institution which claims that with sophist psalter and sanctimonious unction a knave's last days may be blessed and his sins so well greased that he can slip into Heaven unnoticed. No wonder Neander said that it is sin that makes theologians; a really wise and good man will have nothing to do with either sin or theology, they are both sources of rancor and revenge. His friend and teacher, Schleiermacher, shared Schelling's critical romanticism and is now recognized as one of the great pioneers in the philosophy of religion. We are only now, after a whole century of vain wrangling and vituperative rancor, just beginning to realize his prophetic decision that psychology will ultimately show that true religion embraces and inspires man's *whole life;* that it is not merely an emotional or anagogic response to ambiguous preachments, not a melodramatic refinement of the moral life nor a rhetorical representation of its fundamental relationship to spiritual aspiration, but simply a composite spiritualization and melioristic synthesis of all man's nobler functions and duties, aims and aspirations. The inner experience of piety or devout feeling need not be denied on losing the validative support of critical thought, because it still has a mystic or symbolic meaning giving it religious value and significance. The immediacy of piety is its highest charm and credential of virtue; it is this intuitive feeling which supports the individual in his reverence for eternal truths and infinite love. Religious feeling harmonizes all our lesser faculties, sensory, intellectual, volitional and affective, into an immediate consciousness of our dependence upon Divine Grace and Justice, upon the infinite and universal life of all things which have their being in God.

Kierkegaard, one of Denmark's most original and fruitful thinkers, devoted his life to the religious aesthetic of "being a Christian," a real living exemplar of the divine life showing men the mediocrity of mercenary motives as well as the wicked and futile (because fallacious) policy behind their customary pragmatic faith and expedi-

ency-morality. Like Socrates, he believed devoutly in the moral necessity of "making difficulties" where it was natural for others to "take things easy," for without toil and trouble and obstacles to overcome, our spirit soon grows flabby, inert, lazy, weak and an easy victim to subtle arts and mischiefs. In his *Philosophiske Smuler* he approaches romantically life's particular problem, Salvation, and says that religious faith must be divested of our intellectual attention to historical events, time-relations and material catastrophes. God does not submit to intellectual power or subterfuge, and hence, in the devout passion of religious trust and pious expectancy, such physical and logical propositions as the intellect cherishes are set aside, rendered non-essential and irrelevant. From first to last, then, under the comfort and guidance of this conviction, Kierkegaard lived, not for some vaguely conceived, abstract universal idea, but for the individual soul, its present possibilities, its future betterment and its ultimate salvation. Just some such an actually-lived Christian life is what we all need today in place of the vast concert of casuist ethics, duplex morality and hypocritical religion. In France at least great impetus may be given us in this direction since the celebrated philosopher, Emile Boutroux, has undertaken to direct the affairs of the *Fondation Thiers,* and brings to bear on all its students, patrons and devotees the new conception of education as no more then mere acquisition of knowledge, but the development of our whole life and being, all our powers, functions, possibilities and creative capacities. He is especially anxious to show that morality is a spontaneous discrimination between right and wrong, good and bad, truth and falsehood; that it assumes that thought is developed already to the extent that the moral person is intelligent first and good by natural consequence. It is not by recourse to blind will, not through the chance virtue affected by wise weaklings or clever worldlings, but through the emphatic and intelligent cultivation of free spiritual insight, energy and initiative, through the individual's personal nobility, honor and power to think, act, choose and aspire spontaneously that morality is to be had as a really operative and sincere process in life. No man has ever been really good nor even really converted to religious sincerity when only urged by the external force of law or the internal importunities of hunger or lack of shelter. He must have some spiritual inclination, some religious feeling and insight already, before he can be converted or aroused to virtue.

Religious hypocrites always argue a suave defense of their duplicity, saying they believe so-and-so even though they don't practice it. It is not their private sentiment, cherished because an agreeable balm to conscience, but the conduct which they actually pursue from day to day, that shows what they really believe in. They really believe only in the world and what it gives them, not in the nobler spirituelle of honest aspiration and heroic sacrifice which shall give them a less artificial prestige in the next life. If their present lives were not so ambiguous and rhyomistic they would not even interpret the next world in terms of Heaven and Hell, in terms of self-satisfaction and autral vengeance. Our popular debauchery of morals in an artificial hope and hypocritical religious outlook finds expression in the depressing fact that it is gradually becoming more and more fashionable to affect worldly sophistication, vulgar sentiment, lazy luxury, selfish fallacy, social folly and irreligious attitudes toward life. It is all a result of our modern vagaries in education, the false culture which aims at material acquisition and sensory satisfaction; we strive to develop new fashions but neglect to develop what little soul, what few spiritual powers we have with us always. Our pietism is a sad subterfuge of specious prestige, an artificial longing for personal power and pleasure; so how can our religious programs offer anything acceptable without mixing in a large portion of hedonism, money-grubbing, "success" and jazz? Do we not sin greatly when, in moral or intellectual pride, we assume superiority to Decalog and Demiurgos, taking more delight in perusal of the Decameron than in studious interpretation of the Doxology? How came we to possess authority to presume ourselves beyond the reach of God's law, superior to Nature, above reproach regarding our motives, tastes and tactics? These things are not even beyond our own critical consideration and occasional repudiation, and they are certainly very finite and ignoble when, in the course of application or resort, we feel hurt and vindictive at the petty umbrage of untactful companions or grow intolerant of the exhortations of teachers and counsellors. Vital lies and hypocrisy are necessary only so long as we choose to remain fools and vandals, world-seekers and weaklings.

True culture and religion are not mutually exclusive, but complementary and have identical aims, for both would realize a perfect development and expression of *all* our faculties, talents and aspirations. Both recognize that the individual has value and destiny only when his genius for wisdom and virtue is given proper culture and

refinement, inspiration and enlightenment, motivation and adjustment. All one's noblest possibilities of head, hand and heart; intellect, body and soul; will, affection and conscience being recognized and disciplined to the best and most efficient use, means that he has outgrown all wordly artifice, vengeful rancor, deceitful tactics and selfish pride. With this unusual accomplishment well in hand a man can be called really educated, for he will not show any vulgar signs of bad taste, ignorance or irreverence. On the other hand, it is not necessary to take refuge in an intellectual suicide nor purposely shipwreck our philosophic emprise through the Universe in order to collect payment on our religious policy. Theism can be scientific and philosophical just as readily as it can be superstitious and fallacious. Religion can be open-minded and devout just as easily as it can be dogmatic and forever plotting revenge. Thus, religious faith and cultural education can be the recognized handmaidens to our spiritual progress if we so desire and use them, but we must ask that they be sincere, courageous and devout, liberal, loyal and creative, and not mere caricatures of culture or creed. There must be honest enlightenment and spiritual exaltation all along the line of march, else our progress be only a specious acquisition of power, an artificial achievement, an illusion to deceive myopic fools. Let us review some of the religious aspects and moral corollaries of progress and decay.

True progress is produced in the laboratory of the soul. It is the result of spiritual attention to duty, of moral achievement brought to bear on the social needs of life. Three principal features mark any age of progress; these are character education, economic justice and social service. If a community is grown corrupt, unjust and selfish, its life is just that much narrowed and made miserable, whence it cannot help but be torn and tortured by the many mischiefs and meannesses of graft, luxury-lust, extravagance, hedonism, injustice and exploitation. Thence it will soon be on the way to decay and failure as a normally balanced, peaceful and prosperous commonwealth. The reason is that no group, community, state, nation or world-federation can remain peaceful, prosperous, happy or make progress while it contains (i. e., entertains those religious faiths and moral ambiguities which help to maintain) the many conflicting elements of power and passion, crime and corruption within its borders. Society is whole and healthy when it is made up of saintly souls as well as savants, mystics as well as merchants and mechanics, dreamers and clerks. We may claim that our life is

about as perfect as possible, that our age is fairly free and successful because we have clever artists and artisans, delicate and beautiful works of art, useful and efficient industrial products, vast political and economic machinery, both private and public power to imagine, plan, construct or achieve great things. But is civilization wholly a success on these merits alone, when we still lack spirituality, love, honor, intellectual courage and moral nobility, while we are still so universally ignorant, foolish, intolerant and covetous, while we are still so indiscriminate and promiscuous in our thoughts and deeds, while we are still so intellectually irresponsible, emotionally unstrung, erotic and hysterical—in fact, while our souls are still corrupt and deformed, wretched and bungling in the very basic things supposed to make for value and destiny, success and significance in our individual lives? I do not doubt that with conditions as they are today, no one will deny that there is much room for reform, many opportunities for improvement even in this raucous would-be golden age of science and invention, greed, debauchery and spoliation.

Intelligence is no one's enemy. It is the friend and guide of all who will admit it into the inner circle of their company; it is the constant counsellor of prudence, the mainstay of fortitude, and the loyal paraclete of those who sorrow. To be intelligent is no easy quondam affair, however. It demands tolerance, largesse, tact, innocence, generosity, courage, love, sympathy, consideration, justice, confidence and devotion. It is ever ready to serve the noble cause of the soul's pilgrimage making progress possible and affording protection against decadence, ennui, umbrage and caducité. It senses danger and counsels wise procedure; it guides aspirant souls through all this world's temptations, trials, seductions and mistakes; it shows the many pitfalls which await the fool and makes us wary of all artifice and subtle fascinations. An intelligent man leaves nothing to luck, chance or blind automatism. He uses his head so that his hands and feet will have discerning usefulness, so that his mind will work efficiently, his conduct be devout and dignified, his heart feel free in its humility, its conscience and discretion. New problems daily arise, life takes on new phases of relation and re-

straint, and it is necessary that intelligence should supply solutions and adjustments to meet the new situations. To be a reasoning being then, and take an intelligent interest in life, means that we seek versatility, that we cut down our spiritual limitations, and enlarge our mental horizon, that we draw upon the inexhaustible energies within us which make for open-mindedness, courage, knowledge, artistic talent, justice and resourcefulness. With these well-developed and properly used we can soon be wise and good, and being wise and good we will also soon be living reverent lives of piety and peace.

MISCELLANEOUS

"NEW LIGHT ON THE PROBLEM OF EVIL"

To the Editor of THE OPEN COURT:

In your March, 1924, number, Victor S. Yarros gives some beautiful quotations on the "Problem of Evil," and concludes that if there be any solution of the problem, it must be scientific, or in a scientific religion. The late Paul Carus has said in his wonderful writings that "Science is Holy," and I believe a study of his many books and essays would give such a solution as Mr. Yarros indicates.

Is not the problem like those of Light and Darkness; Heat and Cold; Up and Down; Positive and Negative and the Squaring of the Circle?

Doctor Carus has shown us many truths, and amongst them the fact that some old so-called problems were not problems at all, and could not ask for any solution, as that: "if an irresistible body meet an immovable one, what would happen?" He shows that that would imply two infinities, as impossibility, and the "statement" passes like the question: "if black is white, what will happen?" We no longer beg questions by asking whether God can make twice two equal five?

Light being defined as the effect of ether waves, or of ion patterings on the nerves of the eye, it is a "Feeling," and "subjective" We may ask whether God could make an eye that would forever respond to such irritations, and enjoy eternal Light! Perhaps the eye could keep up the sensations if they were varied from time to time but a uniform light would destroy its own effects in time, to say nothing of the law of conservation.

Life is manifested in "Feelings," and feelings are subject to the condition of change, because with no change in feelings or motions a merely frozen condition would ensue—no motion, no life.

The next thought to arise in our solution is one of having God make the change in feeling forever upwards, so that each day we should be able to say: "I am happier today than I was yesterday." Scientifically, here again, we should meet the question of the law of conservation of energy. Also the question of the ability of the nerves to stand a high degree of exaltation. Otherwise we might ask a slow life, like the supposed life of the clam, increasing in happiness only a little day by day! Even then, the other difficulties would arise, such as memory of the past lower enjoyment, or of dear friends left behind, or of comparisons and wishes the same as we now have. In a word,

a thousand fancies, imaginations and wonders would have to be rearranged to make this new way to a "Heaven!"

As we now "live and move and have our being in God" our lives, or "Feelings" are in wave motions, and as we go up the slope of a wave, we say we are enjoying more happiness, and as we go down, we sigh, but know that the comparisons are necessary to appreciation of our blessings.

Herbert Spencer has said that practically all of life's activities are in wave motions, including all of nature's works.

Some modern philosophers believe we are making a new and better ethics for our "Life in God" all the time, according to Evolution, and how grand it is to feel that already we can see the improvement in humanity, in business, in charity, for all nations and Creeds, in kindness to animals, in contentment and better health for ourselves, and a longer life.

We are learning that Death (which comes sometimes in earthquakes) is perhaps not an evil in itself, after all. No more than sleep.

We seem to have reached an uncertainty in the old beliefs in Spirits, though the ancient Egyptians and early Hebrews were weak on that belief themselves, while some of us well-educated moderns have gone far in it!

There are old and untenable beliefs about the "personality" of God, and even so, we have rather ridiculous ideas about Spirits, and it is very wholesome that the Ghost superstitions of the Middle Ages are nearly gone.

But these good changes are not reasons for giving up hopes and beliefs in a scientific mode of existence by electricity or ions or some holy and undreamed-of future quite as beyond us now as is the New World to ancient and revered Prophets! "Science is Holy," and it always leaves us as much of infinite hope in a future as have ever any superstition-made Utopias. Do we fear death? Why, some vast religions make a heaven of hopes of an extinction in an utter rest and freedom from all care. We find a similar condition in sleep, and some seek death as a refuge. We may be sure of a future in our children, and in the influences of our work as good citizens. And all the beautiful time, we have a right to hope for a finer future than any dream of any poet thus far in this world!

But Science is teaching us to walk on the paths God has made, and not to repeat the olden error of torturing our fellow creatures to live in superstitious regions evolved from unproven guesses and fancies, or fears!

Again, as to the "miseries" of people's lives: we are prone to imagine *others'* sufferings as unendurable and horrible, while if we think to go to each person we know, or can reach, and inquire into their conditions, we shall surely find them enjoying the vicissitudes of life about the same as ourselves, as nearly as one can place himself in another's feelings and inherited influences. There *are* hard sufferings, and most of us have our turns at them, but we must in general confess that our balance of happiness and woe is largely on the side of joy, and a fear of having to go in death and leave it! Wars and Commerce have always broadened the minds of men, and so the World War has done for millions, and we see one beautiful effect in the broad view that we can not eliminate the old Churches in a year or even in a generation, and, since they contain our best ethics of a thousand years or more, it is far best to take them as they are, and

use them, and at the same time grow with them into the better conditions that we can plainly see developing year by year. And indeed, we see the increase in Church attendance already, and in the building of new ones. Yes: we know that their Pastors and many of their members are squirming at some of the old inconsistencies and ridiculous teachings of a cruder age, but the truth is seen gaining all the time, and we feel sure the end will be for the good of all, and that the stubbornness of the simple-minded will be conquered by more light, and by love, the thing they worship.

Again, as to the problem of Evil: when we have light without darkness, and warmth without cold, and up without down, we shall have happiness without clouds. Let us live with God in evolution of the better world.

HARRY LEE BAILEY.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

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THOMAS PAINE

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AN UNDAMAGED SOUL: THOMAS PAINE

BY J. V. NASH

"MEN stone the prophets still, and persecute those sent to them to point the upward way," muses Mr. Frank Harris in one of his illuminating "Contemporary Portraits." And he continues: "Try to teach and guide mankind, be brave and true, hearken only to the God-given inspiration of your soul, live resolutely to the highest in you, and men will treat you as they treat a mad dog, and, in their fear and hate, drive you from pillar to post, hound you through the world, to punish and torture and kill. 'What harm have I done?' cries the victim. 'None; you have tried to do us good—to Calvary with you!'"

So it has been all down through the ages. Men have not only stoned the prophets; they have racked and done them to death in a thousand and one different ways; or—worse still, perhaps—condemned them to the agony of a living death.

The classic examples, of course, are

"Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood"—

both condemned to die, the one as an atheist and the other as a blasphemer, for pointing to a higher and purer idea of divinity than the voluptuous gods of Olympus with their bawdy house morality, and the barbarous autocrat of the Old Testament, who demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and visited the sins of the fathers upon the innocent children, unto the third and fourth generation. Such was the reward of these two great spirits, lofty idealists and apostles of true wisdom and of brotherly love among men.

Modern Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism, unfortunately, show as black a record as that of the Greeks of 400 B. C. or the

Jews of the days of Tiberius Caesar. One has only to think of Descartes, father of modern philosophy, pursued, notwithstanding his protestations of loyalty to the Church, by malignant suspicion during life, refused interment in consecrated ground after death, and his books placed on the Index of the Inquisition, where they remain to this day; of Galileo Galilei, the father of modern astronomy, hunted and muzzled by the Holy Office for revealing with his telescope the ineffable glories of the star spangled heavens; of Giordano Bruno, who, made of bolder stuff than Descartes or Galileo, refused to trim or hedge, who spat at the inquisitors and bade them bring on their tortures; and who, after many weary months of languishing in a horrible dungeon, was roasted alive on that bright spring morning of A. D. 1600 in the Campo dei Fiori at Rome, where now stands a splendid monument raised to his memory by the descendants of the Roman populace for whom his burning made a holiday in the Field of Flowers three hundred years ago and who looked on unmoved as the hot ashes were scornfully scattered to the winds and the waters—to be borne with his teachings to the ends of the earth. What crime had the Dominican monk committed? He had conceived the grand truth of the infinitude of the universe and the cosmic immanence of God.

Again, one thinks of the gentle Spinoza, "the God intoxicated," spiritual descendant of Bruno; Spinoza, who sensed God in everything, great and small, and who saw all earthly things *sub specie aeternitatis*—under the aspect of eternity; Spinoza, the Pantheist, whose God was too big for the spiritual community into which he was born, hunted out of the Amsterdam Synagogue by his fellow Jews—depraved pawnbrokers and usurers set over Israel—and cut off from the fellowship of his kindred with curses and anathemas which even now curdle the blood of him who reads the terrifying decree of excommunication. Yet today the name of Benedict Spinoza is the brightest jewel in the crown of modern Judaism.

And what of Protestantism, "Reformed" Christianity, if you please—Protestantism with its smug complacency and its immodest boasting of its spiritual excellence? It would be enough to mention Servetus, who, for declaring the unity of God in terms which any Unitarian or other Protestant Liberal today would applaud, was burnt to a cinder by the Protestant Pope of Geneva, John Calvin, the gloomy bigot whose diseased imagination evolved the horrible doctrines of infant damnation, total depravity, and the predestina-

tion of millions to the flames of hell—*ad majorem Dei gloriam*—for the greater glory of God.

As we turn our eyes toward the New World, in the early colonial days, we see the Protestant Orthodoxy of the colony of Massachusetts Bay driving out into the wilderness in the depths of winter that great soul, Roger Williams, the Baptist father of religious liberty in America, for the crime of believing that all men should be free to worship God in their own way, or—more important still—not at all, according to the dictates of conscience. It is melancholy to reflect that the Baptists, like all other persecuted sects which have later attained to wealth and power, have persecuted in their turn with as much intolerance—so far as changed conditions permitted—as any Torquemada or Calvin or Jonathan Edwards.

But Protestant Orthodoxy in America, after the lapse of a century, was to unleash its hate against a more illustrious emancipator than even Roger Williams, who had indeed paved the way for the coming of a greater than he. The immortal company of undamaged souls, the martyrs of humanity who have given their bodies to the dungeon, the rack, the faggot, and the slings and arrows of bigotry, that those who came after them "might have life, and have it more abundantly," was to receive a fresh accession, through the ritual of torture, imprisonment, and persecution which mankind has made the process of initiation into the select society of its saviors, its liberators, and its guides.

It is noteworthy that the greatest spirits which have manifested their presence among men have been almost universally of obscure birth and parentage. It is only after their death, when myth and legend have grown up around them, that their birth is declared to have been attended by stars in the East, by comets, and by other supernatural portents. In reality, their approaching footfall has been silent and unannounced, their advent as unnoticed as the coming of the dawn.

Certainly there were no falling stars, no visiting wise men, in the little village of Thetford, England, when a man-child was born into the family of a humble Quaker stay-maker by the name of Paine. And as in the case of so many other men who were destined vitally to affect the destinies of the race, Thomas Paine's early life was passed in obscurity. We have just one little anecdote of his childhood, which he related himself as an elderly man when penning the first part of *The Age of Reason* in the shadow of the guillotine at Paris:

"I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of mine who was a great devotee of the church, upon the subject of what is called redemption by the death of the Son of God. After the sermon was ended, I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly recollect the spot) I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man, that killed his son, when he could not revenge himself any other way, and as I was sure a man would be hanged who did such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of that kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had, that God was too good to do such an action, and also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner at this moment; and I moreover believe, that any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child, cannot be a true system."

It is with reverence that any writer should approach the life of Thomas Paine. The flippant opening words of a recent sketch by a writer of some reputation are, to say the least, out of place. "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot," said the angel to Joshua in the Bible story, "for the place whereon thou standest is holy." Wherever man has suffered for man is holy ground, whether the term be used literally or figuratively. So in the mental presence of Thomas Paine, the Author-Hero of the American Revolution and the greatest pioneer of modern religious freedom, a decent respect for the memory of a benefactor of humanity requires a reasonable decorum. Certainly, merriment or levity when writing of the great dead is worthy of only detestation and contempt.

Until late in the year 1774—after he had turned thirty-seven years of age—Paine's was a *vita umbratilis*—a life in the shade. His schooling was of the scantiest. He had ventured to sea as a sailor, he had followed his father's trade of a staymaker, and later became an exciseman, a tobacconist, and an usher in a school. He had some thought of entering the ministry—his mother was a member of the Church of England, and his Aunt Cocke (the "relation" referred to in the above quotation) was, to use his own words, "a great devotee of the Church." But his lack of formal education, especially his ignorance of Latin, prevented his ordination. He seems, however, to have acted for some time as a sort of free-lance preacher.

He had achieved some little local reputation as a forceful writer, and in 1772 his fellow excisemen, who had certain grievances with the government, sent him to London to plead their cause. In Lon-

don, Paine's interest in mechanics led him to attend some scientific lectures and, more important still, brought him an introduction to Benjamin Franklin who, now nearing seventy years of age, was in England on business for the colonies.

In 1774 Paine found himself without employment or resources and drifted again to London, where he turned to Franklin for advice. The meeting with Franklin was the turning point in Paine's life, the impulse which was destined to float him out from the quiet currents of his former existence into the wide and stormy ocean of world politics, whereon he was to assist in shaping the course of three great nations.

Franklin, who was a keen judge of men, saw an indefinable promise in the obscure young man which led him to interest himself in his prospects. He suggested to Paine that he try his fortunes in the New World.

Paine had been married twice. His first wife—an orphan housemaid—died early. The facts regarding the second marriage are shrouded in mystery. It is said that it was a betrothal rather than a marriage, inasmuch as it was never consummated. Apparently the couple realized soon after the ceremony that a mistake had been made and agreed at once to separate. It is noteworthy that one of Paine's earliest articles, written shortly after his arrival in America, was on marriage reform. It seemed odious to him that two persons, finding themselves incompatible, should be forced to live together all their lives. But at this time there were no divorce laws in England, just as there still are none in South Carolina, Spain, and other backward portions of the world where bigotry and illiteracy still retain their strongholds.

So it was that, in the fall of 1774, Paine found himself free to begin life anew, and set sail, with Franklin's cordial letter of introduction in his pocket, for the New World, where, as it happened, the stage was set and the curtain ready to ascend on the play in which he, all unconsciously, was about to enact one of the leading roles. He, a penniless English immigrant, was to sound the trumpet call of American independence, while another equally impecunious young British subject who had preceded Paine to America by just two years, from the West Indian island of Nevis, was to become the master architect of the Republic for which Paine's labors had cleared the ground. Without Thomas Paine and Alexander Hamilton, there had been no American nation and no constitution.

Paine had come to America with the thought of establishing an academy and of remaining a loyal subject of Britain. "I had," he wrote long afterward, "no thoughts of independence or of armies. The world could not then have persuaded me that I should be either a soldier or an author. If I had any talents for either, they were buried in me, and might ever have continued so, had not the necessity of the times dragged and driven them into action. I had formed my plan of life and, conceiving myself happy, wished everybody else so. But when the country, into which I had just set my foot, was set on fire about my ears, it was time to stir. It was time for every man to stir."

But this is not a biography of Thomas Paine. We cannot linger over the myriad figures which throng the fascinating canvas of Paine's extraordinary life. Shortly after landing in America, he was offered employment on the Pennsylvania magazine, recently established at Philadelphia by Robert Aitkin. It is significant that the very first article which he contributed to this publication was an indictment of Negro slavery. Today, every American stands where Thomas Paine stood in 1774 on the subject of human slavery. It would bring a blush of anger and shame to the cheeks of the most hardened Tory were he accused of advocating such a system. Yet in Paine's day even that greatest of American political and civic saints, the cultured and wealthy Washington, trafficked in human flesh and blood with no qualms of conscience.

Thirty-five days after Paine's plea for the Negroes, the first American anti-slavery society was established at Philadelphia. But it took the countrymen of Washington nearly a century to catch up with Thomas Paine on the question of slavery, and even then it required a four years' bloody war to convince half the country that slavery was wrong.

To this early period, also, belongs Paine's defense of the rights of women, at that time classed by the law with children, idiots, lunatics, and habitual drunkards as being without legal rights or responsibility. He wrote, too, against the time-honored custom of duelling; and he published a plea for kindness to animals: that even animals had some elementary rights was an idea that had never as yet entered anybody's head.

Paine in his publications was likewise the first to indict monarchy and to point out the danger of monarchical survival in a presidency, to propose articles for a more perfect union of the newborn States of America, to advocate international arbitration, to suggest

more rational laws on marriage and divorce, to advocate national and international copyright, and to propose old-age pensions.

Like every one of the great spirits who have led the human race to newer heights, Thomas Paine was in advance of his time. It is inevitable, indeed, that a leader should be in advance of the ranks, and almost out of sight of the camp followers—the political office-holders, the smug clergy, and the wealthy tradesmen, whose interest it is to maintain the status quo.

When Thomas Paine arrived in America, the quarrel with England over the Stamp Act and other wrongs was smoldering, but there was no thought of independence. The following April, however, the course of human events brought on the armed clash at Concord and Lexington. Paine sat down to analyze the whole situation. He quickly discerned that independence was the only logical and effective solution of the political problem with which the best heads in the colonies were vainly struggling. It was doubtless in the Quaker meeting-place at Thetford that Paine had imbibed the spirit of democracy which was now flowering in a fearless advocacy of independence for the colonies.

Calvin Blanchard, a writer of fifty years ago, gives us a vivid picture of the scene when American independence was actually born:

"At the close of the year 1775, when the American Revolution had progressed as far as the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington had met together to read the terrible dispatches they had received. Having done which, they pause in gloomy silence. Presently Franklin speaks: 'What,' he asks, 'is to be the end of all this? Is it to obtain justice of Great Britain, to change the ministry, to soften a tax? Or is it for———?' He paused; the word *independence* yet choked the bravest throat that sought to utter it.

"At this critical moment, Paine enters. Franklin introduces him, and he takes his seat. He well knows the cause of the prevailing gloom, and breaks the deep silence thus: 'These States of America must be independent of England. That is the only solution of this question!' They all rise to their feet at this political blasphemy. But, nothing daunted, he goes on; his eye lights up with patriotic fire as he paints the glorious destiny which America, considering her vast resources, ought to achieve, and adjures them to lend their influence to rescue the western continent from the absurd, unnatural, and unprogressive predicament of being governed by a small island 3,000 miles off.

"Washington leaped forward and, taking both his hands, besought him to publish these views in a book. Paine went to his room, seized his pen, lost sight of every other object, toiled incessantly,

and in December, 1775, the work entitled *Common Sense,* which caused the Declaration of Independence, and brought both people and their leaders face to face with the work they had to accomplish, was sent forth on its mission. 'That book,' says Dr. Rush, 'burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by types and paper, in any age or country.' "

Paine might have made a fortune out of *Common Sense,* but, though practically without resources himself, he gave the copyright to the country, and actually paid for copies of the book to distribute free.[1]

So able were the arguments contained in *Common Sense,* that the authorship was ascribed to men like Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, and even the learned and aristocratic John Adams, later President of the United States, who, when he went to France on business for the Continental Congress found himself being introduced as "the famous John Adams, author of *Common Sense.*"

Common Sense was the best seller of the day; its success outstripped the most sanguine expectations of the unknown 38-year-old author—it was nothing short of phenomenal. Hundreds of thousands of copies were circulated. Its success was truly, as the author himself declared, "beyond anything since the invention of printing."

It was Franklin who uttered the proud epigram: "Where liberty is, there is my country." A fine sentiment in itself, but how paltry it looked when Paine threw back the magnificent rejoinder: "Where liberty is not, *there* is *mine.*" These surely, were not the words of a "damaged soul."

Not only did Paine awaken the idea of independence and nourish it until it reached fruition in the historic Declaration of July 4, 1776—he did more. He fought for his idea.

Though now nearing forty years of age, he enlisted in the Continental army as a private, in the so-called Flying Camp, under General Roberdeau—a unit which was sent wherever emergency required. Later he served with General Nathaniel Greene, Rhode Island's popular hero, to whom he became aide-de-camp, and who remained one of Paine's most loyal friends. Though Paine had all the Quaker's detestation of war itself, he was not "too proud to fight" when a great principle was at stake.

After the long day's march, in the quiet hours of the night, sitting beside the camp fires of the Revolution, Paine wrote the even

[1] Paradoxical as it may seem, respectable gentlemen—professed followers of "Him who had not where to lay His head"—have held it against Paine that he was "poor"!

more extraordinary series of papers entitled *The Crisis,* the first number of which began with the undying words: "These are the times that try men's souls." Wherever he could find a stopping place, and a crazy printing press, he printed off the successive numbers of *The Crisis,* often using coarse brown paper when better could not be had.

During the cruel winter at Valley Forge, the words of Paine alone kept the spark of hope and determination burning in the breasts of Washington's ragged troops. The commander-in-chief ordered *The Crisis* to be read at the head of every regiment. It reached the army just in time to nerve the men for the desperate attack on Trenton, that fateful Christmas eve of 1776, on which Washington had staked all, and the successful issue of which turned the tide of the war and set in motion the train of events which led to French intervention and culminated at last in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

On April 17, 1777, Paine was elected by the Continental Congress to the responsible position of Secretary of the Committee for Foreign Affairs. In this position he rendered services of incalculable value to the Revolutionary cause—services for which he received little thanks. Worse still, he was compelled ultimately to resign his post because of his devotion to duty in exposing the shady financial transactions of Silas Deane, a traitor who afterwards fled to England and joined Benedict Arnold, but who, nevertheless, continued to exercise a powerful influence in Congress until his turpitude became common knowledge.

The famous Bank of North America, at Philadelphia—the first bank ever established in the United States, and which still exists—owed its inception to Thomas Paine, who paved the way for its establishment as a means of furnishing the Continental army with the supplies which it so direly needed in the dark days of the Revolution. The subscription list for the creation of the bank was headed by Paine's contribution, in May, 1780, of $500, out of his slender personal resources. Later, when an attempt was made to destroy this bank, he came to its rescue with a pamphlet entitled *Dissertations on Government, the Affairs of the Bank, and Paper Money.*" In this pamphlet he laid down principles of government which nearly a century later were taken over by English writers such as Walter Bagehot, as the very foundation of their system of political science.

"Despotism," said Paine, "may be more effectually acted by many over a few, than by one over all." And again, "A Republic is a sov-

ereignty of justice, in contradistinction to a sovereignty of will."

In 1779 Paine was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, which office he held until 1780, when he went to France with Henry Laurens on a mission to obtain assistance from the French government.

All through his thirteen years in America, from 1774 to 1787, Paine gave himself body and soul to the cause of the country. And after the treaty of peace, while others, whose good fortune he had made possible, were being wined and dined and feted, Paine lived uncomplainingly on a crust in humble lodgings at Bordentown. For his service as Secretary of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, he was paid nominally $70 per month, but it was actually only $15—less than $4 per week. For his mission to France, which secured millions from the French government for America, he received not a Continental paper shinplaster. Paine had bankrupted himself in the Revolution, while self-seekers had made fortunes which a receiver-general might envy.

Congress first and last treated Paine, the country's greatest benefactor, with shocking injustice and ingratitude; first, in the Silas Deane affair, again in the matter of compensation for his mission to France, and, most shameful of all, in turning down a petition for much needed aid in his old age. Of the one small payment which it made him, almost under protest, we shall speak presently.

In June, 1784, Washington wrote to Madison: "Can nothing be done in our Assembly for poor Paine? Must the merits and services of *Common Sense* continue to glide down the stream of time, unrewarded by this country? His writings certainly have had a powerful effect on the public mind—ought they not, then, to meet an adequate return? He is poor! he is chagreened! and almost if not altogether in despair of relief."

"I must confess that I think you have been shamefully neglected," wrote General Nathaniel Greene, "and that America is indebted to few characters more than to you."

A bill introduced in the Virginia Assembly to give Paine a tract of land was rejected; a supplementary bill to grant him some modest financial relief was likewise lost, although at the same time the Assembly was appropriating money for a handsome statue to General Washington.

A committee of Congress was finally urged into considering a motion to compensate Paine in some measure for his services. The sum of $6,000 was finally agreed upon, but malicious enemies man-

aged to have the amount cut in half, and on October 3, 1784, Congress ordered the Treasurer to pay Paine $3,000. This payment, which was made to bear the appearance of charity, was all that Paine ever received from the nation whose existence was so largely due to his efforts.

Pennsylvania, however, voted him 500 pounds in cash, and in 1784 New York State presented him with a farm of 277 acres at New Rochelle, confiscated Tory property. This is the farm on which Paine spent some of his declining years, from the sale of portions of which he kept the wolf from the door, on which he desired to be buried, and where today a handsome monument stands to his memory. New Jersey gave him a small place at Bordentown which he was forced later to sell outright. The other States turned their backs upon and closed their purses to him.

But this ingratitude did not disturb the serenity of Paine's mind. From his literary labors Paine never sought profit. He held to the Quaker principle that a preacher of truth should never ask pay. As he himself expressed it: "I could never reconcile it to my principles to make any money by my politics or my religion. . . . In a great affair, where the happiness of man is at stake, I love to work for nothing, and so fully am I under the influence of this principle that I should lose the spirit, the pleasure, and the pride of it, were I conscious that I looked for reward." This does not alter the fact, of course, that a grateful and generous people should not allow a public benefactor to suffer want.

Beside Paine's magnificent utterance, how wretched, how loathesome, appears that favorite maxim of popular economics, that "private property" is the basis of civilization—that individual initiative will be killed and that nobody will work or serve unless he is assured of as much mercenary gain as possible—that the mainspring of all effort is and always will be greed and selfishness!

"In India," said Swami Vivekananda, at the Chicago World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, "a preacher who accepted pay would be spat upon by the people." Possibly that is the reason that in India religion enters into the life and soul of the people, and its preachers are honored above all other men. In the West, unfortunately, the teachers of religion and public servants in general have like Esau sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, with the result that religion is rejected with scorn by the great mass of the population, and politics has become a by-word, synonymous with graft, chicanery, and all that is basest in humanity.

When the West catches up with Thomas Paine, when politics and religion shall be regarded as opportunities for unselfish service to the Great Community, then and then only will politicians and preachers of religion be likely to regain the respect, the confidence, and the allegiance of the common people.

Before the day of Paine, pamphlets and other political writings had been addressed only to the upper classes. They were written in a highly artificial style, loaded with classical quotations and allusions which only the cultured could understand. It was Paine who first brought political science down to the level of the masses and began the still uncompleted work of making politics "safe for democracy." He was the world's first great journalist.

In his pamphlets Paine talked to the people in the direct, virile manner in which man talks to man on the street and in personal intercourse—the style which Whitman (a great admirer of Paine) later carried like a refreshing breeze into the stifling atmosphere of poetical composition.

Paine, with all his simplicity and forcefulness of expression, had a happy turn for phrases. Six months before the Declaration of Independence, he crystallized the principles not only of the Declaration, but also of Washington's Farewell Address in such sentences as the following:

"Nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration of Independence. . . . This proceeding may at first appear strange and difficult. A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right."

"It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while by her dependence on Britain she is made the make-weight in the scale of European politics."

When even the stoutest patriots were trembling at the very thought of the "high treason" of separation from Britain, it was whip-like sentences such as these that stirred the faint-hearted to determination and started the movement which swept on irresistibly to the historic scene in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776.

Thomas Paine was the first to write these words: "The United States of America."

A meeting called by Paine started the series of conferences which paved the way for the assembling of the Constitutional Convention in 1787; but Paine, whose writings had made the independ-

ence of the nation a reality was not elected by any State to represent it in the Convention.

Mr. Van Doren, in the introduction to his admirable selection from Paine's writings recently published in the Modern Library, dubs him as "the ragged philosopher of the Anglo-Saxon race," and represents him as a writer whose appeal is to the uncouth and unlettered—the spokesman of the English-speaking proletariat. This is more picturesque than accurate. Paine was never "ragged." A host of contemporary witnesses testify to his cleanliness and at times even fastidiousness in dress. All the existing portraits of him show him quietly but correctly dressed as a gentleman of the period in which he lived.

Nor did Paine's writings appeal only to the simple. We have already seen how the authorship of *Common Sense* was ascribed to men like Benjamin Franklin and John Adams. He crossed literary swords with Edmund Burke and the learned Bishop of Llandaff. The Bishop paid him the compliment of saying, with reference to *The Age of Reason*, "There is a philosophical sublimity in some of your ideas, when speaking of the Creator of the Universe." That Paine's words could reach the minds and touch the hearts of the humble does not imply that they were beneath the notice of the highly educated. It is not held to the discredit of Jesus or Socrates that they, too, spoke a language which even the simplest could understand. Nor should it be forgotten that the University of Pennsylvania considered Paine worthy to receive its degree of Master of Arts.

The works of Paine were among the scanty volumes upon which Lincoln's hungry mind fed itself by the light of the log fire—and the Gettysburg Address, though as simply phrased as Paine himself could have wished, is carved today in enduring bronze on the cloistered walls of Oxford, while the erudite oration of Edward Everett, President of Harvard, which was delivered on the same day, has been gathering dust on library shelves these sixty years.

We have referred to Paine's interest in science, which had first brought him into contact with Benjamin Franklin. During the strenuous years of the Revolution, busy as he was with writing, military service, and statesmanship, he still found time to conduct scientific experiments. We have a glimpse of him, when serving in the revolutionary army, passing the evening hour in animated discussions of mathematics and science with a congenial spirit.

His observation of the principle upon which a spider's web is constructed suggested to him the idea of an iron bridge—a new departure in engineering. In 1787 he went to France, carrying with him the model of his bridge. This he submitted, in a drawing, to the French Academy, which gave it careful consideration and subsequently announced its approval of the plan. On September 3 of the same year he crossed over to England and arrived again at his old home in Thetford, after an absence of thirteen eventful years.

His father, he found, had recently died of the smallpox, but his mother was still living at an advanced age; he spent many happy days with her and showed a tender solicitude for her welfare, settling on her an allowance of nine shillings a week.

In 1788 Paine was at Rotherham in Yorkshire, superintending the casting and erecting of his iron bridge. The bridge was in every way a success, though as usual, Paine profited nothing from it.[2] If he had not so many other claims to fame, he might be known as the father of the iron bridge. Within a short time of the successful demonstration at Rotherham, bridges of Paine's type were being erected both in England and in America; and the name of Paine today holds an honored place in the history of engineering.

These were busy and happy years for Paine, who was now just turning fifty years of age, and in the fulness of his powers. Rickman, in whose house Paine lodged while in London, gives us a delightful portrait of his friend at this period:

"Mr. Paine in his person was about five feet ten inches high, and rather athletic; he was broad shouldered, and latterly stooped a little. His eye, of which the painter could not convey the exquisite meaning, was full, brilliant, and singularly piercing; it had in it the 'muse of fire.' In his dress and person he was generally very cleanly, and wore his hair queued, with side curls, and powdered, so that he looked altogether like a gentleman of the old French school."

Rickman, it will be noticed, emphasizes the fire in Paine's eyes, a characteristic recorded by many, but he does not mention their color, which—unusual in an Englishman—was of the deepest black—an interesting refutation of the widely-held theory that all men of genius have gray or blue eyes.

While Paine was in England, busy with his iron bridge, and being courted by the great in London society, the French Revolution was breaking. Paine watched the course of events across the channel with the keenest interest. Was it possible that the Age of Reason in

[2] His models and patents were later confiscated by the British government.

government, successfully launched in America, might now be dawning in Europe?

The spring of 1790 found Paine again in Paris, where Lafayette presented to him the key to the Bastille to transmit to Washington. Says Moncure Conway:

"The historic sense may recognize a picturesque incident in the selection by Lafayette of Thomas Paine to convey the key to the Bastille to Washington. In the series of intellectual and moral movements which culminated in the French Revolution, the Bastille was especially the prison of Paine's forerunners, the writers, and the place where their books were burned."

When the dreadful prison, in which Voltaire himself once languished, and where hundreds of innocent victims had been locked up on "lettres de cachet," without trial by jury and left to rot for the rest of their lives, was stormed by the mob on July 14, 1789, the gates at last, in the words of Rocquain, were "opened wide for abbés, savants, brilliant intellects, professors of the University and doctors of the Sorbonne, accused of writing or reciting verses against the king, casting reflections on the government, or publishing books in favor of deism and contrary to good morals. Diderot was one of the first arrested, and it was during his detention that he conceived the plan of his Encyclopædia." (*L'Esprit Révolutionaire avant la Revolution.*)

In 1790 Edmund Burke, whom Paine had sincerely admired for his stand toward the Colonies during the American Revolution, published his *Reflections on the French Revolution.* The reactionary opinions expressed in this document were answered by Paine in his first part of *The Rights of Man* (1791), which was followed in 1792 by the second part.

The sale of *The Rights of Man,* like that of *Common Sense* many years before, was extraordinary. About 200,000 copies, it is estimated, were circulated in a year. The British government took immediate alarm at the democratic teachings in Paine's epoch-making book—a book which more than any other single factor brought about the bloodless revolution in the English government which reduced the king to a figurehead and substituted the rule of the people, as embodied in the great Reform Laws of the early nineteenth century.

Burke's mystifying change from the championship of popular rights to the defense of royalty was revealed in its true character shortly afterwards by Paine; and the reason which he advanced has

been confirmed by history. Burke, under an assumed name, was now receiving a liberal pension, which he himself had solicited, from the corrupt government of George III. This exposure was doubtless responsible for Burke's ignominious retirement from public life shortly thereafter.

Part I of *The Rights of Man* is devoted to a statement of Paine's general principles, with special reference to the changes taking place in the French government. In Part II, he goes on to develop his system of political philosophy, which Conway summarizes as follows:

1. Government is the organization of the aggregate of those natural rights which individuals are not competent to secure individually, and therefore surrender to the control of society in exchange for the protection of all rights.

2. Republican government is that in which the welfare of the whole nation is the object.

3. Monarchy is government, more or less arbitrary, in which the interests of an individual are paramount to those of the people generally.

4. Aristocracy is government, partially arbitrary, in which the interests of a class are paramount to those of the people generally.

5. Democracy is the whole people governing themselves without secondary means.

6. Representative government is the control of a nation by persons elected by the whole nation.

7. The Rights of Man mean the right of all to representation.

"As the republic of letters," Paine pointed out by way of analogy in explaining his theory of representative government, "brings forward the best literary productions, by giving to genius a fair and universal chance, so the representative system is calculated to produce the wisest laws, by collecting wisdom where it can be found."

Sentiments such as these were nothing short of high treason in England at the time they were expressed.

A prosecution of *The Rights of Man* was soon set in motion by the Attorney-General, MacDonald. Paine appeared personally in court on June 8th, when the trial was postponed until December. When the case finally came up, Thomas Erskine made an able defense; but the jury had been bribed, Paine was of course found guilty, was convicted of treason, and henceforth was an outlaw in England.

It was Paine's intention to stay and see the prosecution through. But just at that time, across the channel, he was being elected by four

Departments of France as their delegate to the Assembly in Paris; and simultaneously with this he was made an honorary citizen of France, along with Washington and other distinguished friends of liberty.

Paine had already reached an age when he might reasonably have considered that the great work of his life was finished and that he might now look forward to a future of quiet and contentment, busy with his engineering and scientific interests, and the pleasures of social intercourse.

But he had thrown himself with utter forgetfulness of his own comfort and even safety into the fight for liberalism in England and had become its storm center. He was the acknowledged leader of a large and growing party known as the Paineites. And now, in the midst of the uproar over *The Rights of Man,* came the summons to aid the French people in putting into effect in their reconstructed government the principles which he had just laid down in his great book. Achille Audibert, representing the Department of Pas de Calais, had personally journeyed to London to notify Paine of his election to the Assembly. To such a summons he could not turn a deaf ear.

From the President of the Assembly, Hérault de Sechelles, Paine received a letter couched in the most flattering terms. It read in part:

"France calls you, Sir, to its bosom, to perform one of the most useful and most honorable functions; that of contributing, by wise legislation, to the happiness of a people, whose destinies interest all who think and are united with the welfare of all who suffer in the world.

"It becomes the nation that has proclaimed the Rights of Man, to desire among her legislators him who first dared to estimate the consequences of those rights, and who has developed their principles with that of Common Sense, which is the only genius inwardly felt by all men, and the conception of which springs forth from nature and truth.

"The National Assembly gave you the title of Citizen, and had seen with pleasure that its decree was sanctioned by the only legitimate authority, that of the people, who had already claimed you, even before you were nominated.

"Come, Sir, and enjoy in France the most interesting of scenes for an observer and a philosopher—that of a confiding and generous people who, infamously betrayed for three years, wishing at last to end the struggle between slavery and liberty, between sincerity and perfidy, at length rises in its resolute and gigantic force, gives up to

the sword of the law those guilty crowned things who betrayed them, resists the barbarians whom they raised up to destroy the nation. Her citizens turned soldiers, her territory into camp and fortress, she yet calls and collects in congress the lights scattered through the universe. Men of genius, the most capable for their wisdom and virtue, she now calls to give to her people a government the most proper to insure their liberty and happiness."

(To be continued)

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF INSTINCTS

BY JOHN J. BIRCH

IN ORDER to adequately understand the relationship between instincts and life it is paramountly important to secure a comprehensive understanding of just what is meant by them. There is a formidable difficulty encountered in defining instincts for no agreement has been established as to when they begin to control actions or the relationship between them and reason.

The scientific world, however, has come to the general agreement that their apparent function is to fit the organism to the world; to enable it to battle for existence and to hold its place in spite of opposing forces and enemies and that they are operative in both the plant and animal kingdoms. According to Paley: "Instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction." This definition instead of establishing any conception of an instinct, is simply a dogmatic assertion from which questions branch off in all directions. Wundt held that, "instinctive movements were those which originally followed upon simple or compound voluntary acts, but which have become wholly or partly mechanized in the course of individual life or generic evolution." In this definition, Wundt leads one to believe that instincts were not always the same, but have undergone modifications or have lapsed into reflex actions. Spencer, makes a more positive statement than Wundt, for he holds without any hesitancy that "instincts may be described as compound reflex actions." Darwin gives a very broad and comprehensive understanding of the term instinct when he says, "An action which we ourselves require experience in order to enable us to perform, when performed by an animal without experience and without knowing for what purpose it was performed is usually said to be instinctive." He makes this reservation, however,

"that a little dose of judgment or reason often comes into play even with animals low in the scale of nature."

Thorndike, of the modern school, formulates a definition very closely related to the one given by Darwin. He believes "that anything we do without having to learn to do it, in brief is an instinct—an act that is the result of mere inner growth, not training or experience." MacDougall in his *Social Psychology* suggests an inclusive definition of instincts. He holds that they are "innate specific tendencies of mind that common to all members of one species; racial characteristics which have been slowly evolved in the process of adaptation of the species to their environment and that can neither be eradicated from the mental constitution of which they are innate elements, nor acquired by individuals in the course of their lifetime." This author holds, therefore, to the notion that instincts are forces by virtue of which the organisms made their adaptations—obscure directive powers which watch over the development of the organism. W. T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Park, adheres to this conception for it is his belief that an instinct is the knowledge or impulse which animals and men derive from their ancestry by inheritance and which they obey either consciously or subconciously in working out their own preservation, increase and betterment."

Angell defines instincts in terms of neural activity for he states that instincts "represent structurally performed pathways in the nervous system and stand functionally for effective inherited coordinations made in response to environmental demands." He further contends that it is impossible to draw any sharp line between instincts and reflex actions—that there is an overlapping of one into the other. These innate bonds may be ready to function shortly after birth or they may remain inoperative until a later stage in the development of the organism. As Averill has stated, "Nature does not turn the whole force of the racial past into the sluceways of life at one floodtide, rather many tides are freighted with it."

From these conceptions it may be deduced therefore that by instinct is implied the generic term comprising all those faculties of mind which lead to the conscious performance of actions which are adaptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relationship between the means employed and the ends attained. Thus instincts may be characteristic both of

plants and animals for in both there is an adaption of means to ends as well as an attempt to preserve and propagate the specie. Because of structural differences, nevertheless, all of the instincts manifest in the animals do not apply to plants and vice versa. Those which have a feeling nature such as parental love, sympathy or play belong distinctly to the animal type; while food-getting and self-preservation belong equally well to either plants or animals.

The Relation of Instincts to Reflex and Automatic Acts

There are some authorities who argue that reflex and automatic acts are synonymous with instincts inasmuch as they all operate for the well-being of the organism. Such a belief does not harmonize with experience for the reason that reflex acts presuppose experience, gained in most cases by methods of trial and error and an improvement upon subsequent trials or by muscular motivation—that is, there must be an excitation by a stimuli without the organism. A young child will not unconsciously pull its hand away from a hot iron until after the individual has suffered the heat, but the eyelid will close due to an external stimulus as will also sneezing or pupilary activity. The mind then stores the experience and preserves itself from similar future experiences or unconsciously repeats the acts by the use of reflexes. Automatic acts such as breathing, respiration or circulation do not depend upon either a racial inheritance or muscular excitation, but upon a nervous stimulus, for such activities are wholly, or in part, within the organism itself. Thus the chemical condition of the blood may be responsible for changes in circulation and respiration, or the presence of food in the stomach incite the digestive processes.

There is no experience or nerve excitation necessary in the operation of instincts, for they are obviously further removed from purely physical life than are reflexes or automatic acts. The young birds on their first migratory journey or the salmon on their way to fresh water have not previously passed through a similar experience or are they nervously excited, but are directed by an inner urge or wisdom.

It is probable that instincts are persistently followed from the mere inner force of inheritance without the stimulus of either

pleasure, pain or mental motivation. The spiders as they spin their webs with mathematical precision can hardly be said to be impelled by some exterior excitation. A newly-hatched chick is able to run about and pick up certain small objects which prove to be food and sustain life. It scarcely needs education, and the products of an incubator, having no link with the past of their race, except the germ plasm, thrive as well as those that have a mother's care. Bees in collecting honey and storing it for the winter months; birds as they choose sights for their nests, line them warmly and hide them skillfully, or dogs as they bury their bones and come to scratch for them at subsequent times are all motivated in so doing by instinct. Unlike reflexes or automatic acts, instinctive actions strive towards a change of situation of a particular kind which alone can satisfy the impulse and allay the appetite and unrest of the organism.

Origin of Animal and Plant Instincts

In order to seek for the origin of instincts it is not necessary that they be divided into the previously mentioned groupings—namely plant and animal. Of all the instincts, there are only two possible explanations of their origin. They were either all fixed in the organism in its simplest state of existence and insusceptible to change, or they have been developed from a single potentiality as the environmental surroundings of the organism demanded. This theory does not imply that the organism also contains all the other potentialities of its nature which would have been actualized if conditions had been favorable. Development therefore is not an unfolding of all the innate characteristics but a process of acquisition forced upon the individual by environment. To illustrate by an analogy from the objective world. A lead pencil contains the potentiality or ability to make black lines on a white surface. When in the hands of a child it can be used to make only inarticulate marks of no significance, but when in the hands of a poet or philosopher it can be used to trace the profoundest thoughts of humanity. The pencil is only an instrument in the hands of an individual—it possesses only potentiality not innate possibilities. The environment in which it is placed posits its use. To illustrate this same thought from the animate world. An acorn possesses the possibility of growth. When

planted on an open hillside rich in plant nourishment, water and sunshine, it will build its broad base, send each root deep into the soil and strengthen most the side which must bear the wind. This instinctive law of growth provides for its preservation according to the conditions which must be met; but planted in a shady unfertile spot it will make a brave attempt to grow, but due to a poor environment it will fail. The potentiality for growth was in its possession, but environmental conditions did not augment its achievement. From this single potentiality to grow developed the other factors necessary for its actualization. Activities leave their mark on the motivating dispositions of organisms, that is, environment exerts a profound influence and as a result, there develops through successive trials and errors the ability to cope with environment.

The first theory is untenable. The theories of evolution have undeniably established the fact that animals have gone through various modifications, resulting in the extinction and production of various forms. In the course of this development the environments have been different, thus making it impossible for a single set of congenital, unchangeable instincts to survive. In fact the very process of evolution would be blocked were the instincts insusceptible to change.

The second theory presumes that the lowest forms of organisms possessed a certain physiological construction which was subject to chemical laws. The organism for instance possessed a cell wall through which nourishment passed by means of osmosis, absolutely uncontrolled by the organism but obeying nature's laws. The single potentiality then was the ability to grow or enlarge. The passage of nourishment naturally caused an enlargement of the structure until the cell wall became parted and the organism split in two, thus giving birth to a new bit of life. The one-celled animals are excellent examples of this principle. Figuratively speaking their insatiable desire is for growth and propagation and to do this successfully demanded a nourished organism for its fulfillment. This single potentiality for absorbing food and consequent growth was innate with life—it was one of nature's fixed laws and from it have been developed during the race for existence what are termed the more complex instincts. The young bird just raises its head and opens its bill to be fed. Its first instinct is for food and from it develops the other instinctive bodily activities.

By the effect of habit in successive generations and the struggle for the survival of the fittest, naive mental activities were developed which later became stereotyped into permanent instincts. Just as in the lifetime of the individual, adaptive actions may by frequent repetitions become automatic, so in the lifetime of the species, actions may by frequent repetitions and heredity so write their effects on the nervous system that the latter is prepared even before individual experience to perform mechanically adaptive actions. Environmental demands made upon the organism then tended to modify the original impulses, and caused the genesis of new adaptive measures which in turn developed into instincts and which later through their multiplication and coordination graduated in the course of hundreds of thousands of years into reflex actions, or more properly called instincts, and innate characteristics that have proved beyond measure their genuine value. Instincts are eminently valuable and therefore admit of being modified as modifying circumstances require. Their variability gives them plasticity whereby they may be moulded always to fit an environment however continuously the latter may be subject to gradual change. The leatherback turtles were originally land animals with firm bony carpaces. Later they became sea turtles and lost their armament. Still later they were forced to return to land due to a change of environment and then developed a bony armament quite distinct in design from their former one. Later they return to the sea, lost their armament and acquired their present leathery covering on account of which they are known by that name. Similar reversed or altered adaptations have been found to have taken place in the kangaroo.

Activities leave their mark on the motivating disposition of organisms as well as do environmental conditions—in fact, their influence becomes an integral part of the organism. Consequently organisms become necessarily adaptive since they are to a large degree products of their environments. Adaption therefore is not to be regarded as due to a modification of innate characteristics, or to the fact that certain instincts are finding expression in modified ways. This would be impossible for the reason that the situation or environment precedes the organism's reaction therefrom. Instincts wll also not lose their fixed and untaught character and be replaced by others performed by the aid of free will. On the other hand, some intelligent actions after being performed during a number of generations become converted into instincts

and are inherited as illustrated by the domestication of animals and the culture of plants.

Therefore adaption cannot be regarded as due to modification of innate characteristics or that the instincts are finding expression in modified ways for instincts are the outgrowths of situations. They express themselves in the only way which is possible to do so. Modified instincts are only products of modified situations and not forces that modify their responses to meet the demands of a particular situation.

The Inter-Relation of Human Instincts

The equipment of instincts with which human beings are endowed are mostly remnants of instincts which have been carried over from his animal ancestors. They have been of such supreme value that they have remained in spite of revolutionary changes. Yet it was only a comparatively few years ago that James wrote: "Nothing is commoner than the remark that man differs from lower creatures by the almost total lack of instincts and the assumption of their work by reason." However any fair-minded scientific observer of instincts will admit that man possesses a vast array of instincts, yet not anything like the picturesque instinctive repertoire of animals.

The equipment of instincts with which the human being is endowed at most must be considered in two ways. They consist in the first place of definite and unlearned mechanisms of behavior and fixed original responses to given stimuli. These are at the same time the original driving forces of action, very closely related to habit in many instances. Instincts and the capacity to form habits, while related functions, are present in any animal in reverse ratio. Man excells in his habit forming capacity for the reason that from the activity of his mental faculties he cannot avoid reflection; past impressions and images are incessantly and clearly passing through his mind and this ideational activity will in turn produce habits of activity which will tenaciously hold the individual in stated grooves of conduct. It is these which are often mistaken for instincts in man. It has often been assumed that by habit, man learned to be social but animals have a gregarious instinct which has remained with them until manifest in the actions of mankind. Animals in the first place are social

and feel in consequence uncomfortable when separated from each other and comfort while together. All animals living in a body which defend themselves or attack their enemies in concert, must be indeed in some degree faithful to one another and those which follow a leader must be in some degree obedient with those animals which were benefited by living in close association —the ones which took the greatest pleasure in society would best escape various dangers while those which cared least for their comrades and lived in solitude would perish in greater numbers. Thus the promulgators of society were left and this propensity passed on from generation to generation.

The child, in common with certain animals, uses instinctively certain kinds of vocal expression, which are chiefly those of emotions. For example, fear is universally expressed by a cry or shriek, which is the same among all mankind, and which we recognize without having been taught its signficance. It came to us from our animal ancestors whose habit it is to utter articulate sounds of a special nature while in pain. In the same way anger, affection, or the finer shades of feeling may be expressed and recognized in the animals, as also in mankind. These forms of tone quality or the inflection by which the emotions are conveyed to others do not merely exist as separate forms of expression, but they proceed as a means of giving definite significance to the words by which we learn to express our ideas. The speech then of man, is both the expression of ideas by articulation of particular words and the accompaniment of certain tone inflections and even gestures by means of which the feeling attitudes which accompany the ideas are conveyed.

A great many of the pleasures derived from communing in solitude with nature have their roots in the remote past, when man lived in far closer contact with her than he does today. Those countless ages which he lived in caves or roamed the prairies as a hunter and of the still earlier days when he lived in the branches of the forest, have indelibly stamped their memory on mankind. Those who cannot spend time or money for long excursions go picnicking, blackberrying, nutting or strawberry picking like their remote ancestors who lived by gathering nuts and berries. All are attracted by the joys of the open road and the open fire. Even garden parties or tea on the lawn are the last feeble response of civilization to the same powerful summons.

Man has carried over many instincts from his tree life. To hold his poise on branches was more important than the quest of food itself, for a single slip might have proved fatal. To avoid this, a highly developed instinct was essential to which all habitual automatic reactions were closely connected with this maintaining of bodily balance. The necessity was paramount for tree life, for every relaxation might have resulted in the sudden cessation of life itself. At night there were many difficulties to contend with. Sleep must come and how then were involuntary movements to be controlled? In particular, how could sudden movements upon awakening be avoided? The answer was found in the instinct to freeze into absolute immobility when startled by fright. Man when violently aroused at night by a loud noise will become rigid with expectancy which is nothing more than the operation of this ancient instinct.

Prenative man was an animal that lived and worked by day. His habits were not nocturnal and he seldom by choice went forth from his lair during the hours of darkness. This love of daylight and the corresponding aversion to darkness was probably due to the great reliance placed upon the sense of sight. It is this instinct which no doubt accounts for mankind's instinctive dislike and fear of darkness.

The sense of place and in particular the power to find one's way back home is very strongly developed instinctively in all roving animals as well as man. As it survived in ourselves, it is called a sense of direction; but it is also a sense of position, of one's own position relative to the landscape and in particular to one's starting place.

It is seen then that a great many of our actions may be accounted for by the survival of instincts which once had survival value, but have outlived their day. They may be referred to prehistoric times in general or to a special aspect or period, such as that during which man lived for the most part in caves. But before the cave period came the prairie period with the conclusion of which we are familiar. It would be strange if cave life, prairie life and primitive civilization had not left many traces in the form of instincts peculiar to those stages of man's evolution.

The most usual explanation of instinct has relied upon the so-called generic method and assumes the social customs which are observed among civilized people and the surviving instincts are the result of stamping in through long experience of some

reaction which has been inherited by each succeeding generation. They all have their roots far into the remote ancestry of the race instead of recent periods. The environment of man has undergone profound changes during the last hundred years and it is not irrevalent to say that as a result of this rapid change in culture, man finds himself with a culture that is far removed from the instincts which proved their fitness for survival in an environment extremely different from that in which they are expected to function at present.

It is of enormous advantage that we possess instincts, for on the whole they act in the right direction and they enable mankind to meet emergencies for which slow-moving reason would be too late. But there is no guarantee that an instinct will stop acting where it should. The difference between primitive and civilized life appears especially in the degree to which rational control has been established for such instinctive promptings. In man, reason must function in conjunction with instinctive promptings in order to secure the rational relation of desire and ultimate ends to be achieved. It is only this which will produce an ethical culture and an enduring civilization.

LOWBROWS, HIGHBROWS, AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

THE other day a friend argued very strenuously with me against the plea for national defense, which is always advanced whenever a question is raised concerning the maintenance of an army and a navy. He said that this country is not in danger of attack and never has been in danger. He pointed out that the American colonists were really responsible for the Revolution because they resisted governmental methods employed by British representatives. Resisted them by accumulating arms. Started the war by firing upon "red coats" on a little march just outside of Boston and made the war a serious issue by indicting a king and declaring the colonial independence. We prosecuted what has been called a limited war against France in 1798-1800 by authorizing naval attacks upon her commerce. We resented British interference with our own commerce, ships, and sailors; and declared war against that country in 1812. We got involved in a boundary dispute with Mexico and moved our troops to the frontier line which we claimed, and then when our armed advance was resisted, we solemnly announced that a state of war existed by an Act of Mexico itself. In 1861 when certain states attempted to withdraw from the federal union, the North was not defending itself, but was really combining to subdue the South. In 1898 after our ultimatum to Spain had finally been accepted, we decreed a blockade, and voted our army and navy to support Cuban freedom. Our action was accepted by Spain as a declaration of war which Congress was compelled to antedate four days. Our real purpose in going to war with Spain was to put an end to the intolerable disturbances in that Caribbean Island which, continuing for years almost within sight of our shores, had become a menace to our peace and tranquility. In 1917 it was we and not Germany who declared war. All of these things, he said

—arguing that our pleas for self-defense are contrary to the facts of history.

It is interesting that such a plea as ours for National Defense should be so subject to attack on historical grounds. Yet it seems necessary to resort to a simple plea in order to reach the average mind of the average citizen. The normal man is best appealed to on his selfish side. To counteract the pacifist propaganda as to costs of military establishments and the monetary value of tax rate reductions, the defense advocate has to speak of protecting our shores from invasion and hostile occupation. Everyone understands self-defense. It is understood generally to be a sufficient excuse for homicide. It underlies the constitutional provision which prohibits search and seizure of a man's property without a legal warrant. We all have a strong sense of possession and like to retain what is ours. The "defense of hearth and home" is valid logic in the common minds of common men. Yet there is a sounder line of thought for more intellectual men.

The theory of national defense is combined closely with the whole principle of modern government. Even the liberal, socialistically inclined Ramsay MacDonald celebrates his initiation as Britisn Premier by securing additional aircraft and cruiser appropriations from the British Parliament. A responsible statesman sees to the support of his government.

International lawyers are among the few people in the world acquainted with international affairs and with means of international communication and cooperation. They would naturally —one would think—be most likely to be interested in world-wide organizations. Yet those very international lawyers commenced their studies by scrutinizing the principles of national sovereignty, national independence, and national rights. Indeed, it is not too much to say that most of our distinguished international lawyers are among the most ardent nationalists we have in this country. One authority says the right of self-preservation is the first law of nations. Another authority says this right is the first of absolute and permanent rights, and serves as a fundamental basis for a great number of accessory, secondary or occasional rights. An essential condition for the continuance of wars, and therefore the continuance of the doctrine of national defense, is the doctrine of separate sovereignty. Israel Zangwill was perfectly correct when he said that the way to abolish war

was to do away with all frontier lines, custom houses, restrictions on immigration, and separate national sovereignties. So long as separate sovereign states continue owing no duties to higher organizations and insistently maintain their rights—so long as international law, not only permits, but actually emphasizes this condition—there will always be questions at issue between nations that are not justiciable. Arbitration treaties may be drawn. Arbitration courts may be established. Yet the arbitration treaties always exempt from their scope questions affecting national rights, policies, interests and honor. Arbitration courts have no compulsory jurisdiction and are without power to enforce their decrees. For some things the ultimate arbitrament is that of war. It is not by chance that the statuesque figure of justice bears a sword.

Almost one hundred years ago, when the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court handed down a decision nullifying the course of action taken by the State of Georgia against the Indian nation of the Cherokees, the gentleman then in the presidential chair remarked. "John Marshall has made his decision—now let him enforce it!" Georgia scoffed at the opinion of the Supreme Court. The mandate was never obeyed. The power to enforce the jurisdiction of the court did not operate. So long as there is no such power, or so long as such existing power does not operate, the courts are useless. But when there is such a power and it does operate, their opinions are the guides to policy. The armed power merely enforces the policy. Without the power, the policy is impotent.

From 1861 to 1865 the United States needed armed forces to suppress a rebellion. The doctrine of state sovereignty without our union had been a series of trouble ever since it was discussed in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Intensified from year to year by the slavery question a conflict of ideas became a conflict of laws. The conflict of laws became a conflict of peoples until horizontal lines across the continent could have divided the respective forces. The conflict of the two peoples finally became a conflict of rifle and cannon. The conflict ceased to be an argument in constitutional law and became on the one hand a denial and on the other hand a support of the law of the land itself. From 1861 to 1865, as General Sherman later said, the Supreme Court was paralyzed. Its rights and decrees were treated with contempt south of the Potomac and the Ohio. It could not sum-

mon a witness or send a deputy marshal. Armed force was needed to restore the law. Right needed the aid of might.

In one sense this Civil War of ours was a defensive war. It was a war to support the Federal Union. In a military sense it was an offensive war, waged to subdue a revolution as McClellan said, "to crush a population." And here with this single conflict as an example we can see a clear distinction between defense of national policies and defense of a nation. To some simple-minded people national defense may mean the protection of hearth and home against an invader. To others, capable of thinking deeply, clearly, and broadly, it may mean the defense of our policies, of our government, of our citizens against annoyance, injustice and insult. So long as our national policies are defensive and not offensive, the war we wage in support of these policies will be a defensive war, whatever may be the character of the military operations. According to this distinction the American Revolution was a defensive war to maintain chartered rights and traditional liberties. In this sense, the War with France of 1798-1800, the War of 1812, and the War of 1917, were defensive wars to preserve our prestige and protect our people engaged in commerce overseas.

Defensives and offensives cannot be definitely determined as such on any circumstantial or contemporary grounds. We must go back to the causes and the antecedents, else our interpretations are merely superficial and for the occasion and the instance alone. When Lee invaded the North and struck, on two separate campaigns, towards Antietam and Gettysburg, he was tactically on the offensive, but strategically on the defensive. He invaded only to relieve pressure from the Richmond front. For the Confederacy, as I have said, the war was a defensive war, in defense of State sovereignties against the attempts of the North to compel adherence to the Union.

When British forces occupied the town of Castine, Maine, in 1814, our local inhabitants were on the defensive; the British were the invaders. If we look back far enough, we might say that the American Congress was the real offender, for it had declared war. And yet, if we investigate fully, we find that our declaration of war was really a defensive act, it was the last resort of a people whose principles of nationality had been continuously assailed by Britain. It was our only remaining means of arguing our point in diplomatic discussion. The war of 1812 was a defens-

ive war, in spite of our initiating the hostilities by declaring it formally, in spite of our attempts to invade Canada from Detroit and from Niagara. The very invalidity of purely military operations as a single criterion is admirably illustrated by that same conflict. The British invaded our territories at Plattsburg, Washington, Castine, and New Orleans. We invaded the British territory twice, at opposite ends of Lake Erie. The crossing of a frontier line is no standard of judgment for the determination of the offensive or defensive character of a war.

Suppose, for instance, that we should enter a war with a strong foreign nation. In a military sense, we should have to assume an initial defensive. With a population of over a hundred millions and a potential military manpower of over sixteen million, we would still be unready to act aggressively with our forces. With altogether only 500,000 trained citizens—about half of whom are officer material—and with a regular army of only 130,000 we would have to adopt a defensive position in readiness and protect our shores until we could assemble and train our personnel. This in a military sense. Yet the military situation is not the whole of it. We must go behind the military operations and discover what make them necessary in the first place. If the war we entered was brought on because we had conducted a political offensive in foreign affairs, it would be an offensive war. If it was brought on to maintain just and rightful defensive foreign policies, it ould be a defensive war, whatever the character of the operations.

People who read history and are accustomed to thinking in historical terms are slow to analyze current conditions. Consequently, for a long time it was thought that wars were the sport of kings. It was believed that they were essentially political in their causes. It was believed that increasing international communication and trade would tend to diminish international political differences. It was really not until the twentieth century that people began to understand that wars are principally economic in their causes. Prior to the World War, Mr. Brailsford's book, entitled, *War of Steel and Gold*, made the economic motive clear. Then Mr. Lippman told the people of this country how to recognize "The Stakes of Diplomacy" in European affairs. He pointed out, as a single example, that the financial interests of the Bank of Rome in a north African power-house, actually brought on the Italian-Turkish war which was portrayed in popular terms as a

contest between the traditions of ancient Rome and of the oriental race, between Christ and Mohammed. Since then Lionel Curtis, Mr. Bakeless, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and Admiral Niblack have insisted that all wars are economic in their motives. We have come to recognize that the protection of citizens, traders and interests beyond our borders are the real causes of war. Speaking in New York in 1923, Secretary Hughes said that we did not like to relinquish our rights under the capitulations agreement, but that we could not go to war to protect the legal status of our citizens in Turkey. When nationalistic Turkey was concentrating towards the Dardanelles, evangelistic organizations who had previously pleaded for peace, promptly faced about and demanded armed forces to suppress the Turk. President Coolidge more recently said in New York, "We are seeking no acquisition of territory and maintaining no military establishment with unfriendly hostile intent. We have come to a position of great power and great responsibility. Our first duty is to ourselves. American standards must be maintained. American institutions must be preserved. The freedom of the people, politically, economically, intellectually, morally and spiritually must continue to be advanced. The world knows that we do not seek to rule by force of arms, our strength lies in our moral power. We maintain a military force for our defense, but our offensive lies in the justice of our cause."

War may sometimes be necessary, but it will be a war to enforce a policy and not a war conducted for the purpose of slaughter. Our troops may actually take the offensive, but so long as our diplomatic policy is defensive, it will be a defensive war. The army and the navy are not war-makers. When statesmen and people decide on war as a means to accomplish the national will, they call upon the army and the navy to uphold our policies against our opponents. In protecting our policies, we protect our nation.

National defense is not a thing in itself. Armies and navies are not maintained to bring on wars. The present excessive armament of France in the air will not cause a war with England, because the policies of those two countries are not bitterly in opposition, but merely divergent. There may be differences and conflicts of opinion, but so long as there is no direct antagonism, there can be no war. Armies and navies are but the instruments of statecraft, the last type of ultimata, where bayonets and

bullets serve as punctuation marks, and the professional decencies of campaigners take the place of the elaborate protocol and courtesies of polished diplomats. National defense is a mode of national action. The nation is the unit of action. Its policy is the cause of war. Military operations are merely the means by which the national will is imposed upon those who condemn or oppose it. Protection at our seaports may be effected by immigration restriction, or by actual exclusion laws. Protection of the Mexican frontier against marauding bandits, has to be effected by troops who patrol the desolate banks of the Rio Grande. If the rum runner invades our territorial waters, he is met by a coast guard cutter—which is armed. If many rum runners combine to destroy the armed ships which deny them passage across, or anchorage along, the marginal sea, the open revolt may be put down by the navy. If the foreign country whose flag the rum fleet flies, presses the issue, naval engagements may bring about a naval war or even a general war. When national policy declares that war actually exists between this country or another, protection becomes a matter needing broader and most intensive efforts. The popular spirit supports the national policy. The defense of policies, when war is flagrant, becomes in fact a defense of national territory.

Several years of agitation and counter-agitation have finally resulted in the pacifist organizations adopting their logical position. They are now frankly coming out and taking the so-called "slacker's oath" refusing to support their government in any war measures for any cause, thus definitely denying one of the primary obligations of citizenship. There are some of them even saying that immigration restrictions and exclusions should go by the board. The issue is not war or peace. The issue is definitely one of national allegiance and nationality. And, strange as it may seem, this very slacker's oath was supported by certain young student volunteers interested in foreign missionary service, who when they go abroad will be protected in China perhaps by the long arm and the strong policy of their own government. In China itself they will learn that a nation without organization of its national power is able neither to maintain peace and tranquility within its own borders nor to preserve those borders against the incursions of foreign peoples. In potential manpower, the United States is noted on statistical charts as the equal of China. In actual power, the United States is superior because of

our superior facilities for organization and our superior armament. China has betrayed her nationality. Shall we betray ours? China has a weak foreign policy. Shall ours be equally weak? China is over-run with foreigners and her aggravated people are restricted from entering many of the states of the world. Shall we likewise be over-run with foreigners, proselyted by missioners and restricted from travel and settlement overseas? The answer lies in the strength or weakness of our desire to maintain our nationality and in our willingness to support and defend the national policies of the United States. It is a problem of loyalty and the national will of a self-governing people.

RELIGION

BY T. B. STORK

THAT was a suggestive remark of Dean Inge in his essay on St. Paul, that: "the Gospel of Christ is not a religion, but religion itself in its most universal and deepest significance."

That is to say, there are not many religions of many and divers sorts, but there is only one religion and these many and divers sorts are merely different phases of that one and only religion. For they are all attempts more or less perfect to answer those time-old questions of man: What am I? Where am I? What am I doing here? What, in other words, is the meaning of all that I see about me: the earth with its beasts and plants, the stars in the sky of night, the sun of day, the moon of night? All these are mysteries just as I myself am a mystery in my birth, in my life, most of all in my death. Religion of whatever sort is an effort to answer these questions; it might be defined as the purposeful effort of man to find his place, define his relations to this world and the next. It puts a meaning into life that before was meaningless; for as Tolstoi has said, the most terrible thing to man is not the fear of death but the meaninglessness of things. Until a man finds for himself this meaning he is inferior, no matter how great his intelligence, to the poorest peasant woman who believes in the Virgin Mary and that her soul may suffer in purgatory or gain the bliss of Heaven.

It follows therefore since there can be but one rightful place for man in the world, so there can be but one religion; but one answer to his question, no matter how many fantastic shapes he may invent in his effort to find that answer. All religion so-called from the African fetichism, through the highly philosophical Brahminism of India, the cold, practical doctrine of Mahomet, the warm emotional teaching of Roman Catholicism, as well as the

intellectual refinement of Unitarianism, all the various modes of Protestant Christianity are but examples of that one effort to put meaning into life, to solve the mystery of living, to find man's place and purpose in the Universe.

The one characteristic common to all is the deep ineradicable conviction that there is an answer, competent, complete, satisfactory, could it be found, and a righteous discontent until it is found. The man is like a traveller lost in a vast unknown region full of pitfalls, traps for unwary feet, precipices for rash adventurers, he seeks the path that shall show him his place and his way through the apparently trackless wild. Like the traveller he seeks in his religion a knowledge of his whereabouts and he longs for the safety, the sure confidence which the finding of the right path gives the traveller. All his surroundings prompt him to this quest; the material world extending on all sides with its lofty mountains, its vast plains, its boundless seas, its infinite varieties of life, men like himself, animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, all the wonderful phenomena of life in all its manifestations, fill his soul with questioning wonder. What is the meaning of all these? How do I come into it? Where do I stand? Whither do I go? What are my relations to it? Is there any over-seeing power that governs and directs, or is it a mere chaotic go-as-you-please without purpose, without reason, without premeditated cause or calculated end?

These questions insist on some sort of answer; they are self-born, the natural reaction of intelligent mind to its surroundings, which to still its uneasiness must find some answer. And religion is the answer; religion is the attempt to still this uneasiness. Even those rabid enemies of all religion, the Bolsheviki, recognize this when they place in Moscow near one of the great churches in the Kremlin, an inscription declaring: "Religion is the opium of the People"; that is, religion answers these questions, tranquilizes the mind disturbed by the puzzle of the world and its life. This instinct of religion as it might be called is as primitive, as natural as hunger or thirst, and there seems no reason why it should not be accepted as a fact quite as real and credible in the psychological world as they are in the physical.

By his mental constitution, by the laws of his thinking, man is compelled to assume that there is a law, a method, a reasoned plan running through this apparent medley of the world. It is only by this assumption, whether true in reality or not, that he

finds satisfaction for his thinking. That the world is governed by laws, shaped by purpose, is a necessity of his thinking. He may not be able to discover those laws and that purpose, but he feels assured that they exist.

Expressed in the simplest terms this impulse to find his place and the equally strong conviction that there is a place not of chance, but of reason, planned long before his birth, spring from the desire for unity, for harmony with the world, with all things, with God. Separateness, disparateness, is abhorrent to man's soul, to escape it he seeks religion, which by showing him his place, his duties, his rights, his destiny, shall establish some reasoned relation with all that he sees about him and so make him one with it, with the all. To some the world may present no problem; it is all simple, requiring no explanation. They eat, they sleep, observe the daily routine of life, asking no questions, troubled by no doubts. Men are born and die, the world rolls on, all as a matter of course. But to the man who contemplates all this, who thinks, no matter how superficially, awkward doubts, strange questions arise. His regular tasks go on each day endlessly, monotonously, with no final purpose apparent, nothing is accomplished by his daily task beyond getting something to eat, something to put on. The whole race of men no matter how engaged is in the last analysis only marking time, doing things to enable it simply to exist. Finally all die to give place to others, their posterity, who occupy themselves likewise in similar tasks. They work for their living and then die. This has been going on for century after century. What is the meaning of it all? Why should man go on thus, generation after generation? What means this eternal march, this great unceasing procession of human beings from the cradle to the grave?

His efforts to examine into the great riddle only plunge him deeper in its mysteries. He discovers traces in the earth of past centuries of human and animal life, men scarcely recognizable as such; beasts of a size and shape now unknown, marks of glaciers, of fires, of earthquakes that wrought destruction centuries ago. All these proclaim the existence of the world possibly for thousands of years during which strange happenings are indicated but not revealed. So with the starry heavens where we behold extinct planets, stars so distant that the light that makes them known to us must have set out on its journey before we have any historic records of man's existence on the earth.

Religion is thus born of man's awe and wonder and of his irresistible impulse to orientate himself, to place himself in the world, and so to in some way understand the world and himself. It is the fashion of those who attack religion to ignore this vital and essential view of religion and to devote much unfavorable attention to the widely different answers which men have found in their various religions. Like men observing sailors struggling in the tempestuous sea, these critics devote more attention to the kind of vessels employed than to the vital issue whether the mariners can safely make the land. They argue that all religions must be false because so divergent and often apparently antagonistic to each other. They neglect the great fundamental identity of them all, namely, the endeavor to find satisfaction of soul.

This satisfaction of soul is the very heart of all religion, the content that comes with a sense that the individual is in harmony with this world, with all things about him, with God. For the individual by himself and for himself alone is an error whose correction is the Universal, the whole, which God is. This is the truth of religion, content, happiness of soul that comes from the consciousness that the individual has found his place, is in the path assigned him. The truth of religion is, therefore, not to be tried by physical external facts, by its correspondence or want of correspondence with scientific or historical truth, they are entirely beside the matter. The truth of religion is a spiritual truth and can only be tested spiritually. A religion which satisfies the soul of its place and destiny is always true for that soul. Souls are not all alike, are not all equally endowed. To one soul that may be the highest truth which to another may be grievous error. To each according to his capacity the answer of religion comes. An Eskimo cannot know or enter into ideas that seem simple and self-evident to your highly-trained Unitarian believer any more than he could appreciate the poetry of Tennyson or the higher flights of eloquence of St. Paul. To some the warm emotional religion of Roman Catholicism seems entirely unsatisfactory, while to the Romanist the cold logical dogmas of the Presbyterian appear banal and lifeless. If it be objected that this view of religion is purely and simply Solipsism, that thus every man is judge and final arbiter of his own religion, it must be conceded that it is so and necessarily and unavoidably so, if we believe that the state of the soul is the vital and only significant thing in religion. This has often been declared by inspired

writers and by others. "As a man thinketh so is he." But the logical inferences from this declaration never seem to have been fully grasped; namely, that there is no test or standard by which one man can try the truth or falsehood of another man's religion, for there is no test or standard save the man's own soul and that we have no means of judging. It is true we are told by Christ that by their fruits ye shall know them and that the fruits of the spirit are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."[1] But these tests apply to the soul, enable us to draw inferences which we are given to understand are trustworthy for the soul, they do not test the falsehood or truth of any particular religion, but rather seem to refer that to the state of the soul so that if the soul produces legitimate fruits its religion will be judged by that. False and true are terms which when applied to religion ought rather to be changed to perfect and imperfect, implying by those two terms that religion like education is a thing of degrees, of steps, in a spiritual progress. The various ceremonies, the beliefs intellectual, the dogmas ecclesiastical of the divers forms of religion are merely aids to the state of soul, steps in its education; to some they are helps, to others hindrances. The Friend or Quaker attains this state of soul by the avoiding of all ceremonies, all outward signs of inward grace; the Roman Catholic finds in his elaborate ritual, his gorgeous colors, his splendid music, the enunciation of highly artificial dogmas, the inspiration for that same state of soul which the Friend attains without them. For in the course of the spiritual growth of men through the ages—a growth which has necessarily been closely associated with their intellectual growth and their material progress in the arts and industries of life—many original beliefs and ceremonies have become obsolescent, many new ceremonies and dogmas have been invented, not deliberately but have sprung into existence naturally as better expressing their advancement in spiritual life.

A religion that causes rightful fruits of soul in conduct must never be held false, however imperfect, when compared with another more advanced since it must be inferred from external acts that the soul's state is one of content and satisfaction of harmony with the world and with God according to its capacity for content, satisfaction and harmony.

[1] Galatians v.22-23.

How else can religion be tested; have the Schopenhauers and Nietzsches and the host of smaller critics any standard by which they can measure religions, distinguish the true and the false? Do they expect by some intellectual examination to detect falsehood, religion eludes all such; for it concerns the soul and its state can be tested by no such process. The character of false or true cannot attach to such a test: it is a matter of immediate apprehension by each man for himself. He is harmonious honestly contented and satisfied in soul and that is the end of it.

Does this seem a strange conclusion for those who believe in Christianity to reach? Is not Christianity and the belief in its doctrines the only true religion? The answer must be not that it is the only, but that it is the highest and most perfect form of religion which we know. A little consideration will make evident that any other conclusion would lead us into a perfect bramble bush of difficulties, moral and intellectual. The reductio ad absurdum within its limitations is an effective weapon of argument. If it were contended that Christianity were the only true religion and that as a natural and logical sequence all other religions were false and the professors of them mistaken and so lost for all eternity, it would follow that we must condemn Abraham and Moses as wanting true religion because they knew not Christ, had no knowledge of the Trinity, for the simple reason that they had never heard of them. Or going a step farther we must condemn every man however good to eternal punishment if he has lived in ignorance of Christian doctrines and precepts.

Thus considered we may gather some faint light on the place and function of doctrines and ceremonials in the spiritual life of the soul. For it is that life which alone is of real consequence. Thus we see how the belief in Christ's sufferings and death drew the souls of men into a sympathy and love for God such as no belief in a stern all-just Jehovah could or would. So the belief of the Jews was superseded; became obsolescent in the higher belief in a Christ who was both God and man. The Jewish religion was not false, it did not fail in its work and place but the idea of a God favoring an exclusive people was less moving to the soul than a God who came to all men. Their Jehovah guided and delivered his people from their oppressors; the memory of it was perpetuated by the ceremonial of the passover. His majesty and glory were symbolized in the Ark of the Covenant, visible and present as a physical reality to all, so awe-inspiring

that to touch it without authority meant death. How different was the picture of God as man healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, sharing the common life of all men and finally giving his life on the cross. That earlier conception of God served its purpose, was suited to the people and the period, but this later and higher conception, now that it had in the ripeness of time become possible for men to receive it, superseded the first and the veil of the temple was rent in twain when Christ died.

To each according to his capacity, to the Jew the Almighty and in some aspects terrible Jehovah, to the Christian the human love-inspiring Christ. To the Jew the just doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, to the Christian the turning of the other cheek. These represent the spiritual growth of man's soul, the progress toward that unity of the individual with the Universal which is the goal of religion in whatever form it takes.

Miracles which in Oriental countries and according to Oriental ideas were part of the accepted credentials of Divinity, the authentication of Divine teaching, have become to many an intellectual stumbling block, a hindrance to higher spiritual life. To the early Christian the belief in them was an inspiring, sustaining power, helping his soul in the heavenward way, just as a belief in the wonders portrayed in the Apocalytic book of Revelations fired his imagination with pictures of an earth-depicted Heaven with golden crowns and harps with the great white throne and the multitude of the redeemed in serried ranks of white.

To a man more highly developed intellectually and spiritually these vivid pictures make little appeal. His conception of Heaven is that portrayed by St. Paul when he expressed his feeling as "having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better."[2] In the gradual evolution of man physically into his present bodily form we must not refuse an equally great evolution spiritually. His body now requires for its well being what it did not need in the past, and so his soul in like manner asks a different sustenance, a nourishment more spiritual than golden harps and crowns. These spiritual helps of the past are not therefore to be pronounced false or mistaken; for their time and place and for those who required them they were true and right, but unnecessary, if not harmful, for those who, passing beyond this childish age with its miracles, its golden harps and crowns,

[2] Phil. i.23.

all its gorgeous oriental imagery, the paraphernalia of the vivid Eastern imagination, have risen to Paul's great conception of Heaven that is to the being with Christ in close communion and love. It must always be borne in mind that spiritual teachings by miracles, by the recital of the wonders of the next world portrayed by a vivid imagination or by dogmas the product of ingenious intellects, all come to us very largely through the imaginations and the minds of human beings like ourselves, colored by their individual feelings and obsessions, that is the feelings and obsessions of their particular time and their particular limitations intellectual and moral.

In the gradual evolution of religious thought, the Oriental imagery, the wonders and miracles of the earlier forms of religion make way for the dogmas and doctrines which are more consistent with the severer and colder intellectual imagination of the modern man. Both serve their time and do their work as props and aids to that state of the soul toward God and the world which is the goal of all religion. But again like their predecessors in the spiritual progress of the world dogmas and doctrines have no virtue in and by themselves, it is only as they contribute to the spiritual state of the soul that they have meaning or value. There is no life in a dogma or creed any more than in the loaf of bread on the baker's shelf. Both are dead until taken up, assimilated by the living organism for which they were made. Their saving grace lies not in the truth or falsity of some physical material fact with which they deal, but in their effective influence on the soul. The great doctrines of the Church, the Trinity, the atoning sacrifice of Christ, its most sacred rites, baptism, the sacrament, have their value only as they enter into and fructify the soul of the believer; only then do they work salvation in him. By what secret process these various agents, rites, ceremonies, beliefs, dogmas, do their work is one of the mysteries of the human soul. How a belief and faith in Christ engenders a love for Him and a devotion which drives his martyrs to death with a smiling face, we cannot fathom or explain any more than we can explain the apparently simpler process by which the dead loaf of bread of our daily sustenance is transformed into life, energy, thought, all the activities of the human being who consumes it.

But this we know, that beliefs and dogmas and rites of the Church may so transform the man that we can observe in external

signs the tremendous change wrought by them. Observe how the mystics of religion are carried away into visions and ecstacies; how their souls are so wrought upon that their very physical bodies suffer change and we behold in the stigmata of saints the outward evidence of the great internal change.

Perhaps by considering the somewhat analogous processes of our human affections, we may gather some notion of the spiritual process by which love to God and to Christ become vital parts of the man's soul. Our affections for our father and mother, our friends, are not external intellectual ideas by which the man says I love my father or I love my child, but this love is the gradual development of his feelings; the why and wherefore of which he cannot explain: the fact or belief that such a person is his father or his child undoubtedly has its part in the matter just as the fact of Christ's life and death and the belief of the Christian has its part, but these must be followed by much more than this. His meditation upon it, his interest in it, and his bringing it home to himself in this way must in some way culminate in personal feeling before that belief can have its proper effect on his soul.

When this belief has thus fructified in the soul, made itself part of the man, at once it enriches and fills out his spiritual life; he lives on a higher plane of life. See, for example, how so simple a belief as that in God's protecting care helps and raises to a new key the man's thought of life so that the Psalmist could say in the abundance of his belief: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Psalm 91:1.

What a charm for the fearful and the apprehensive soul to bear within it such an assurance of tranquility, of safety, amid all the perils of life. David undoubtedly spoke out of the wealth of his own confidence and trust in God the fruit of his belief in God's over-seeing goodness to his servants. Here was the belief made vital and life-giving by being taken into and made part of the soul's own substance. The transformation thus effected in the intellectual belief which first brings the thought to the man's soul is profound; it is the alchemist touch that turns the base metal to gold. The difference between the two aspects of belief may be realized by a little incident of recent occurrence in which a man sought to prove the lawfulness of strong drink by instancing the turning of water into wine by Christ at the marriage in

Cana. He treated the miracle and the story of it as a logical proposition, capable of having inferences drawn and arguments made upon it; to him it was simply a positive fact with all the consequences that ought to be inferred from a fact; to the man to whom it became a live and vital thing, it was an illustration of Christ's humanity, the manifestation of human interest in the humble life of men on earth and so it brought to his soul a realizing sense of Christ's nearness to men; it bred in him feeling; it was transformed from a cold statement of fact to a life-giving inspiration. It is manifestly absurd to suppose that the merely intellectual acceptance or rejection of a rite or a dogma of religion can have any spiritual effect. It is only when that rite or dogma comes into the spiritual life of the soul that we can attribute moral and spiritual value to it. It is equally absurd to suppose that ignorance or even a refusal of some rite or dogma proclaimed by some human authority can have any damning effect spiritually. There are many dogmas of the Church utterly unknown to Abraham, to Moses, to David; they are not condemned to outer darkness by reason thereof. That ignorance is their spiritual loss but not their spiritual condemnation: they never had that realization of the love and nearness of God to his people which in later days came to the Christian Church in its belief and faith in Christ and his sacrifice for them. This does not stamp the earlier religion as false, but simply as less vital, less rich in its spiritual power. May it not be said of those who now perhaps have no belief in miracles, who may even doubt the material facts of Christ's life and death, that this is their terrible spiritual loss, that thus their souls miss that tenderness of soul which a belief in Christ's life and death would give them; that thus deprived they will be more distant from God, will have a colder less fruitful spiritual life, that they will be far back in the spiritual progress and growth of their souls toward unity with God. That it should condemn them to eternal punishment, it would be trespassing on forbidden ground to even think; that again is one of the mysteries of our life. We do not know, we cannot even presume to guess, the answer to that question, what will become of those who reject all spiritual teachings. If it be suggested that a continual rejection, resulting in a continual spiritual loss to the soul, either by a refusal or an ignorance of these helps to its spirtual life might eventually end, if persisted in, with the spiritual death of the soul, there would seem little to be said to the contrary.

INCONSISTENCIES AND INCONGRUITIES IN JESUS' REPORTED TEACHINGS

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

MODERN scholars of the unprejudiced and enlightened type recognize, of course, that our sources of information concerning the personality and actual teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are as meager as they are unsatisfactory in quality. The composition of the gospel of Mark, in the words of Prof. S. J. Case, of the University of Chicago—an acknowledged and high authority on New Testament literature and interpretation—"must fall near the year 70 A. D." The same author continues:

"The gospel of Mark, though composed somewhat later than the epistles of Paul, belongs near enough to Jesus' own day to come within the lifetime of some of the original disciples; while the more extended reports of Jesus' teachings now found in Matthew and Luke seem unquestionably to have been derived from common written tradition whose composition very probably antedates that of Mark." In the words of Dr. Julicher, "the gospel was virtually completed in the home of Jesus even before his generation passed away, and believing Jews wrote it down at that time in their own language."

I have made the foregoing quotations in order to show that we cannot be at all certain that Jesus actually said what he is reported as having said, or that he used the exact words attributed to him, or that his precise meaning was always comprehended, or that his pious and very simple-minded followers did not eke out their recollections of Jesus' sermons, fables and parables with notions of their own and with rather free interpretations of fragments they cherished.

If, therefore, there are inconsistencies and incongruities in the reported teachings and sayings of Jesus, the fair-minded and earnest student, and especially the student who is in sympathy with the quintessential message of the Nazarene, will naturally be disposed to

account for them by assuming carelessness, defective memory, unintentional or well-meant amendments, additions and "tendency" interpretations on the part of the men who, in the role of active disciples, or propagandists or devout worshippers, wrote down what is today the Christian gospel.

But, whatever the explanation may be, *the inconsistencies and incongruities are there to note, consider and frankly discuss.* It is scarcely necessary to say that the present writer believes Jesus to have been a man, a mortal born of human parents in the natural way, but a man of unique moral and mental qualities, of genius, a man of profound insight and lofty ideals. Though he spoke the language of his time, shared many of the errors of his race, age and environment, and was a poet and prophet rather than a scientific philosopher, his wisdom is gladly acknowledged by the most exact and critical thinkers of our scientific age and is seriously challenged by very few—the few who, with Nietzsche, call Christianity a slave religion and Jesus' ethical teachings slave ethics. It may be remarked, in passing, that since the death of Nietzsche neither science, modern scientific philosophy, nor empirical thinking have confirmed the "slave" theory of essential Christian doctrine. Science is *not* in conflict with the humanities. Even biology is reverting to "the greatest of these," charity, and throwing overboard the crude notions of the half-baked professors of false eugenics.

From the point of view indicated, we start, then, with this definite theory, or this fact—that Jesus, who well knew the old law and the old way of life and found them wanting, and who had a new way of life, a new and revolutionary gospel to preach and teach, was not easily or rightly understood in his own life-time, and had to contend with many difficulties begotten of mental habits, ignorance, superstitions, memories of Jewish rebels and pretenders, inaccurate use of language, and the desire of most men to believe what is pleasant and reject what is disturbing or disagreeable. It was, therefore, necessary for him to repeat, reiterate, emphasize the vital, original and radical essence of his gospel. It is reasonable to assume that trivial, foolish or captious questions, or questions intended to tempt and entrap him, were either dismissed by him, somewhat impatiently, as unworthy of attention, or else answered only for the purpose of re-enforcing and stressing his fundamental conceptions and doctrines.

Let us take first the alleged illustration of the penny in connection with the embarrassing but natural question concerning the payment of tribute to Caesar. It would have been grist to the mill of Jesus'

opponents and enemies had he answered the question with a yes or a no. The Jews were divided into two hostile camps; one favored submission to Rome, the other urged rebellion. Jesus could not advise either submission or resistance and rebellion without arousing bitter opposition of a powerful section of the people, and he could not sanction rebellion, moreover, without instantly facing charges of sedition and treason to Rome. What he is reported to have said seemed astute and wholly disarming to the writers of the gospels, and no doubt to many others. In truth, his alleged answer was no answer at all. It is safe to assume that "believing Jews" put it in his mouth because *to them* it seemed remarkably effective. It is nothing of the sort. It is question-begging.

Suppose an Irish republican of the irreconcilable type were asked whether it was right and proper to pay tribute to Great Britain, which even now claims overlordship and sovereign control of Ireland; suppose he were to look at a British coin and say, Render to his majesty, the king and emperor, the things that are his. What would intelligent and honest men say of the reply? They would call it a dodge. The coinage and circulating notes of a suzerain are in no sense "his"; he does not make presents of them to his willing or unwilling subject; they have to work for the money—hard or soft—which they receive in industry or trade; the taxes and tribute they are made to pay represent their toil and self-denial. If Caesar has no right to rule them, he is not entitled to taxation or tribute, whether his image is on the coin of the colony, dependency, protectorate, or not. The coins turned over to his agents are not his; they are the property of those who earned them.

What Jesus, if correctly reported, really advised the inquiring Jews to do, therefore, was to continue to pay taxes and tribute to Rome; only, the simple-minded believing Jews failed to detect the evasion, the fallacy, in the alleged reply—if he made it, which, I repeat, is distinctly doubtful.

It may be asked: What answer should Jesus have made; what other answer was open to him? The philosophical student of the gospels, who is able to distinguish between what is significant and vital in Jesus' message and what is accidental, casual, superficial can have no difficulty in evolving an answer that is thoroughly consistent with Jesus' central doctrine and with the deepest and most significant of his reported sayings. Let us ask whether some such answer as the following—based strictly on the spirit, essence and pith of the gospels—would not be truly and characteristically Christian:

"The question of tribute to Caesar is of no importance and moment to the Son of Man and his faithful followers. They care little how it is answered by the worldly who neglect to lay up treasures in heaven. The kingdom of heaven is at hand, and both those who obey Caesar and those who defy him have strained at gnats while swallowing camels. Repent ye all and believe in the gospel; there alone is salvation; love your neighbors; nay, love even your oppressors and enemies; resist not evil; God is your father and all men are your brothers; let humility, charity and service govern all your actions."

The answer just framed is the answer which is implied in and almost dictated by the teachings of Jesus. It is, indubitably, the answer consistent and sincere Christians would make today in a situation similar to that reported in the gospels. It is the answer Count Tolstoy actually made to anti-czarist Russian radicals who accused him of reactionary tendencies. He was a true Christian; he did not trouble himself with the abuses of autocracy; he was not interested in political or economic reforms; he was preoccupied with the problem of the meaning of life and the destiny of the human race. He had a mission—to preach salvation—to which everything else had to be sacrificed and beside which everything else was trivial. To Jesus, with the kingdom of God within him, and with the possibility of like superiority for every man always before his mind, how could a question of tribute to Caesar—or any other ruler, native or alien—seriously concern him? It could not, and did not; the answer imputed to him was not the right, logical answer.

Let us take another of Jesus' alleged answers to a question put to him by the Pharisees—namely the question about divorce. Was divorce lawful? It was under the Mosaic law; it was under the Roman law; the question was, therefore, what Jesus himself thought of divorce and what he proposed to do with the old law that permitted it. We know what the alleged answer was. Moses had "suffered" bills of divorcement because of the hardness of the hearts of the people he sought to lead, but Moses had been too lenient and mistaken. Divorce was really repugnant to God's law, because "from the beginning of creation he made them male and female," and "what therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It is difficult to believe that Jesus is correctly reported in these strange pointless utterances. The Protestant sects disregard them, and decline to believe that to put away wife or husband is to com-

mit adultery. They are obviously right. The fact that God created males and females proves nothing. It constitutes no argument against any form of marriage, or against any ground for the dissolution of marriage. Sex is not confined to the human race, and in nature sex union is not always essential to reproduction. Besides, the state not God, enacts marriage laws, and there is no reason why the same earthly authority should not enact divorce laws. Where true love exists, God may be said by Christians and others to have spiritually and emotionally joined together two human beings of opposite sexes, but if love be the real marriage—as it indeed is—then, when love goes, marriage goes. If God decrees love and attraction, God also decrees repulsion, indifference and separation. Jesus would have distinguished between love and mere passion; he could not possibly believe in building family life on habit and empty convention. The question how many times a person is permitted by the state to marry another person must have had but little interest or significance to him who cried, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother"!

Be it noted that Matthew's version of Jesus' dictum on the question of the propriety of divorce is radically different from that of Mark. According to the former, Jesus said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, *except it be for fornication*, and shall marry another, commiteth adultery." In this version adultery is recognized as a valid ground for divorce, and no mention is made of the number of marriages a man may contract if he is so unfortunate as to divorce his wives for adultery.

Which is the correct version? No one knows; no one can ever know; it is probable that neither is correct, and that "believing Jews" attributed to Jesus their own different opinion on the subject of divorce.

We take up next the Gadarene swine incident, which caused Huxley to return a special indictment, and a most bitter and wrathful one, against the alleged act of Jesus in sending devils into two thousand valuable animals, the property of innocent men, and bringing about the drowning of the animals. Huxley thought the act immoral, wrong and senseless—and it would be, of course, all these things, as well as plainly inconsistent with Jesus' teachings in regard to respect for contracts, established standards of wages and relations between masters and servants. But it is permissible to doubt if the alleged episode, as reported, had even a shadow of a basis of

fact. The superstitious and believing Jews must have invented it. They believed in devils and in the possibility of ordering them to leave one set of beings and invade another. They regarded such a transfer as a miracle calculated to bring converts into the fold. The story is grotesquely irrational and may be rejected without hesitation.

Hardly satisfactory or probable, again, is the reply attributed by the believing Jews to Jesus in connection with the question of the scribes and hypocrites, "By what authority doest thou do these (miraculous) things?" He is represented as knowing that the question was tricky and as resenting it. Yet what does he do? Decline to answer, treat his questioners with deserved contempt? No; he is said to have asked *them* a question about the baptism of John—a question they could not answer without getting themselves into trouble. Since, being hypocrites, they naturally gave an evasive answer, Jesus found in that evasion a sufficient reason for refraining from answering their question respecting his authority. The placing of Jesus on the level of the scribes and hypocrites is not exactly a tribute to his person or mission. Because *they* were cowardly and insincere, it did not follow that *he* was justified in his refusal to give a frank answer! If he wished to defy them and expose their cunning and treachery, other episodes recorded of him show that he knew how to do that without comparing himself with men he despised and often chastised. Again, we must doubt the accuracy of the report of the incident.

Finally, we come to the most astonishing riddle—or paradox—in the whole narrative—namely, the alleged complaint and cry of despair on Jesus' part about the ninth hour after the crucifixion. Matthew and Mark give virtually the same account of the alleged outburst. To quote the latter:

"And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani, which, being interpreted, is My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? . . . .

"And Jesus cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost."

The account of the alleged episode in Matthew is, except for verbal differences of slight importance, identical with the above. Not so with Luke's version, however. According to Luke, Jesus, after crying (something) with a loud voice, said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost." According to John, Jesus uttered no cry at all while on the cross, but said, "I thirst" in order that the scripture might be fulfilled, and

after receiving the vinegar, only said, "it is finished," bowed his head and gave up the ghost.

Which is the correct version? We cannot answer this question unless we consider the probabilities of the case; unless we ask whether Jesus could have uttered cries of despair and astonishment without contradicting some of his most solemn and deliberate previous sayings and interpretations of his high and unique mission. Many theologians are sorely perplexed by the alleged bitter cry and complaint, and some, absurdly enough, see in it a consistent reference to that very mission. But the latter cannot, by any amount of ingenuity or sophistry, reconcile the alleged complaint with the following statements of Mark:

"For he taught his disciples, and said unto them, The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and after that he is killed, he shall rise the third day."

"Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

How can the Son of man, after thus foretelling his fate and glorying in it, complain of or to God of the failure to save him from that fate? Is it reasonable to assume that Jesus was at the last unequal to his ordeal, though he had expected it and appreciated its significance in the whole drama? Inconsistency is human and pardonable, even in a genius, but why assume it?

That Jesus said *something* on the cross is morally certain. Just what he said, and the words he used, we shall never know. The recorders of his final sayings were not present at the crucifixion; they had to accept the dubious testimony of believing Jews, who, perhaps, relied on the impressions and recollections of other believing Jews.

Enough has been said to demonstrate the proposition that in studying the gospels the only safe and rational course is to disregard incongruities, contradictions and divergencies, and *to form a conception or image of Jesus on the strength, solely, of his most vital and essential doctrines and sayings.* To do that is entirely legitimate; it is the course adopted by all philosophical historians and biographers. But, alas, to do that is to arrive at the depressing conclusion that few of the self-styled Christians care to live up to the cardinal and central teachings of Jesus. Some day Christianity *may* become a religion—a guiding creed and way of life for civilized men and women; so far, Christianity has been a barren ideal, a form of lip service. Jesus is admired, but not obeyed or followed. A religion men do not live by is not a religion.

REVERENCE OF RANCOR AND REVENGE

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

ON FIRST notice, a contradiction would seem to be here given, but there really are some sects whose members grow devout and dignified only when there is a program of umbrage and intolerance, rancor and revenge. The destructive spirit is purposely cultivated and refined until the whole ritual and rubric is given over to nihilist procedure, blood sacrifice, eternal damnation and malicious ceremony. The Kamitok celebration of the ugly Siberian Chuckchi, with its orgy of sensual pleasure and its wild climax of war dances and the depraved sense of filial piety expressed in murdering the sick, aged and infirm, gives full play and free hand to anyone wishing to exercise his vengence on an enemy even within the same tribe; one good feature of the feast is that when a killer hesitates or appears to be unwilling to perform the ritual atrocities he is considered sick or infirm himself and straightway becomes a victim of the ceremony, thus quickening the tribe's approach to extinction. Internecine practice is not so horrible when it offsets increase of offspring by incest. In the rites of the Burmese Buddhists great license of speech and action is allowed, and advantage is often taken by vindictive priests and almsmongers to read into the text a private plea for sacrifice and succor; when the occasion for sacrifice is near at hand *some* victim must be found and fattened so as to appear worthy and acceptable to the gods. But neither of these malicious phases of religious practice and devotion can be considered as suave in subtle vengeance as the creed of the Yezdis who worship death and the devil, bowing to the peacock symbol of creation through pride and destruction, immolation and phoenix rebirth. Although their great patron saint, the last Sassanian king, Yezdegerd, was completely routed when the Mohammedans conquered Persia, there are many secret rites of death and deviltry still practiced here and there throughout Armenia, Mesopotamia and Kurdistan.

But we of the professedly Christian nations are little better or different, except that our methods of approach and assent are more seductive and insidious; both sorts of rituals or rubrics are *red,* theirs with blood and ours with ink, theirs is honest and realistic, while ours is specious and symbolistic. By all manner of promised reward and threatened torture, equally questionable salvation and damnation are held ever imminent over our lives. Historical Christianity is a bloody chronicle of eristic controversy, passional conflicts, sacerdotal assumption, strategems and spoils; it has tried to cudgel its proselytes and bribe its devotees into submission; it has even attempted with occasional success, to compromise philosophy and secular government. It has almost invariably sought prestige in this world by simony of rewards in the next; advancement and expansion making little treasure for the humble. Church doctrines, whether Christian or not, usually advance first a program of persuasion and inducement veiled more or less thinly under promise of power, knowledge, influence or other reward; and when these tactics fail, the true disposition comes forth and recourse is had to a more coercive policy, while if the opposition is specially well directed or entrenched, "good old Bourbon Orthodoxy" will parry with a program of retribution and revenge. It is quick enough to assume a title to a tithe of this world's treasure, but loathe to assume any responsibility for its trouble, sin or sorrow; this is the usual happiness-philosophy of every worldling who ever wanted the sweet without the bitter. The Church idea of religion is "Catch fish while you may though suckers are better than none; the world is full of religions and the Devil rules all but one." (Heinie: *Gods in Exile.*)

The first pronouncements of the Old Testament largely affecting problems or conditions of the present life only, are carried further in the New and are made to apply even more inexorably to our lives hereafter. Conscious bliss or torment is prescribed for the selfsame reason that any other joy or sorrow is predicted—because no power of persuasion exists in an argument which has nothing personal to offer, which promises an impersonal disembodied future full of unconscious rewards and inexperienceable punishments. Dogmatic religion used the ruthless bludgeons of corrupt desire and superstitious fear to discipline(?) a phase of human nature which is still incorrigible and irreverent. It took more stock in cupidity and credulity than in commonsense and courage; that alone accounts for half the fools and knaves which swarm and buzz in futile industry around our flourishing religious pragmatism. Utility and power

have no honest sense of creative genius, courage, devotion, love or piety. We are veneered to smothering, but we are really very little more civilized than Izedi or Chuckchi. Any malicious eschatology is no more fallacious than one which offers us all the heavenly beatitudes for a mere pittance of learning and lip-service.

All the crawfish apologists in the world, whatever religious code they champion, have evaded the challenge of scientific criticism with this or that imbecile quotation, irrelevant issue, textual anagoge, Gnostic hermeneutic or intellectual entrechat. But they do not once acknowledge or try to see that a few pagan and patristic traditions can discount not one title of life, much less render effective categorical imperatives against the immutable laws of the Universe. Institutional Christianity, or churchianity in any creed, is indeed a weak religion casting desperately about for *grounds* and *proofs* and *sanctions*, especially when, failing in this, it has to resort to vulgar subterfuge and bribe or threaten its way into the hearts and minds of men. But I do not believe it would resort to this picayune procedure if it were not basically fallacious and corrupt; in fact if it did not covet the very power and authority over individual citizens which ancient kings and modern states have for ninety centuries been strangely able to exercise. It is uncommon that vested authority, whether secular or "spiritual," is ever very effectively opposed by the private individual until he himself has assumed some appreciable degree of authority, copying the vestry tactics of superior power or subtle persuasion, while sometimes having to fall back on those less subtle tokens of moral suasion known as penalties and persecutions, conscription and confiscation, condemnation and exile (or excommunication).

Dante, the most atrocious and melodramatic chronicler of Hell's freeze-over, gloried in devising endless agonies for his enemies. He claims blithely that eternal punishment is necessary to prevent the sinner's relapse after having once been aroused to be good. (I know of many church members in good standing who will wish that their own particular form of relapse had not been quite so worldly and gregarious.) But some excuse is allowed to Dante, as it was a popular fad with the poets and priests of the medieval days to refine and enlarge upon the different kinds of evil, culpability, retribution and damnation; all sorts of pre-arranged sortilege, seduction and suppression were in vogue, the common policy being shaped to fit the cynical humanism that everyone had either to be bribed, wheedled, blackmailed or forced into formulist virtue or conversion. All this

neoclassical revival seemed to lay emphasis on automorphic postulates and included many farfetched predications which were mere personifications, apotheoses, or diabolizations of human moods and passions. The early Hebraic motto of revenge, eye for eye and tooth for tooth had come to flourish all too luxuriantly; the pagan polymonstrosity of Euhemerist theory (that the gods and devils of mythology were but exaggerations of human power and mischief) had come to an all too actual fruition, often lacking in the proper element of deification and noble temperament. And so, even to this day of vast carnage, Billy Sundays and Lyceum Lectures, is it any wonder that the popular pragmatic religions have more about Hell and the Devil than about Heaven and God in them? Persuasion through promise of power and plenty having failed, resort is had to bloodcurdling scenes of eternal torment depicted with all the rhetoric of coercive vengeance. The everlasting carouse of umbrage, imputed sin and malicious accusation, wicked assumption and impassioned condemnation, is enough to make anyone disheartened and disgusted, if not susceptible in time to actual sin or mischief and soon hellbent on the very debauchery and depravity of vision against which he has heard so much preachment and prophesy. The whole program and eternal picturing is meant to be persuasive, the glory and satiety of Heaven being supposedly more desirable, a more potent catch-phrase, policy or scheme of salvation than plain example or exhortation to virtue or commonsense; the misery and insatiable appetites of Hell being supposedly more dreadful, more appalling and more to be avoided than ordinary folly, vice, meanness and mischief. It may be alright to capitalize the world's rancor and revenge, but why exaggerate them in the name of religion and morality? Why take advantage of people's innate cupidity and selfishness to play the role of *custos morum* to their better natures? Such tactics as these make our religious programs look suspicious and insincere.

After long centuries of bickering and bloodshed the notion of a halfway station was devised and acknowledged as necessary to accommodate the great majority of spiritual Laodiceans who were neither devilish nor devout. Those who were only partly mean and wicked still had a chance of recovery, so it was found necessary to invent Purgatory, a probationary period between Death and Eternity in which judgment was suspended or rather delayed for further evidence, as Spencer says, while the probationer awaited the final verdict with dread and uncertainty. It was certainly a manoeuver more encouraging than outright condemnation, but whatever actual

purification could thereby be had was left to the indefinite imaginings of sorcerers and soothsayers. Pope Pius IV confirmed the conception of Purgatory as part of the traditional machinery of religious revenge at the Council of Trent in 1564, and ever since then the Catholic world has been cursed and abused by all sorts of mercenary nuncios, "practical" Devil's advocates, hypocritical Angelos, and other ad captandum tactics of self-advancement, the worst of which is that corrupt traffic in Papal Bulls and Indulgences which has all too nearly made protestants and modernists out of every honest thinker or pious hero throughout the world. Predestination and Purgatory are the two members of a shyster opportunist firm long since outlawed as vicious and arbitrary spiritual brokers. They cannot do legal business with intelligent people because they lack the references and credentials of free moral choice, commonsense and social amiability. They are ghouls of a graveyard long since deserted and grown desolate.

Religions whose ambition is the mere numerical increase of congregational attendance, and the acquisition of political power or economic influence, or whose procedure rests on the subtle tactics of coercive hypocrisy, pragmatic persuasion or casuist equivocation, always preach about rewards and punishments, they always argue redemption for credulity and damnation for doubt, rosaries for the righteous and our vengeance for the wrong. Little is said to reveal their true motives, the actuating will that dictates how their propaganda shall run; and even less is intimated to show the monstrous lies on which they thrive. There is still no scientific proof under test conditions of the truth supposed to underly either theosophy or spiritism; there is no non-casuist conciliation between modernism and the new papal Syllabus, between Unitarian Nature-love and the Baptist "fundamentals" of pseudo-science. That there is going on right now an internecine conflict of religious opinion affecting the very life and prestige of sectarian institutionalism, witness the recent religious socialism in Germany and England, modernism in France, Fascisti concessions in Italy, the Ghandi non-cooperative revolt in India, and in our own contemporary America the Episcopal panic over Bishop Manning's charge of heresy against Dr. Percy Grant and Rev. John Holmes for denouncing the clerical hypocrisies of today. Since when did it become a crime, heresy or taboo for anyone to reveal the fallacies, profits and follies of "sacred" church power if its theory and practice are really innocent and clear of such culpability? Presumptious power resisted gives rise to retaliation

and revenge; it seems to forget the Arminian maxim that even those who resist or relapse from Divine Grace are still entitled to redemption through regeneration of mind and heart. This is not the age of Inquisition or Amende Honorable; nor is it timely now-a-days to conceive devotion or piety in terms of demonology from Zoroaster, Ukert or Eschnmayer. Hedonism, happiness, sophistry, eudaemonism, hypocrisy, pragmatic rituals, casuist codes and rhyomistic propaganda are in full swing and style these days, and anyone who has the temerity to tamper with any of the "Follies of 1923" might as well have also the patience and fortitude to bear all sorts of persecution and malicious mockery. We must remember that Nietzsche's Anglophobia was significantly centered on Carlyle instead of Gladstone or Tennyson.

In many of the Greek myths we find expressions of their notion of religious vengeance; Sisyphus, the Danaides, Tithyos are three examples of eternal expiation through useless toil in the hereafter; the Furies, Fates, Homer's demonology and Hesoid's description of Tartarus were conceptions devised to presage the tortures of the wicked and corrupt. Right here and now we have Chaos, Hades, Gehenna, El Araf, Purgatory, Hamast Gehan or whatever verbal label you wish to pin on the world, but we have not yet tasted the bitter belladonna of Tartarus, Sheol, Hell or Kismet. In Rome, before the civil strife ending plebian subjection and punishment for debt, laws were always favorable to the aristocracy because the aristocracy made them, political power being vested in the patrician families who alone had ancestral gods and hence authority to govern(?). It was several centuries later, during the last years of the republic that the plebians found measures of relief and obtained a voice in the way they were to be governed. It was partly through the patrician decadence, the growth of the new merchant class into a more democratic plutocracy and the Marian confidence in yeomanry as the backbone of the whole state preservation, but principally through the simple fact that the plebians had been wise enough (or at least fortunate enough in having leaders capable enough) to establish moral and ritual relationship with the divinities of the public pantheon.

Another phase of the subject is this: Seventeen years ago, when a separation of the Church and State was effected in France, much umbrage and imputation of ulterior motives were in evidence on both sides of the controversy. Both the Papal Encyclical of Pius X and the manifesto of Cardinal Gibbons voiced loud protest and condem-

nation of the action with arguments that American examples of pragmatic religion were really expressions of hatred and revolt against Catholicism. But the automorphic judgments did not avail, and Paul Sabatier's *Lettre Ouverte* offered the very effective rebuttal that clericalism within the Church itself was more dangerously radical and subversive of the progressive Cultus than any secular body because they made merchandise of their office and sold their sanctuary to gain favorable governmental decision of property rights, increased appropriations and sovereignties. Boutroux says this shows that religion proceeds not from power to duty but from duty to power, taking for granted that the problem of evil is solved—a chimerical assumption, indeed!

Dostoievsky confesses naively that "Reality has caught me on a hook," and writes whole volumes to describe how the same hook has also caught narodniki and intelligentzia alike. It was his literary ambition to lay before us the significance of all cynical subjects, and as much of our difficulty is in moral heaviness, so does his treatment of this significance and difficulty become ponderous and voluminous. However, his mystical terror is to him the supreme reality behind all novel situations of dramatic significance. The eventual, the actual, be it pleasure or pain, happiness or horror, virtue or vice, is the great absorbing objective of his mental curiosity and character-analysis; and this objective aim, even, is actualized, included and solidified into a supplement to the cosmic chronicle of facts, calamiites, laws and events. But Gogol, Pushkin and Tyutchev were his predecessors in this refinement of actualism; even some metaphysical relation might be established or recognized between Dostoievsky and Duhring. Both had a double-edged but non-scientific psychology, both were extremely anti-religious, anti-historical thinkers; they differed only on the question of mysticism, value and destiny in man's life. The former was too self-conscious, too much a slave to the fearsome introspections of a soul-fascinated epileptic, to let the world retain its aesthetic aloofness and cultural continuity; that is, its rare moments of ecstatic beauty-thoughts, its exaltation of "special spirituality and sudden idealities," were too stimulating, too narcotic for his religious equilibrium. Hence, he divided history into two eras: one from savagery to the annihilation of God, and the other from God's annihilation to the ultimate transcendence and transfiguration of man. But these climacteric epochs, even, are yet only members to his spasmodic train of peirastic efforts at being and loving, thinking and doing; they are the dreamy work of a

sleepy but insomniac world. Dostoievsky's is a purely racial (i. e Russian) type of religion, and hence is full of the Slavic abruptness and obtuse soul-chaos of simple spiritual desire. To be either angel or beast depends on whether we seek civilization and progress or delinquency and atavism, whether we live inwardly and upwardly or outwardly and backwardly. With life presented in a vast moral dilemma, as it was to Kierkegaard, Dostoievsky finds that we are up against a sort of Schopenhauerian problem of choice; to either assert selfishly or deny resignedly the will to live, the will to think, and even the will to suffer. Thus angel or beast is the only alternative allowed in his Gadarean answer to the problem of good and evil, or as they are in his ethical superlativism, Super-good and Infra-evil. Holy aspirations jog along side by side with the basest desires and the ficklest, most absurd convivialities. This is what discomposes the philosophies and disaffects the glamor, disenchants the fascination and disgusts the passion with which we of less chaotic notions look around at life and Nature, religion and morality. "The Idiot," "The Possessed," "Crime and Punishment," "Injured and Insulted" —all breathe (or as it would rather seem to our own literary sense suffocate) in a close, gruesome atmosphere of absurdity and insipidity, doubt and debauchery, sclerosis of heart and paresis of mind Not atheistic rebellion but merely the indifferent irreverence of "something else" is often at the bottom of many of our derelict religions; they see only the rancor and wreck of a starving world, and make preachment from the meagre observation.

The world may well be the same old "Devil's Vaudeville" that it was in Balzac's day, perceived only by the pernicious sniffers after trouble and applauded only by those devotees of malicious mysticism who thrive on vengeful self-consciousness and crimson wills to power. The life of man as cockroach opportunist is aimless and precarious, narrow and despicable; but the life of man as hero and divine aspirant is clear and true and aims straight toward the heavenly gate. Constance Garnett, who has translated many of Dostoievsky's works into English, says that his religion is largely a recapitulation and recital of the various phases (from the Russian viewpoint) of that eternal conflict between the humble and the proud, between the mystic and the machine, between original genius and academic tradition, dreams and despotism, just freedom and mandatory exploitation. This reminds us of Tolstoi's apologetic for violence on the ground that it frees us from the strain of dreary attention and from the wearying labor necessary to overcome an obstacle or solve some dif-

ficult social problem. Alexander's penchant for violence is illustrated in the story of his cutting the Gordon Knot with his sword without even trying to untie it. It was Tolstoi who befriended the "spirit-wrestling" Doukhobors in their flight from czarist conscription, and said that "a certain variety of church Christians do not want to serve God, but want God to serve them; that is the only reason they join the church." He also ridiculed the automorphism and self-seeking assumptions of prayer, saying that "Prayer is directed to a personal God, not because God is personal (I know as a matter of fact that He is not personal, because the personal is finite, while God is infinite), but because I myself am a personal being." This sort of humanism in the motives of prayer show that it is more rhyomistic than religious and less worthy than the out-and-out wheedling beggary of a presumptuous persuasion. It leaves plenty of room for umbrage and imputation, rancor and revenge. Emerson, however, has refuted this view by holding that "with a truly reverent heart prayer is no selfish petition, but is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul." Yes, and with an honest piety and aspiration, prayer is the sesame which opens the magic doors of wisdom, peace, virtue, justice and social joy.

WORDS AND MOODS

BY FREDERICK HERBERT ADLER

Man's words are various as are his moods—
The tones of some rouse melancholy thought,
With memory of friends now long since gone.
The drowsy scent of poppies whiffed from these
Recalls the ether ante-room of Death.
All gray words bear the lapsing wail of waves,
Or travail-cry that means beginning life.
Great by-words of the centuries seem veiled,
Like sighs escaped from heart that's soon to break.

Still others make me sad, with pensive moan
Of withered grasses on neglected graves,
A threnody oft sung by autumn winds;
The broken words, as mumbled by the soul,
When quivered stroke is piercing its own core.
Then those that wreak of dank and mouldered vaults,
Of lichened tombs in groves of spirit shades.
And these whose gently uttered sound soothes grief,
As voice of one most dear through silence heard.

Unspoken words can cause a wonder grow,
With lyric flow of molten tropic seas.
While some convey spring's bloom-entangled notes,
Or slender tunes from horns of Elfland blown;
The pulsing quiet of the heath, which broods
With floating whispers of a lost banshee.
The awe of Sabbath forest others yield,
And secret code of silvered hill at night,
Like message sent by God to earth in sleep.

With Beauty's gift those words seem all aglow,
Whose tones resolve in music, soft and sweet.
With magic cadence, rhythmic, throbbing full,
These echo splendor of another realm;
Retell the murmurs delved by ear of night,
More ancient than the rivers, rocks and rills.
Still others quicken strains of dead refrains;
Stir thoughts of sun-steeped spaces, lying hence.
While time-worn words can sing like thin-spun gold.

But some I know will make my heart rejoice—
The living words that my whole being cleave,
As hidden, mystic phrase, enraptured mood,
All filled with cosmic notes of God's Own Love.
They, too, purl forth a vision, heaven-breathed,
The sun-borne promise of an ampler day.
Such words will set the chords of Life in tune,
To join with Nature in her voiceless prayer
Of worship in Eternity's grand hymn!

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INTERPRETATIONS INTERPRETED

BY J. GRAHAM EDWARDS

THE relation of man to the world about him, coupled with his desire to live here and therefore hereafter, gives rise to many conflicts as man, generation after generation, continuously finds himself surrounded by the increasing need for more difficult adjustments. Such adjustments, no matter to what they may be referred, are usually felt in terms of one's present survival or become the excuse for one's present survival.

A conflict of large interest is that seen between the Fundamentalists and Modernists, or between Science and Theology, or Evolutionists and Non-evolutionists, or Vitalists and Mechanists. The probable reason for such a state of affairs is not far to seek, but such seeking would not help appreciably the solution of the conflict. The participants in any one or all of the phases of the conflict are after all rather grotesque. They do not argue for the sake of clarity or truth but they argue to show that their opinions, no matter how arrived at, are correct because they happen to be their opinions, not because they are even approximately true or correct. Owing to the desire of one group of participants to iron out the irregularities and seeming eccentricities of another group, competitive struggling and juggling is maintained.

Much has been said concerning the contradictions arising as a matter of course between the facts of science and the dogma of theology. Since that phase of discussion seems at present to an extent at least unresolvable, it may not be invaluable to show what some scientists (many biologists) who have become aroused by a multiplicity of accusations hurled at biology and biologists by those not, or primarily not scientific in concept, have said in fact, justification or compromise.

When evolution made possible a different interpretation of previous notions, opinions and beliefs, and the dynamics of science in general developed more rapidly than was permitted by the statics of religion and theology, much alarm was felt in certain quarters lest too much juggling was going on regarding the meaning and explanation of the diverse forms of life whereby man tended to lose dignity and God power. Due consideration seems not to have been given to the possibility that God was privileged to have acted in whatever way He saw fit in so vital a matter as organic evolution. No matter how the fashioning and maintenance of life was accomplished, it was and is a unique process meriting great admiration even though the admiration must come from so limited a source as the human mental eye. Those whose minds were not elastic enough to get this new focus on creation, thought the phenomena included in evolution to have been the result of the work of the arch-fiend himself, or of some entity with similar attributes. Finally, the way of the transgressor being proverbially somewhat hard and senescence not very combative, some believers in the theory of evolution, who also, it appears, wanted to continue evolutionists and at the same time walk in trodden paths, began to interpret the theory as follows:

Evolution, far from being the nightmare of the materially-minded, is in reality the result of a stupendous and magnificent series of processes by means of which man has attained a complexity of structure and function which means improvement and progress. The concept of improvement and progress being designed, of course, to meet the more obvious phases of such complexity. Here was a toothsome morsel which would satisfy those conservatives who could see God from only one angle. And perhaps some were satisfied. But evidently those who were led to believe that the complexity of structure and function present in man, meant improvement and progress did not realize that such belief was held arbitrarily, or that man, for all the complexity resulting from his specialization in structure and function is no more adequate to cope with his environment or attain a millennium than animals less specialized or complex. It is obvious that man as any other animal, has an environment commensurate with a relative capacity to survive it. The human eye, for example, is no more adequate for the function it is required to perform, no matter how complex such function may be, than the pigment-spot of a one-celled animal is to the function it performs, no matter how limited it may be. Both

man and the one-celled animals have, as regards a light-sensitive area, suitable means for responding to the demands of their respective environments. One is as much handicapped by his complexity as the other is by its simplicity. The microscope attests the truth of this and not its falsity.

To seek to interpret complexity of structure or function in terms of improvement or progress adds nothing to the practical solution of human problems. Such interpretations may actually serve to obscure the problem and prevent such a solution as might otherwise be practicable. It is worthy of note that the sense of superiority which many seem to derive from a contemplation of phenomena in general over which they have a certain control, is owing to human exploitation of that nature external to human nature. But the complexity which makes possible and ostensibly justifies such exploitation is not without its sinister aspect. The comparison of man with other animals involves different and more complex reactions or behavior on the part of man, but is by no mean clear, save by definition, that such reactions mean better adjustments and essential superiority. Nature's methods in securing for man so-called improvement and progress through processes of evolution are to be regarded with suspicion since the ends attributed to such methods do not in any real sense justify the means.

The implied assumption that cosmic design has all along been concerned with man as the ultimate pattern, while very flattering, is far from being substantiated. If it were substantiated, all of the available evidence revealing the varied aspects of maneuver displayed by this mysterious designer, nature-actor, creator, or inner perfecting principle, shows clearly how tedious and bungling the maneuver has been and is no matter if in cosmic or lesser processes man has finally emerged, or whether he arose by one mythical act of creation. Man's history since there has been a record, is more discreditable as dealing with an object issuing from omnipotent hands than if man had to plow with the assistance of unlabellable forces, through tons of colloidal ooze, requiring inconceivably long time. The object created cannot be more complex in character than the agency or agencies creating it, hence man and nature alike must reflect in their maintenance and operation something of the character of their originator. Therefore construction and destruction, integration and disintegration, life and death, "good and evil" and all the category of attributes relating to animate nature—to go no further—must inevitably be referred to an entity or entities, to a

process or processes. It is in the confused and confusing attempt to relate certain phases of man's behavior as well as of nature's in general to one entity, agency or cause while the remainder are, in attempt, related to yet another entity, agency or cause, that constitutes the most pitiable spectacle for the eye that would like to perceive that truth makes one free, or that knowledge is edifying, or that the so-called powerful cerebrations of that most haloed structure, the human brain really reflect credit rather than discredit on whatever entity, agency or cause that may cosmologically be responsible for its present status.

Another evolutionist is of the opinion that evolution has been accomplished in the past by means of the continuous action of cooperation or mutual service. It is, he holds, the discovery of this one fundamental underlying method, common to all creative processes of nature that constitutes the epoch-making truth which gives man creative power. He believes, moreover, that in nature-action, i. e., the way natural law and phenomena are manifest, is revealed the expression of a creative will and that it is in this nature-action that man may find the instruments of his salvation. He admits, however, that the processes revealing the creative will are almost equally destructive and constructive, organizing and disorganizing, integrating and disintegrating. But despite this sinister duality, he maintains that nature-action is such that a constructive surplus is achieved which justifies the duality and constitutes its secret. From this kind of reasoning he is enabled to deduce that evolution is a triumph of constructive over destructive processes and accordingly becomes the immutable pivotal truth around which man must orient his inward purposes and to this truth conform his conduct rightly or suffer self-destructive penalties. Likewise nature's way is the truth man must seek to discover and her methods be accepted as his moral code.

Such an interpretation of evolution, of course, promises well for persons who take more kindly to god than to animal ancestry. But to say that progressive creation is only realizable through better mutual service or cooperation or that the latter constitutes the great principle in evolution, gives man no slightest notion of how to apply the principle, as it may have functioned in evolution, to the solution of any human problem. Of what service to billions of warring chips is the knowledge that the cosmic tide in transporting them, does so by means of methods or principles of cooperation or mutual service entailing progressive creation, when the very complexity responsible

for progressive creation, however much brought about by cooperation or mutual service, conditions the horrible friction to which the chips are subject in their transportation? If cooperation or better mutual service should by any chance prove to be the great principle in the evolution of life—something knit of necessity into life's very fabric—should not the trend of exposition be then directed toward the *kind* of cooperation that should operate insofar as such a principle might be applicable in human cooperation and man might have consciously the power of constructive rather than destructive cooperation or mutual service?

When the attempt is made to reconcile one's hopes and ideals with the facts of reality, much confusion is to be expected. Such confusion is indicated by the statement that evolution is now the immutable pivotal truth around which man must orient his inward purposes and to it conform his conduct rightly or suffer self-destructive penalties; and again that evolution is something which compels man to accept nature's constructive methods as his moral code, when nature's methods are almost equally destructive and constructive. That nature should afford obvious truth or principles and compel man to conform to them, yet with the compulsion man does not conform, he accordingly must suffer self-destructive penalties, affords a questionable situation in the conduct of nature herself. More obvious and postulable than any method, code or principle of nature whereby man may obtain guidance in making necessary adjustments, is that nature cannot be personified to include such attributes or power as are ascribed to her. Neither nature nor evolution is a *deus ex machina* but rather words indicative of phenomena, a microscopic part of which phenomena man has become aware of in various ways in the course of time.

Because evolution is a word used to indicate what seems clearly to have happened in the differentiation of the diverse forms of life, and because there is that disparity in animal forms or phyla which appears to have justified man in assuming that he is the apex—the desired and desirable end of evolutionary processes—is the conclusion permitted that nature in producing man by means of such processes is more constructive than destructive, or that he is actually more advantaged by his sinisterly attained complexity? A complex machine is likely to require more attention in its functioning than a simple one. So it is with man who usually finds himself more handicapped by his complexity than other animals are by their relative simplicity.

One finds it but little clarifying to have discovered for him the great fundamental truth of cooperation or mutual service when even the discoverer also admits that there is an ever-present disorganization pervading the system or systems of nature—"a universal incompleteness of administration and a mocking instability of purpose, where chance creates and chance destroys or nips in the bud the tender shoots of new-sprung enterprise." And that "life stands on a meager franchise of the elements—a frail terrestrial film in an infinite sea of death"; that "organic evolution consists in utilizing the scraps in reducing the percentage of error by the actual process of living and dying—making one in a million fit to survive." That life should stand on so meager a franchise and constitute so frail a film and that evolution should involve the use of scraps in order that one in a million may be approximately fit to survive, is staggering to the intellect that seeks intelligence in nature or in her methods. Nature is the scrap-pile she is accredited with using. The intelligence of nature is expressed in scraps. The palpable horror is that one cannot be sure he really sees the pattern for the scraps. It is indeed the very scrappiness of nature that explains the origin and maintenance of so much mental dust.

If one turns for a moment to the point of view of another man of science, a point of view concerning nature rather different from the preceding, one find that this scientist sees man preying upon man (not to mention other animals in general), one a cunning parasite upon the other finally evoking reactions and consequences that overtake in catastrophe and cataclysm prever and preyed upon alike. If this be true, what basis is there for the hope that either through science or any other agency one may obtain an antidote which will prevent "service from sinking to servitude and acquisition to rapacity destroying both the master and the slave, the robber and his prey"; or "cooperation from swerving into competition and friendship into enmity" entailing "fruitless cycles of unending struggle between pursuer and pursued, seeker and hider, aggressor and defender that have no outlet but mutual destruction or a deadlock of perpetual reprisal."

The relation of man to nature and nature to man, insofar as one relation may differ from the other, constitutes a problem not easily soluble at present—at least not soluble in sociological terms. In charmingly erudite statements one finds man discussed as a being with extracosmic relations—a being now independent of nature, now dependent on nature for guiding principles. Obviously man

cannot be regarded at one time as a product of nature and at another as a being remote from natural processes—a sort of casual spectator of that nature which he himself is. Care should be exercised in discussing the man-phase of nature so as to correspond in fact with discussions of any other nature-phase.

The illumination of darkness is manifest in the attempt to explain the relation of man to nature by saying that "while man from time immemorial, has carried his appeals for help, for right and justice, straight to the supreme court of nature, it was but yesterday that he succeeded in drawing from her in the doctrine of evolution, a clear declaration of general principles and a broad outline of nature's methods." Or is it not also pertinent to ask why nature refused something so fundamental when man has so assiduously courted her since time immemorial and is her latest and relatively most perfect creation? Then, too, as it is held, if growth, this spectacular manifestation in animate nature, is perpetually thwarted or checked by its own successes and again liberated when better ways for supplying its demands are found, producing an orderly progression from simple to complex, from disorganization to organization which evolution is taken to indicate, what evidence is obtained which will disclose how man is to select more readily better ways of progressing? Again, if as it is also maintained, "cosmic environment, from the earlier phases of organic evolution, has been broadly permissive for all kinds of life, provided life could find the right way to use it"—are not man and life essentially synonymous and both confronted with the same difficulties? Environment need not be permissive for any kind of life unless life contains within itself the means of its own realization. If it should appear that either man or life, so to speak, is trying to find a right way to live, the congenital equipment of cosmos contains as reciprocals not only the process of living and dying, but of every other process which mutually conduces to this end. It is, therefore, impossible to speak of an attempt of life to find either a right or a wrong way to live, for ample evidence is available which indicates equal effort in either direction. This is true of the individual, species or race.

The dictum which has been variously formulated and perhaps with a good motive, although it undoubtedly serves to confuse the uncritical, is that nature's way is the truth man seeks to discover, or that one overcomes nature by obeying her. This is deceptive, for nature's way is man's way and one cannot overcome nature without being himself overcome. It seems unlikely that man as nature's

best experiment should or could have become so separated from her that he has to undergo such violent pursuit in order to discover her way. Except for the difference in magnitude, one wonders if man in such ostensible seeking after nature's ways is or can be very different from beavers when they build their dam, or of squirrels when they store up food, or bears when they hibernate. Man does not seek nor does he have to seek in the way the dictum connotes, to discover nature's ways. The apparently more conscious desire in man to attain a better relation with his environment, leads him to say that he is seeking to discover that which other animals do more effectively and silently. Man is, it appears, merely *aware* of *some* of the processes of nature whereby his destiny is controlled. Awareness or so-called conscious manipulation of environmental factors does not mean control. The slave is not the master because he obeys the master's dictates. The apple does not overcome gravity by falling.

One critic of the biological picture which shows nature as selfish and wantonly destructive says that the picture is morbid and absurdly tragic and that it fortifies a false social philosophy which sees in social parasitism, in self-aggrandizement, in measureless acquisition of arbitrary power, the goal of a successful life. A philosophy which seeks to justify itself by an appeal to the struggle for existence, the elimination of the unfit and the survival of the fittest. This morbid and absurdly tragic picture and false social philosophy, this critic holds, miss the obvious fact that what actually happens in the struggle of life, is that life always wins and holds on to some increment of good. Be that as it may, the equally obvious fact is that "winning" and "good" are not easy to define biologically and one point of view is just as likely to be correct as another. At any rate life makes the canvas for whatever interpretations or points of view the human mind contributes. Man can only paint on this nature-life canvas with the oil and brushes which nature or life itself has furnished. The possibilities for all conceivable interpretations were innate in nature and life long before biology as a science and at a time when nature was "discovering" man along with her other discoveries and experiments.

The use of biological terms and data for false social philosophy should occasion no concern for one may be sure that other and equivalent terms would not be lacking despite the contributions of any science. Therefore it is hardly true to say in the case of Germany, for instance, that she was the first to incorporate into her politics.

business, religion and philosophy the most pernicious teachings of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. For one knows now or should know that nature in producing pernicious teachers will also equip them with pernicious teachings all science to the contrary notwithstanding.

Biologists as well as those who speak only in the name of biology might well give more attention to a consideration of the fact that whatever is, is *natural*, no matter how convenient the arbitrary language indicating the varied aspects of nature may be. The so-called orderliness or lawfulness of nature which man thinks or fancies he has discovered—nay, even produced—is merely his experience of the phenomenal world. From the available evidence the conclusion may be easily drawn that, no matter how much change in material configuration of the animate or inanimate world, there was never less order at any time of the earth's history, or in cosmos, than now—less chance, chaos or accident; more design, purpose or teleology. Everything seems orderly if it can be observed sufficiently often in closely similar ways. The more acceptable way at present for man to discover that which he subsequently calls order in the world about him, is that offered by science. If no uncaused phenomenon (so-called noumena are really unanalyzed phenomena) is found and if certain sequences are repeated in approximately identical ways under approximately identical conditions, law and order are thus made possible of definition—but of definition only.

Another singular notion is that selfishness is self-destructive. The exponent of this notion believes that "Germany's dissolution will make the world better for the practical lesson it has received showing that selfishness for nations as for individuals is self-destructive." Selfishness, however, in the case of Germany or of any other nation has not led to self-destruction. Selfishness is primarily functional in self-preservation. It would be helpful, if true, for the public to know after thousands of years of increasingly destructive wars, that selfishness is self-destructive. But selfishness being self-preservative and *Nature* a conflict of imperfections, it is probable that attention could be more successfully directed here when interpreting Germany's conduct as well as the conduct of other nations.

Science also as well as selfishness and especially biology since "the dark and disfiguring shadow of Darwinism fell upon the fields of life" have been held responsible in various insidious ways for the growth and also the decay of nations. Germany's growth in power has been attributed to the development of her science as well

as a cause of her destruction. But are the biological sciences or science in general *more destructive than the truth which makes one free.* Real science is truth or fact and truth does sometimes make one relatively free. While scientific instruments and methods are used in modern warfare and national motives labelled in various ways, has the use of such instruments or methods revealed methods, codes or sets of principles different from or subversive of those employed by nature in general? Verily history after nature repeats itself.

Unfortunately it is not clear what value in human terms is to be assigned to the creative aspect of nature, or what to progress. Processes of growth and creation as the biologist sees them have little sociological meaning although the desire is strong to read into them more than they can support or nature justify. The mere ability or capacity to differentiate into more complex forms or aspects of life entailing the accumulation of more complex social and industrial slavery (called organization) may be taken arbitrarily to mean progress. But what does the "progress" signify or justify? What rainbow promises are guaranteed in the physics of the spray of complexity, of growth, of creation? How may it be established with certainty that man through science, pure or applied, is "harnessing" nature as one aspect of so-called progress, rather than that nature through science is "harnessing" man just as the development of industrial organization is binding instead of freeing him? If the end or purpose of nature's travail is to yield a constructive surplus, why are "good" and "evil" such dynamic factors in that travail by means of which "improvement and progress" or "cooperation" realize themselves? Truly the human mind is finite.

Among the scientific protagonists of the theory of evolution who would coat it with some mentally narcotising substance, one is found who maintains that evolution offers a rational solution of the problem of evil. Without pausing to consider of what evil is actually composed, if it has any composition at all in a biological sense, one is made curious to inquire if this solution is merely offered tentatively, whether it will take one or more billion years for humanity to become aware of the offer and what the chances are for its acceptance. Because nature, through processes visible to man in terms of evolution, has enabled him to ascertain his relation to some of the processes that produced him, it may not be concluded that cosmos has been entrusted to his care, or that there will be no cosmology or cosmic functioning whether man is aware or not aware.

conscious or not conscious of evolution or cosmic functioning. Those among men who would control or shape man's destiny, might well find out from science or other reliable sources, something about how their destiny is controlled or shaped.

To say that evolution offers a rational solution of the problem of evil neither states the problem nor discloses how a rational solution may differ from an ordinary one. Since life is a "balance between constructive and destructive" forces or processes and the death process a normal part of the life process, the desire for "solutions, improvement and progress, better mutual service" is like a cry expressing pain—merely incidental to the life-death process. Why seek to justify or condone nature by saying that progress and creation are only to be realized through endless struggle involving continuous adjustment, as does the holder of the view that evolution offers a rational solution of the problem of evil, when the temporary solace it may give subserves no valuable end and may indeed excite the query concerning the meaning for the individual and race of life itself? Any answer to such a query cannot be other than speculative. In such speculation is the possibility that attention may become uncomfortably directed to the inadequacy of nature (man thus made conscious of his confusion at nature's hands) to handle her own problems (the creation and maintenance of man being one) in the ideal way some seem to think and hope man will be enabled to do by knowing nature better.

As an indication of how even among those with scientific training, to say nothing of the laity, a simple statement of fact may be deceptively subordinated to more or less rhetorical display, the following definitions of the aim of science are submitted: "Science aims to ascertain, as nearly as may be, what that sequence of creative rightness was in order that she may infer what it shall be." "The aim of real science—is to know the truth—and the truth alone can make us free." Both definitions suffer in directness and clarity because of the fact that the aim of any real science is the investigation of phenomena, no matter what motives actuate the investigator or what results may be obtained from the investigation.

In the second definition of the aim of science given above and in more historic references, one finds the idea that truth makes one free. However factual this may be under certain conditions, it must also be borne in mind that with each increment of knowledge, the individual or society so enlightened, becomes the more burdened —burdened by the larger revelation of the processes of nature of

which he or it is a part, and hemmed in by a larger sense of responsibility, or of duty, and of the necessity for an exemplary life.

The untutored man feels himself freer than the tutored in that he is unmindful of the determinants of his conduct and character. But this does not alter the actual condition of bondage in either case. The man of today is bound, as in the past, by the society he creates, by the industry he is impelled to develop, and by the science revealed through him. It is intellectually dishonest to excite hope for greater harmony of man with his environment by constructing a concept of freedom which ostensibly removes him from the physical slavery from which the concept gets its impetus. The law that binds the community may set the individual free and the law that binds the individual may set the community free, but it is freedom through bondage and bondage through freedom. The sequences are only rearranged so that relatively different effects are obtained.

Truth, of course, frequently makes one free of the fears induced by what hitherto was not understood or could not then be controlled, but a vicious cycle is engendered by new fears arising in place of the old so that society is as much frightened by what is revealed in the light as by what formerly was hidden in darkness. Moreover it is only partially clarifying to discuss merely man's control over nature leading him to feel that he has a directing part in vital and other phenomena, when he is himself impelled to whatever he undertakes or accomplishes more inevitably than a slave in a galley.

In apparently a further effort to placate man and condone nature, the contention is made that in the relations of animals to each other, the sacrifice of the individual and the preservation of the group, operate for the good of the colony, race or species; that race preservation and evolution is the supreme good and all other considerations of the individual are subordinate to this end. It seems possible to state this more simply by saying that nature has to care supremely for the good of the individual in order to care for the colony, race or species. As a matter of fact nature does not appear to care for either the individual or race, because it is not within human comprehension to so diagnose the cares of nature. To personify nature is a lazy man's way of appearing erudite.

The statement to the effect that scientific means are to be employed to improve the individual and race does not include anything concerning for what purpose the improvement is necessary, i. e.,

war or peace, for example, or that such improvement will insure the individual or race against destruction, or that either will be preserved for the larger attainment of that which is regarded as the greatest and most distinctive of human traits, namely, reason and consciousness. For even with regard to these it is said that they have revealed a world of evil as well as of good; a world of struggle and failure, of suffering and sorrow, of injustice and selfishness, of disappointment and despair—a world of pestilence and death in which the innocent suffer and sometimes the guilty; in which evil is often rewarded and good punished; in which all higher animals are born in pain, brought up with measureless care and trouble, live a life in which struggle and suffering are mingled with brief satisfactions and joys, and without a single exception go on to inevitable decay and death. Doubtless reason and consciousness justify their evolution just as certain idealists seem able to justify and explain soothingly everything in nature—hideous or otherwise. But the human mind is prone to seek a reason for whatever stimulates it—hence mysticism, superstition, logic, science. Man may, in his awareness of certain phases of the course of nature, postulate directions as to this course which ostensibly explain, justify or deify it. But whether man does or does not postulate directions, or whether he is or is not aware of nature's course, makes little difference to nature. All the mental excrescence of deists, vitalists, evolutionists, mechanists, nihilists, or of any variation of these do not and will not affect that course of nature about which they argue and would contribute the last word. Man talks too much where nature is silent and where he is logical at all, he uses a logic of necessity rather than the logic of fact.

The frequent invocation of education for the purpose of improving the minds of men rather too flatteringly indicates the presence of minds for which educational machinery might function. Education has no power of itself. It is only a label for what sometimes happens to those who subject themselves voluntarily to mental discipline. Likewise religion, as though it, too, were a discrete entity, is to be employed to improve the morals of men, but the moral sense of man conditioned the development of his religion insofar as his religion entails a moral aspect.

While biology is the science against which so many spurious accusations have been made, it does not appear that biology has any apology to make to society as a whole or in part, neither does nature require justification for her maneuvers. The charge made that

neither animals nor men can struggle for an existence they already possess, but that they struggle for improvement and that what is needed in this struggle is a most significant cooperation ignores the fact that men and animals alike do struggle for a continuance of existence whether for improvement or otherwise. A most significant cooperation may be necessary, but what the world needs, it would appear, is not a statement of the need, but an actual disclosure of the *means* for obtaining and operating this most significant cooperation. Perhaps nature is so light-hearted and playful that she is concealing the means as a practical joke.

The same critical mind that finds animals and men struggling for improvement and needing a most significant cooperation also makes the further statement that Darwinism justifies the sensualist at the trough, Fashion at her glass, Prussianism at the cannon and Bolshevism at the prison door. Of course, none of the above characters has ever been heard of in Darwinism or biology. Darwinism neither justifies nor attempts to justify any of nature's products. This function seems to have been appropriated by pseudo-interpreters of Darwinism. The nature which makes the sensualist, the Bolshevist, the Prussianist and servile follower of Fashion must bear the burden of reproach, if such there be.

Venders of opiates for social ills have as their stock in trade it seems two chief brands: one brand functions in the claim that if evil were lacking good would prevail, at least this is what the claim can be reduced to. As has been seen, evil is the necessary and inevitable corollary of good. The other brand functions in embodying what purports to be actual solvents and eradicators of ills and evil. Thus is found in the latter brand an imperious need of more mind—more critical thinking. Given more mind and therefore more critical thinking and behold a wretched world made joyous. But here again one faces the cold fact that in the evolution of what mind there is, there has been revealed or produced many of the existing problems which the human environment reflects. As much as one would like to have faith in the efficacy of more mind, nevertheless it is not the solvent or even salve for human pain and problems. If everything else in this changing world could be kept constant while the human mind developed efficiency commensurate with the human problems it has generated by revealing them, one might lend a favorable ear toward devising ways and means of obtaining such an increase of mind. At present it does not seem remotely possible that the kind of mind-increase desired can be obtained biologi-

cally without the imposition of disproportionately greater and greater stresses in the social or nervous machinery. The human mind in the development of its present capacity for dealing with larger problems usually finds that the relation of capacity to problem is as embryo to adult. And characteristically embryonic is the notion of some that though born later the embryo can overtake the adult. But the adult is as fecund in defeating old age as the embryo is sterile in attaining its adolescence and maturity. Nature in increasing the load-carrying power of man has always a load equal to or greater than the increase in ability to carry. The squirrel with a nut and man with a sack are equally laden.

Another sample of how evil may be eradicated is found in the time-binding faculty of man. By virtue of this time-binding faculty the past is made to function in the present and constructively reveal the future. The discoverer of time-binding or time-binding faculty insists that this faculty is restricted exclusively to the human animal. The mere discovery of this human time-binding capacity, which the discoverer says functions according to the formula for geometrical progression, constitutes at last the full and perfect approach to Utopia. Of course, the discovery must be proclaimed at large and such is being attempted. Once man becomes acquainted with the fact that he is a time-binder, all human difficulties begin with celerity to vanish and a perpetual millennium is at hand. Obviously the matter is not so simple. Man, to be sure, may use and does use helpfully the experience of the individual, species or race to a relatively much larger extent than other animals in general. The difference in the use of such experience on the part of man and other animals is merely one of degree. Moreover, the time-binding faculty of man has in its operation solved no problems whose solution has not thereby conditioned or generated others. Here again a dissertation on the memory-function of man, racial or otherwise, by means of which he avoids tomorrow the disagreeable of today or yesterday, is entertaining, but the relative chaos of the present and past as compared with the predicted future which the discovery of the time-binding faculty makes possible is no more changed in its fundamental aspect than the discovery of the law, doctrine, or theory of evolution has changed evolutionary processes. With regard to evolution, some have sought to keep faith with science and God by saying that the horror of the processes manifest were and are justified by a predicted future in which man would evolve into that perfection observable only on the veiled face of the Creator Him-

self. If time-binding and evolution were test-tube experiments in which the reactions therein could be observed until standardized, predictions might then be made with regard to them with some degree of reliability.

Finally, is the question of whether the average man can stand a universe robbed by science of the supernatural and its consolations; of whether the man of the streets in accepting a mechanistic conception of life will not be led to such behavior as will jeopardize the existing social order. The answer to this question is doubtless that whenever the man of the streets can grasp a mechanistic conception or any essentially rational conception, he will cease to be labelled as such, nor will he need the consolation of the supernatural. The proponent of the question is himself more alarmed by the steady advance of science into social channels than the interest he manifests in the common man would indicate. It is the pseudo-intellectuals themselves, not the average or common man, who are alarmed over the mechanistic conception. They want to hold with God and run with science. To the extent that any man can actually grasp as a real scientist does the scientific or mechanistic point of view, he becomes a better and more worthy citizen. False interpreters of science to the public, mental Bolsheviks and other jugglers with fact, however, one may biologically expect, like the poor of whom Christ spoke, to have with one always.

AN UNDAMAGED SOUL: THOMAS PAINE

(Concluded)

BY J. V. NASH

IN company with Audibert and a Mr. Frost, Paine at once set out for Dover. There he was subjected to some petty annoyance by the government officials, but was finally allowed to take passage to France. Twenty minutes after the little boat had cleared the harbor and was on its way across the channel, an official order reached Dover for the arrest of Thomas Paine—too late.

On his arrival in Paris, where he was received with distinguished honors, Paine took his seat in the Convention; he was appointed a member of the Committee on Legislation and worked diligently in drawing up the plan for a Constitution. He was the first to advocate a Republican form of government for France. Still, Paine counselled a wise policy of moderation. He particularly abhorred unnecessary bloodshed. But events were moving too fast: power was slipping from the moderates—the Girondists—the Jacobins—the terrible party of the Mountain, so-called from the topmost tier of benches which its members occupied in the Convention—were soon to seize the reins and gallop on to the Reign of Terror.

The situation in France was far different from that in America twenty years before. The earlier revolution had involved merely a political separation from another country; the later was a revolution within the body politic, superinduced by centuries of cruel oppression of the people.

Notwithstanding his ignorance of the French language, Paine played a leading role in the French Revolution, and unlike that of nearly all the others who figured in this great upheaval, Paine's record throughout is unblemished.

But the act which will shine forever as a lamp of remembrance over the name of Paine in those dreadful years was his heroic fight.

at the risk of his own neck, to save the life of the Catholic monarch, Louis XVI. In an able speech, which was read in translation to the Convention, Paine, as a member of the body which had the king's fate in its keeping, pleaded earnestly for mercy to the pitiful creature who, after his ill-starred attempt to escape in disguise, had been captured at Varennes and brought back in ignominy to Paris.

The humble English Quaker who, by so many strange turns of the wheel of fortune, now found himself one of the judges of a proud Bourbon king, wished justice tempered with mercy. "Kill the king, but spare the man," he urged. It would be to the everlasting glory of the Revolution, he pointed out, not to stain its hands unnecessarily with blood. "Mr. Capet," he argued, was more sinned against than sinning, a victim himself of the detestable system of royalty. Furthermore, as a practical argument, he reminded the Convention that the king alive could be kept as a hostage, whereas if he were killed it would offer an excuse for his royal relatives in other countries to unite in making war upon disorganized France, and for pretenders to the throne to engulf the distracted country in still further troubles. In addition, he reminded his colleagues of the gratitude which America felt toward the king for the help which France had given to the colonies in their war for independence. (This last argument, of course, was weak, since the Bourbon King was no friend of democracy, and the aid to America was dictated by the policy of the foreign minister, Vergennes, in revenge upon England for the taking of Canada.)

But the cry had gone out for the blood of the king; considerations of humanity and of political expediency were alike swept aside; poor, fat, blundering Louis was carried in a daze to the guillotine and the swift knife passed its irreversible judgment upon him.

Paine's position became at once a difficult one. His plea for the king's life had, of course, deeply offended the more radical element, although by many it was forgiven as an oddity arising from a Quaker repugnance to the shedding of blood.

As a member of the Committee on Surveillance, Paine still exercised some influence, and was in a position to befriend many Americans and Englishmen in Paris, including a number who had wronged him. It is related that on one occasion a certain Englishman by the name of Captain Grimstone, during a political argument at a dinner party, struck Paine with his fist. The penalty for assaulting a Deputy to the Convention was death; yet through Paine's influence the dastardly assailant was pardoned.

The tide of the Terror was now steadily rising. The taste of blood had whetted the thirst of the angry populace. Men like Marat and Danton became the favored leaders. Paine, entirely out of sympathy with such extremists, yet powerless to oppose them, now dropped out of the Convention. He would have returned to America, but as he was still a nominal Deputy, he was not free to leave; and even if he were to succeed in securing permission to go, the news would be noised abroad, and he knew that British ships of war were cruising up and down outside the French harbors with special instructions to be on the lookout for the outlaw Paine. For ten long years the mighty navy of George III maintained its vigil on the high seas, in the hope of catching and bringing to an English gallows the poor Quaker whose teachings had "put down the mighty from their seats," had raised up the Republic of the West and rocked every throne in Europe.

A period of gloom descended upon Paine, as he saw his high hopes of ordered liberty for France disappearing in a sea of fire and blood. It is charged against him by his maligners that during this time of despair he indulged himself in drink! Let us be thankful that in this dreadful night of anguish there was something that could bring temporary forgetfulness.

Robespierre—the green-eyed—was now riding the storm. The lowest strata of the population had at last risen to the top and had become as wolves ravening for blood to drink and for flesh to tear asunder. It was the same populace which only a few years before had fallen on its knees as the Sacred Host went by in the Corpus Christi processions. Church and State had kept the people in the dirt, sunk in grovelling ignorance and fanatical superstition; the savage cruelty with which heretics and political reformers had been tortured and done to death (the horrible official murder of the Protestant Calas was still fresh in memory) was inevitably imitated by outraged Demos when at last he turned upon his masters.

We here come to the darkest tragedy in Paine's long and eventful career; for which, as the world now knows, Robespierre, evil as he was (though not as black as he is painted) cannot be held responsible. The guilt rests unequivocally, as Conway has clearly demonstrated, with a fellow American and trusted adviser of Washington.

Gouverneur Morris—another of the really "damaged souls" of American history—was at this time United States minister in Paris. During the American Revolution it is known that he held treacherous communication with English politicians. Nevertheless, after the

peace he had managed to secure a position of influence with the government and the confidence of Washington. An aristocrat and royalist at heart, and insanely jealous of Paine's prestige among the Americans in Paris, he was soon plotting with Deforgues, the foreign minister, whom he seems to have completely duped, to bring about the ruin of the object of his hate and envy.

Paine was at last expelled from the Convention, on the ground that he was a "foreigner," and retired to an old mansion with a quiet garden, once the property of Madame de Pompadour, in the Fauboug St. Denis, where, far removed from the horrors of the Place de la Revolution, he led a peaceful existence with half a dozen devoted friends, including the Bonnevilles.

In December, 1793, an order was issued for Paine's arrest. His associates had been falling fast around him, but it was difficult to see how any charge could be brought against Paine; indeed, since he had been excluded from the Convention as a foreigner, he could no longer be regarded as in any sense a French citizen, and was now in every way entitled to American protection.

Paine, meanwhile, had improved the little time that had been left to him before his arrest by hurriedly writing the first part of *The Age of Reason*, the manuscript of which he delivered to his fellow American, Joel Barlow (graduate of Yale college, an admiring friend of Paine) when on his way to the Luxembourg prison. He tells us that the French officers who came to arrest him treated him not only with civility but with respect.

In the Luxembourg prison Paine was destined to languish for ten weary months. The Americans in Paris were outraged by the arrest of Paine, and went in a body to the Convention to ask his release. There was still no definite accusation against Paine, but nothing could be done for him unless the United States government, through its minister, officially demanded his freedom, as an American citizen. Gouverneur Morris was at once appealed to by the Americans, who were, of course, in ignorance of Morris's conspiracy. He craftily pretended to write a letter claiming Paine as an American citizen, and gave Washington to understand that he had done so. To forestall any movement on behalf of Paine, he represented that to press the matter further might result in Paine's being immediately guillotined. Washington, who was at this time negotiating the Jay treaty with England, seems to have been anxious to wash his hands of Paine as far as possible, lest he give offense to England and endanger the success of the treaty. Morris's deceptive

reports, therefore, found ready acceptance, and Paine was left to his fate.

Quite justified under the circumstances, was the reproachful letter which Paine, after his release from prison, addressed to Washington. The latter's indifference to the fate of Paine—without whose work during the Revolution Washington would probably have died an obscure magistrate in an English colony—did not in the end hurt Paine, but it cast an unfortunate shadow on Washington's reputation.

There have been many conjectures as to how Paine, almost alone among his fellow prisoners, escaped the guillotine. Possibly the almost mortal illness into which he fell when the Terror was at its very height contributed to save him. Carlyle, in his *French Revolution,* has given popularity to a fanciful explanation of Paine's escape, an explanation in which Paine himself apparently placed some credence:

"But in this set of Tumbrils (the carts in which the victims were dragged to the guillotine) there are two other things notable; one notable person, and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth, and by nature; laying down his life here for his son. In the prison of Saint-Lazaire, the night before last, hurrying to the gate to hear the death-list, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. 'I am Loiserolles,' cried the old man; at Tinville's bar an error in the Christian name is little; small objection was made. The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine! Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January; and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The turnkey, list in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of tomorrow's *Fournee.* Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall; the turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on; another turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk mark now visible, the *Fournee* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there."

However this may be, Paine had devoted friends within the prison. In the Preface to the second part of *The Age of Reason,* he speaks of his gratitude to Doctor Markoski, the physician of the Luxembourg, and others whom he met within its walls. It is probable that there was some collusion among his friends in the prison, which was responsible for his cell being repeatedly passed by.

It is true that after the fall of Robespierre there was found among his papers a document calling for a decree of accusation against Thomas Paine, "pour l'interêt de l'Amérique autant que de la France." But it is now known, as we have already indicated, that

Robespierre (contrary to Paine's own belief) was not really responsible for his predicament, and as a matter of fact had no personal hostility to him; otherwise, Paine would have been released immediately after the fall of Robespierre. It seems clear that Robespierre had suspicions of Morris's duplicity, and of his pro-English sympathies; certainly he knew very well that to guillotine Paine would have thrown royalist England into hysterics of joy. Still, he feared to offend Morris, the official representative of President Washington, by letting Paine go free.

After Robespierre went to the guillotine, Morris's influence contrived to keep Paine in prison, lest by his release the plot might be revealed. But at last James Monroe was sent out to replace Morris as American minister. For a long time Morris succeeded in keeping Monroe from being recognized by the French authorities; but finally he was permitted to take over the duties of his position, and lost no time in demanding Paine's freedom, as an American citizen. Still there was delay, and it was not until Morris had gained the security of the Swiss frontier (on an irregular passport) and was on his way to England to bask in aristocratic drawing-rooms, that the door of the prison opened and Paine came forth a free man.

An extract from a letter written to Paine while still in prison, by Monroe, later President of the United States, is significant. He said:

"It is unnecessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not and cannot be indifferent."

A painful ulcer in the side had developed during Paine's imprisonment. On his final release, the Monroes took him into their own house and nursed him back to health.

Invited again into the Convention, Paine responded cheerfully to the invitation, in order, as he said, "to show that I could bear an injury without permitting it to injure my principles or my disposition. It is not because right principles have been violated that they are to be abandoned."

Paine, through his wide acquaintance and official connections in France, was of incalculable service to the United States legation and to the American colony in Paris from this time to the close of the century. After the recall of Monroe[3] and during the long interval before the appointment of a successor, Paine was a sort of unofficial American minister—and, as usual, received nothing for his service.

In January, 1797, Paine, who had been the first to write of the "Religion of Humanity," became one of the founders of the Church of Theophilanthropy in Paris, the cardinal principle of which was love of God expressed in love of man, and which aimed to promote ethical culture. A beautiful form of worship was devised, in which the spiritual literature of the Hindus and Chinese was given a share of recognition. The inaugural sermon, at the first public meeting of the society, was delivered by Paine. After an interesting career of some years, during which it enjoyed official recognition, Theophilanthropy was suppressed when Napoleon negotiated the concordat with the Pope in 1801.

To this period, and indeed as a part of the Theophilanthropic movement, belongs the well-known pamphlet entitled, "Agrarian Justice," which is still an important document in the literature of the land question. In it he said:

"There could be no such thing as landed property originally. Man did not make the earth, and, though he had a natural right to *occupy* it, he had no right to *locate as his property* in perpetuity any part of it; neither did the Creator of the earth open a land office, from whence the first title deeds should issue.

"Cultivation is at least one of the greatest natural improvements. It has given to created earth a tenfold value. But the landed monopoly that began with it has produced the greatest evil. It has dispossessed more than half the inhabitants of every nation of their natural inheritance, without providing for them, as ought to have been done, an indemnification for that loss, and has thereby created a species of poverty and wretchedness that did not exist before."

In the same pamphlet he proposed a system of old age pensions, and other social reforms, which in part at least have now been adopted in the most progressive countries, such as England, Australia, New Zealand, and Argentina. He specifically advocated a plan for creating in every country a national fund "to pay to every person when arrived at the age of twenty-one years, the sum of fifteen pounds sterling, to enable him or her to begin the world, and also

[3] The result of malicious falsehoods concocted by Morris.

ten pounds sterling, per annum, during life, to every person now living, at the age of fifty years, to enable them to live in old age without wretchedness, and to go decently out of the world."

As proof of his belief in the justice of his plan, he declared that besides standing ready to bear his share of the expense necessary to establish this fund in his own country, the United States, he would voluntarily contribute 100 pounds towards the establishment of a similar fund in France, and a like amount for the same purpose in England.

Again, he said:

"It is not charity but a right, not bounty but justice, that I am pleading for. The present state of civilization is as odious as it is unjust. It is absolutely the opposite of what it should be, and it is necessary that a revolution should be made in it. The contrast of affluence and wretchedness continually meeting and offending the eye, is like dead and living bodies chained together. Though I care as little about riches as any man, I am a friend to riches because they are capable of good. I care not how affluent some may be, provided that none be miserable in consequence of it."

The star of Napoleon was now rising, the Convention had lapsed into futility and was dissolved, the Constitution on which Paine had labored so indefatigably was shelved, and the Directory temporarily ruled France. Soon Napoleon, after his military victories in Italy, became First Consul and sole ruler.

Napoleon recognized Paine's genius and consulted him from time to time on matters of importance. He even stooped to the language of adulation. He slept, he averred, with a copy of *The Rights of Man* under his pillow, and he insisted that a statue of gold ought to be erected in Paine's honor. It is understood that Paine finally incurred Bonaparte's disfavor through an act of mercy to a family of political refugees. He was warned that if it happened again he would be immediately expelled from France. In any event, Paine must have quickly realized that the Corsican was no friend of Republican government, that he represented nobody but himself, and was aiming to make himself ultimately Emperor of Europe. *Tempus abire aderat:* it was time for Paine to depart.

America, as he himself said, was the land of his literary birth, the country to whose service he had devoted the best years of his life: there his heart had always dwelt, and there, he added with feeling, he had ever intended "to close the scene of my life."

He had made arrangements to leave for America with the Monroes, early in 1797, and had actually accompanied them to Havre;

but on arriving there he saw, as he later wrote, so many "british frigates" patrolling the waters outside the harbor, that he considered it prudent to turn back; and it was well that he did, for the vessel on which he purposed embarking was searched for him.

In 1801, Paine's friend and ardent admirer, Thomas Jefferson, became President of the United States. Knowing of Paine's desire to return to America and the danger of his taking passage on a private vessel, Jefferson offered to place a ship of the United States navy at his disposal. Paine was grateful for the offer, but owing to the abuse which was now being heaped upon him by the orthodox mob on account of the publication of *The Age of Reason,* he preferred not to place his friend, the President, in an embarrassing position. But he was determined to return to America, and at last decided to take his chances on a common craft.

In 1802 Paine had spent a full ten years in France—ten years of service and sacrifice, of toil, imprisonment, almost mortal illness, amid the horrors of the great Revolution, that awful birth-labor in which a new era was struggling blindly for life. His hair, once of jet-like blackness, was now white. He was an old man—he was sixty-five.

All during those ten tempestuous years in Paris, his thoughts had been wont to wing their way across the Atlantic. From the bloody cobblestones of the Place de la Revolution and the dreadful guillotine, it brought blessed peace and surcease from sorrow to turn in memory to the quiet, smiling lawns of Jersey; to be once again in spirit with his old friends in Bordentown—with Colonel Kirkbride, honest John Hall, Captain Nicholson, Mrs. Nicholson, and his favorite Kitty, now Mrs. Few, wife of the Senator from Georgia. Again in fancy he cantered astride his faithful horse, Button, along the sunny lanes leading from Morrisania and out upon the broad road to Trenton. The nostalgia for America was growing ever stronger within him.

So now he prepared to depart from Paris, forever. There were many adieus to be said among the little coterie of friends who had gathered round him in the French capital, particularly M. and Mme. Bonneville and their children (one of them his godson), all of whom worshipped him.

It is pleasant to know that Paine did not have to start on his long homeward journey alone. Great souls, in times of stress, are never altogether deserted; and Paine, even with the world against him, at no time lacked devoted disciples. Thomas (Clio) Rickman, a younger

man and the most loyal of his English friends, came over to Paris, and together the two set out for Havre, where the storm-tossed veteran of three revolutions was to take ship for America.

Reaching the seaport, they completed the necessary arrangements for Paine's embarkation. It is noteworthy that Rickman testifies to the fact that Paine refused to have any spirits laid in with his ship stores. England had by now made formal peace with France in the treaty of Amiens, but Paine was still in danger; his safety lay in the privacy with which the trip had been planned.

All at last was ready; Paine, leaning on the arm of his faithful friend, went aboard, the ropes were cast off from the quay, the anchor drawn up, and the vessel stood out to sea. "Poor Rickman, the perpetually prosecuted," in the words of Conway, "strains his eyes till the sail is lost, then sits on the beach and writes his poetical tribute to Jefferson and America for recalling Paine, and a touching farewell to his friend:

"'Thus smooth be thy waves, and thus gentle the breeze,
As thou bearest my Paine far away;
O waft him to comfort and regions of ease,
Each blessing of freedom and friendship to seize,
And bright be his setting sun's ray.'"

The furore which Paine's arrival in America produced can be explained only by an understanding of the prejudice which his theological writings had created. This is not the place for a thorough analysis or an extended discussion of *The Age of Reason*. Let it be clear, however, that whatever else the book may have been, it was not an attack on religion; rather it was intended to be, as Paine himself assures us, a defense of true religion, a sincere attempt to free the spiritual from the incubus of an outworn supernaturalism—to find the golden mean between atheism and materialism on the one hand; on the other, fanaticism and superstition.

"I believe," wrote Paine in the very first page of this work, "I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life." Many communicants of orthodox churches today are not so sure of God and immortality as was the "infidel" Paine.

"Above all," says Moncure Conway, "Paine was a profoundly religious man,—one of the few in our Revolutionary era of whom it can be said that his delight was in the law of his Lord, and in that law did he meditate day and night. Consequently, he could not

escape the immemorial fate of the great believers, to be persecuted for unbelief—by unbelievers."

Again, this distinguished writer, himself for many years a Christian clergyman, observes: "It is misleading at the present day to speak of Paine as an opponent of Christianity. This would be true were Christianity judged by the authorized formulas of any church; but nothing now acknowledged as Christianity by enlightened Christians of any denomination was known to him. . . . Three noble and pathetic tributes to the Man of Nazareth are audible from the eighteenth century—those of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Paine. From its theologians and its pulpits not one! Should the tribute of Paine be today submitted, without his name, to our most eminent divines, even to leading American and English bishops, beside any theological estimate of Christ from the same century, the Jesus of Paine would be surely preferred."

Thousands today quote Paine's famous motto: "The world is my country; my religion is to do good," ignorant of the identity of the author.

Paine, remarked Carlyle, in a characteristic epigram, "would free all of this world—perhaps even the other!" Surely, both worlds needed it badly in his day.

In *The Age of Reason*, Paine was the first to distinguish between the human Jesus and the theological or mythical Christ; and his attitude toward the human Jesus is as reverent as modern liberal Protestant could wish. Eventually, however, he raised a question as to the actual historicity of Jesus. He was thus the forerunner of the humanitarian Renan on the one hand, and of the critical Strauss on the other; of the Modernists and of the higher critics.

Toward the end of his life, his views on immortality underwent an interesting development. He still believed that the good will be happy hereafter, and that the very wicked "will meet with some punishment"; but he pointed out that there is an immense class of persons who are neither good nor bad, whose characters are hopelessly contemptible—the botched and the misfit who should never have been born. These, he conjectured, might be simply "dropt." "I do not believe," he said, "because a man and a woman make a child, that it imposes on the Creator the unavoidable obligation of keeping the being so made in eternal existence thereafter." This theory of limited or conditional immortality—superficially undemocratic as it may seem—has interested many minds since the time of Paine.

Another profitable study is the development of Paine's idea of God. At first, his Deity was the Nature-God of eighteenth century Deism. But the prestige of this mechanical Nature-God had been badly crippled by the terrible reply of Bishop Butler to the Deists—that the God of Nature, with his earthquakes and pestilences, was just as cruel and barbarous as the God of the Bible who drowned a world and ordered the massacre of the Canaanites. To be sure, Paine's mind was dualistic enough to absolve God from responsibility for evil, and, as a profound student of astronomy who, twenty-one years before Herschel, saw the fixed stars as the suns of distant solar systems,[4] Paine ever perceived a revelation of God in the marvellous panorama of the heavens. But later he based his belief also on moral grounds—"that repugnance we feel in ourselves to bad actions, and disposition to do good ones." This marked an important advance over the cold Deism of his forerunners. God not only or chiefly rules—He loves.

The circumstances under which *The Age of Reason* was written could leave no doubt as to the sincerity of the author; even the Bishop of Llandaff, in his raging "Reply," freely admits Paine's honesty. Paine had remarked in his Preface that he had purposely postponed the publication of his religious views until an advanced period in life, that the purity of his motives might not be questioned. The Bishop, with grim humor, observed that it would have been a great boon to orthodox Christianity if Paine had decided to postpone publication indefinitely! The Bishop's "Reply," by the way, made nearly as many sképtics as did *The Age of Reason* itself. It was entitled "An Apology for the Bible." "I did not know," commented the King, drily, "that the Bible needed any apology." The Bishop's own orthodoxy was questioned; he was denied further promotion in the Church and died in bitter disappointment and humiliation.

The story of the prosecution of *The Age of Reason* in England, of the imprisonment of the booksellers Eaton and Carlile, and of Shelley's indignant denunciation of the government's injustice and stupidity, is well known. It is of some significance that the expensive edition of *The Age of Reason* was never molested; it was only the cheap edition, within reach of the common people, that the government moved heaven and earth to suppress.

Notwithstanding the prodigious efforts both in England and America to bury *The Age of Reason* and to hopelessly discredit its

[4] Bruno had ventured upon similar speculations.

author, the circulation of the book soon outstripped that of *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man.* In the century and a quarter which has elapsed since its first appearance in Paris, untold millions of copies have been printed; and today it keeps up a vigorous existence in a thousand and one modern cheap editions.

Until after the publication of *The Age of Reason*—when Paine was an elderly man—there had been no popular prejudice against him, however much he might have suffered from official neglect in America and governmental harassing in England. But now there began a venomous persecution which followed him through the remainder of his life. Indeed, not content with hounding him into his grave, theological malice leaped in after his body to wreak further vengeance. Frightened orthodoxy made Paine the third member of a new unholy trinity—"the world, the devil, and Tom Paine": it set up a horrible caricature of Paine, as an offensive, drunken vagabond, clutching a bottle, a caricature which even certain respectable writers today seem loath to abandon.

From this period dates the long line of printed calumnies against Paine. There is a class of wretched beings known by the expressive name of *hack-writers*—unsuccessful authors, half-starved penmen who are always awaiting an opportunity to earn a handful of ready money by libelling illustrious names against which popular prejudice has been aroused; and if the victim be dead, so much the more eagerly do they seize the poisoned pen of falsehood.

An interesting catalogue of the libellers of Paine, beginning with the notorious Cheetham (a significant name), might be compiled, under the title of "Damaged Hack-Writers." Paine's attitude toward these miserable ghouls is well illustrated by the following incident related in Conway's *Life:*

"Before Paine's arrival in America, the excitement over his approach had tempted a canny Scot, Donald Fraser, to write an anticipated 'Recantation' for him, the title-page being cunningly devised so as to imply that there had been an actual recantation. On his arrival in New York, Paine found it necessary to call Fraser to account. The Scotchman pleaded that he had vainly tried to earn a living as a fencing-master, preacher, and school-teacher, but had got $8.00 for writing the 'Recantation.' Paine said: 'I am glad you found the expedient a successful shift for your needy family; but write no more concerning Thomas Paine. I am satisfied with your acknowledgement—try something more worthy of a man."

Besides the infamous Cheetham, there were Carver and Corbett. The grave opened for Cheetham within a year after his scurrilous

post-mortem attack on Paine, but not before Madame Bonneville won an action against him for libel on her own account. Carver and Corbett lived to regret heartily their conduct toward Paine; both became ardent defenders of his memory. Carver—a poor, ignorant fellow—spent years in penance, haunting Paine memorial meetings; while Corbett exposed the falsity of the pretended deathbed recantation of Paine, and later reverentially carried Paine's bones to England, with the intention of giving them honorable sepulture in the land of his birth.[5]

That the great Liberal should have remained true to his principles until death was a thorn in the side of all the religious denominations, including even the Quakers. Protestant ministers and Catholic priests, with no doubt perfectly sincere solicitude for his soul, endeavored to effect a deathbed conversion of the great "infidel philosopher." Those who had been near him at the end were importuned to testify to a recantation. "As for money," said Willet Hicks (cousin of Elias Hicks, noted afterwards as the founder of Reformed or Hicksite Quakerism, which was in part a fruit of Paine's teachings), "As for money, I could have had any sum." A Quaker servant girl was finally induced to declare that Paine had "repented," that he had called aloud to Jesus for mercy and deplored his having written *The Age of Reason.* The story was industriously circulated and obtained wide credit until her employer established the fact that she had never seen Paine in her life.

After this long digression, it remains to gather up the scattered threads of Paine's last years in America—the final phase. When he had announced his intention of returning to the United States, President Jefferson wrote him a cordial letter, in which he said: "I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In this it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors and to reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

But when Paine landed at Baltimore late in 1802, his fond hopes were doomed to bitter disappointment. Jefferson was being scurrilously attacked because of the courtesy he had shown to the author of *The Age of Reason.* While Paine exercised the utmost tact in

[5] Permission to bury the body was refused by the authorities in England, and the bones of Paine, like the ashes of Bruno, have passed forever from human sight and ken.

endeavoring to spare his friend embarrassment, Jefferson insisted upon inviting him to the White House as his guest. The dishonesty of the Federalists in using Paine's unorthodoxy as a club with which to beat Jefferson was only too apparent, since John Adams, the head of the Federalist party, was himself a Unitarian—a disbeliever in the deity of Jesus.

Not quite seven years—years of mingled sunshine and shadow—were now to pass over Paine before the curtain finally descended upon the long drama of his life.

He had announced his intention not to seek or hold public office of any kind, but to devote himself to literature. Popular prejudice was such, however, that works from his pen would find little favor. Much of the manuscript which he had brought with him from France never saw the light of day; after his death it passed into the hands of the Bonnevilles and was finally destroyed in a warehouse fire at St. Louis about mid-century. This was a calamity for history and literature alike, in view of the important part which Paine had played at critical periods in the evolution of three great nations, and of his intimate acquaintance with all the leading men of his day throughout the world.

Paine maintained pleasant relationships with Jefferson to the end, and though many old friends were dead, and others were now estranged, there were still not a few, old and new, who cherished his friendship.

On a visit to the old scenes in New Jersey, Paine suffered a humiliating insult. He had visited Bordentown and Morrisania, and had come to Trenton—to Trenton, where so long ago his *Crisis* had helped to achieve the most important victory of the Revolution. Here he planned to take the stage-coach for New York, to bid farewell to James Monroe, who was leaving again for France. A menacing mob collected, and the driver of the stage refused him a seat. A painful illustration, indeed, of the ingratitude of republics.

Madame Bonneville and her children had now fulfilled their intention of coming to America. Nicholas Bonneville, the husband and father, had hoped to join them, but was prevented by the French government, which was keeping him under surveillance because of his Republican activities. Paine generously undertook the support of the little family and the education of the boys. The scantiness of his means and the refusal of Congress to grant him any relief made it necessary for him to sell his place at Bordentown and a part of the farm at New Rochelle.

Paine lived at various places in New York City, and for a time at New Rochelle, until finally the infirmities of age and the danger to which he was exposed in the lonely farmhouse, induced him to return to the city.

The most shameful of all the insults offered to Paine occurred about this time, when on proffering his vote in the elections at New Rochelle, it was refused by the official in charge (one Elisha Ward, a Tory who had skulked in the British lines during the Revolution) the pretext being that Paine was not an American citizen, having been disowned as such by the United States Minister (Morris) when he was imprisoned in the Luxembourg. Paine endeavored to secure redress from the government, but with what success is not known.

One of his warmest admirers during these years was Elihu Palmer, a Dartmouth graduate and a former clergyman, with whom Paine associated himself in the establishment of the first Liberal church in America, at New York. Occasionally he spoke from Palmer's platform, and contributed a number of important papers to a magazine which Palmer started, called *The Prospect.*

"We are little able, in the present day," says Conway, "to appreciate the reverence and affection with which Thomas Paine was regarded by those who saw in him the greatest apostle of liberty in the world." Elihu Palmer characteristized him as "probably the most useful man that ever existed on the face of the earth." When Palmer died of yellow fever at Philadelphia in 1806, Paine lost one of his staunchest friends.

A short time before, a dastardly attempt had been made to assassinate Paine by a certain Derrick or Dederick, whose only grievance seems to have been the fact that he owed Paine money on account of substantial loans which Paine had generously made him for the purchase of the necessaries of life! This creature, half drunk, crept up to the window of Paine's study, which was on the ground floor of the house at New Rochelle, and discharged a gun through the glass. The shocking act was committed on a Christmas eve. Paine had the fellow arrested and bound over to keep the peace, but with his usual magnanimity he did not press a charge against him. Soon afterwards, however, Paine left New Rochelle for the greater security of the city. To the last he took a keen interest in public affairs and contributed to the press numerous articles on questions of the day.

At this period we have pleasant glimpses of Paine strolling along the Battery in New York with congenial friends, among them Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, in whose experiments Paine was deeply interested.[6]

In 1807, the year when the little *Clermont* made its historic trip on the Hudson, Paine reached the age of seventy. No other man of his generation had had so adventurous a career or had escaped death in so many and seemingly miraculous ways. He had defied the powers of this world and of the next; terrible had been the curses and anathemas heaped upon him and countless the prayers that had gone up for his death. Yet in spite of it all, he had lived a charmed life, and had attained at last the Psalmist's three score years and ten, in full possession of his faculties. He celebrated the anniversary year by the publication of his last important work, the *Examination of the Prophecies.*

A stroke of apoplexy left him much weakened physically, but his mind was clear to the end. He died tranquilly with the rising of the sun, on June 8, 1809—four months after the birth of the two great emancipators of the coming age: Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin.

A few days later the body was taken from New York City, to be buried as he had wished, on his farm, the Quaker authorities having declined his request for interment in their cemetery. In the funeral procession were Madame Bonneville and her sons, riding in a carriage; the loyal Quaker, Willet Hicks, on horseback; and two Negroes on foot, representatives of the oppressed race for which Paine had pleaded to the end, who trudged through the heat and the dust of that summer day along the twenty-five miles to New Rochelle.

Around the grave stood the French Catholic woman and her children—political refugees, the silent Quaker, and the reverent Negroes. The high and mighty were not there: the United States Government was not represented, nor was there any representative of Paine's native England. There was no religious ceremony, but as the coffin was lowered into the grave, Madame Bonneville, taking her stand at one end and placing her son Benjamin—afterwards a General in the United States Army—at the other, sobbed these words: "Oh, Mr. Paine, my son stands here as testimony of the gratitude of America, and I for France."

[6] As early as 1778 Paine had discussed the possibilities of steam navigation

It is significant that Paine never considered his religious writings—notwithstanding all the hubbub which they raised—as the most important of his works, and that he asked to have inscribed on his tombstone only the words: "Author of *Common Sense*."

Perhaps the most appropriate epitaph for the immortal Paine will be found in the words of President Andrew Jackson: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty."

INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT

BY HENRI VANDERBYLL

WE DO NOT always stop to consider that the changes which man has wrought upon the earth in the short time of a few thousand years are little less than miraculous. Even less than a century ago, no railroads crossed the continents, no steamships the ocean. The streets of the city were not noisy with the honk-honk of the automobile and with the clang of the street-car bell. No telephone operator kept you waiting for your party, no elevator shot you up to the twentieth floor of a skyscraper. The glare of electric lights was absent, and moving pictures had still to be dreamed about. That was less than a hundred years ago! Now let us consider conditions of ten thousand years ago, ten thousand years that amount to less than a century in the history of the earth. There were no cities or roads, no castles or homes, no indications whatsoever of human civilization. Man lived in caves and in underground holes, and the world was as still as the jungle with its unseen inhabitants. A column of smoke, rising up through the soil apparently, was perhaps the only indication that intelligence dwelt upon the earth. A hundred or two hundred thousand years ago, insignificant periods of time in the hundred million year existence of this planet, even the smoke that must reveal intelligence was absent, and the cave was inhabited by wild beasts. That which was to be man, swung itself from tree to tree. Nevertheless, the earth looked earthly, with the wild beasts roaming the forests, the mountains looming high, and the streams pouring themselves into the lakes. Even this more or less familiar scene was gradually created in the course of several millions of years. Time was when the earth was a desert of granite and water, with the beginnings of life concealed in the depths of its seas.

Marvelous changes, these! But still more marvelous is the force, or are the forces, that brought about these changes. Modern thought has, with a few exceptions, dropped the notion of an extraterrestrial force that spontaneously created man and beast, and then launched them on their respective journeys of life. Scientific researches point at the fact that the forces which aimed at the development of the individual were present on this earth from the beginning. This does not imply, as some people who are prejudiced against science and its discoveries are over-anxious to assert, that the scientist altogether rejects the notion of a supreme Author. Only an utterly brainless person will do that. What science does is dispense with the necessity of deity suddenly becoming active with the occurrence of an event, important or insignificant as it may be. In other words, it pushes mystery farther and farther into the background, fully realizing, however, that it is mystery which it is pushing back. Where the ancients, for example, heard the angry voice of deity in the rumble of thunder, and saw the flash of his eye in the bolt of lightning, science explains such phenomena without requiring the intervention of supernatural agencies. But it stops short at mystery, and it faces a more or less ultimate, when it asks the question: What is electricity which causes the flash of lightning, which in turn causes the sound of thunder? In considering the process of individual development, therefore, it accepts given conditions on this earth at a given time, realizing that the conditions emerged from an infinity of existence, and time from the bosom of eternity. It cuts the changing film of terrestrial life from the endless film of eternity, and attempts to make clear what occurred between the two lines that separate it, at one end, from an unknown origin and, at the other end, from an unknown destiny.

The theory of evolution considers, or should consider, rather, two factors in the process of individual development. The first is the nature of the individual, the second, the nature of its surroundings. Especially when applied to the case of man, the modern age is inclined to dispense with either the one or the other. The part which the individual plays in the process is often ignored by the theory-of-circumstance advocates. Several modern thought movements, on the other hand, would eliminate the influence which surroundings exert upon the individual. But, the lines, "I am captain of my soul, and master of my fate," though inspiring, do not altogether express the truth. They

exclude the presence of an external world and, consequently, ignore its reaction upon the soul. Nor do Khayyam's lines, "Ah, love, could only you and I with Him conspire, etc.," suggest the complete truth. The role which the individual plays in this "sorry scheme of things" is not even hinted at. A homely illustration will perhaps make clear how surroundings react upon the individual. When fire is held against a piece of paper, the paper will be consumed. When we let the paper represent the individual, and the fire the external world, then the external world destroys the individual. Now, there are two things that make the destruction of the piece of paper possible. The first is the flame, and the second is the nature of the object that is being consumed. If the flame which is capable of consuming the paper is held against a steel bar, destruction does not result. It is undoubtedly true that the nature of man's surroundings changes his being. But the nature of his being determines to what extent and in what manner his being shall be changed. Similar external conditions affect different human beings in a different manner. All of which makes human evolution a highly intricate problem, especially when considering that, today at least, no two individuals are alike.

It may, on first consideration, appear to be a more or less startling fact that the external world assumes the attitude of the consuming fire towards the individual. The creature and the universe are fundamentally antagonistic. Yet should we not conceive life to be a battle consciously waged between two enemies. The struggle is a natural, and therefore a necessary one, and neither of the combatants is aware of the identity of its opponent, or conscious of the nature of the struggle. The simple truth is, that wherever life is present there is also activity. And activity in the universe involves friction, opposition, antagonism. That is to say, individual activity in a universe consisting of billions of creatures that possess different constitutions and widely divergent aims, necessarily results in friction. The direction in which a particular member of the universe travels is determined by the nature of its being. Its progress, however, is constantly interfered with by members of a different nature whose aims oppose its own. The result is that the individual is compelled, every now and then, to deviate from its original course. That compulsion constitutes a source of experience for the individual, and

results in physical or intellectual change, in accordance with the circumstances.

Both physical and intellectual development may thus be conceived to have resulted from interference on the part of the external world with the progress of the individual. The first living things that inhabited the primordial seas were eventually opposed by changing external conditions. They were threatened with harm and with destruction, even. Their individual constitution determined whether they were doomed to perish or whether they were to adapt themselves to the conditions of a new external world. The process of adaptation consisted of a slow and gradual reconstruction of the organism, of the acquisition of new organs, and the final result was a new creature which was better able to face conditions and circumstances. Stating the matter in the foregoing manner, however, is merely touching its surface. At the bottom of he whole question of individual development lies a very interesting fact. It is this: the developing individual comes in touch with a constantly-growing external world. In a previous chapter we observed that the beginnings of individual existence are marked by an intense degree of self-centeredness, and by an almost total absence of awareness of not-self, or the external world. The universe of things and creatures, we stated, was wrapped in sleep, a sleep which is the more profound in the lower degrees of development. The being's degree of awakeness is determined by the nature and the variety of the impressions which it is capable of receiving from its surroundings. The more simply constructed the creature is the fewer are the impressions that reach it. Now, the friction resulting from contact with an antagonistic world arouses the individual from its state of lethargy. The phenomena, conditions and living beings that are capable of threatening its existence, constitute its source of experience. They compose its particular universe, of which it is ever so dimly aware. They arouse the cells of the body to creative activity, and cause a physical reconstruction to answer the urgent call of necessity. The reconstruction of the body generally implies a greater freedom of movement, so that the individual henceforth must come in touch with a larger and a more intricate external world. The number and the variety of impressions will increase in proportion, as a result of which the creature's world of experience will widen considerably. The new

experiences, in turn, will again arouse the creature, to a small extent, from its profound natural sleep.

In the very beginnings of physical evolution, therefore, we may discover an unconscious search on the part of the individual for the universe. The search in question is aided by the creature's natural surroundings whose antagonistic features eventually prove to be an urge to create. The light of the world penetrates into the self little by little as the individual is urged, coaxed, or threatened to become to a less extent aware of self, and to a larger extent aware of the external world. In this connection. evolution's immediate object is a greater ability on the part of the individual to move about. Her ultimate aim is the perfection of a body that enjoys as large a freedom of movement as possible. Thus we see primordial sea-life cast upon a hostile shore where, in due time, it develops into a creature that is able to live both in the water and on shore. This greater freedom of movement develops into a still greater one when the amphibious creature becomes a land animal as a result of wandering into the interior. And, finally, evolution accomplishes her million year old task of fashioning a body which, in co-operation with an instrument yet to be created and developed, will enable the individual to be in touch with the universe in all its infinite entirety.

Physical development has, roughly speaking, ceased. Nature, at a certain moment in the history of this planet, seemed satisfied that her attempts at body-fashioning were triumphantly successful when she produced the human body. She proceeded to devote her ability to the problem of creating and developing an instrument which would allow the individual to discover a universe still larger than the one with which his body could acquaint him. That instrument was the human mind. The various steps taken by nature in her million year task of moulding the human body are still traceable in our present vegetable and animal kingdom. The noblest result of her efforts was placed by her among her lesser creations, after which he proceeded to fight his way to glory.

Intelligence introduced itself when the external world caused the individual to become aware of its presence. In earlier stages of development, the creature responded to the impressions which it was capable of receiving from its surroundings in much the same manner that a photographic plate responds to the stimulus of light. There was hardly question of awareness. It did not

know that an external world existed, nor that it impressed its being. It merely automatically responded to its touch. The intelligent individual, on the contrary, not merely received impressions, but knew that it received them, and in the course of further development began to reflect upon the nature of the world of which it was aware. Natural surroundings failed to act as a stimulus for physical creation upon a body which an age-long process of improvement had rendered incapable of further modification. A threatening external world, in the particular case of the individual who was ripening into an intelligent creature, meant destruction for the latter unless he met the emergency with a flash of reason instead of with physical adaptation. The employment of reason marks a departure from the old way of reshaping the body to comply with the tyrannical demands of nature. With the appearance of intelligence, the absolute rule of nature came to an end, and the rule of man was being established.

That the wholesale destruction of the brute man who in inconceivably far-off days stood on the threshold of intelligence did not take place, is due to the fact that every individual possesses an unconscious desire to continue to exist. That desire, in the earlier stages of development, resulted in physical adaptation, and in maturer stages, in the ability to reason. The nature of the brute man's surroundings harmonized with the coarse nature of his groping soul. Immense and dangerous forests, ferocious beasts of monstrous size, thunder and lightning, torrents and floods, constituted the surroundings into which he fitted. Nature in her wildest aspect, nature with her ominous frown and her roaring displeasure, was the original blunt instrument that began to mould intelligence. The deep-hidden desire to exist, rising to the surface in the face of threats of destruction, struck the first spark of intelligence in the hitherto dormant brain of our hair-covered ancestor. When the stone for the first time assumed the shape of a weapon that would protect him from the attacks of possible enemies, intelligence henceforth was to accompany him on his terrestrial journeys. The bitter cold drove him into the caves which the wild beasts showed him afforded shelter and warmth. The fur of the animal averted the danger of freezing to death. Indeed, the very threats of nature resulted in his gradual conquest of her.

The method employed by evolution in her scheme of developing intelligence was similar to the one used in the process of physical development. Again we observe that an antagonistic external world constituted a stimulus for creation. But, in this instance the creation was not of a physical but of an intellectual nature. And, again, we remark that surroundings rudely awoke the individual from his intense sleep of self-centeredness, and drew his attention partly from self to a world of not-self. The unconscious search for a world beyond self met with considerable success when the first human beings became aware of their surroundings. That awareness meant infinitely more than the mere response to external stimuli on the part of the purely physical creature. It meant, figuratively speaking, the opening of the individual's eyes, resulting in a condition of half-awakeness. For the first time in the history of this planet, a creature was in a position to remark that it existed, and that something else beyond its self existed. Before that glorious moment, the universe had been a dream, a sleep, an utter darkness.

But, this ability to be aware of an external world represented merely the first step in the direction of true intelligence. At a later date, the individual, besides receiving impressions, and besides being aware of the thing that impressed his soul, acquired the abilty to reflect upon the nature of the external world of which he was aware. Before the acquisition of the latter power, man lived, in a physical sense, only, in the universe which he particularly noticed. Those things and phenomena drew his attention which stood in immediate relationship to his physical well being. In other words, the world of immediate contact, the world that furnished his experiences, was the universe in which he dwelt. It is hardly necessary to observe that the universe in question was of an extremely limited nature, and that it contained but comparatively few objects and phenomena. The actual universe of infinite intricacy and size was looked at but not seen by him.

The world in which ancient man lived, however, grew and became more intricate as he, himself, experienced and developed. And the moment arrived when it not only represented the physical world of immediate contact, but also the world upon which he reflected. The moment arrived when he lived in a world of his own both in a physical and in an intellectual sense. At first, the experience furnishing world was also the one thought about.

Gradually, however, imagination took wing, and wove its fancies about a universe that exceeded in size the world of immediate contact. We may formulate the general rule, however, that the world in which man thought that he lived was limited, and its nature was ill-conceived, in proportion to the smallness of the world of experience. Primitive man probably thought about ten objects that constituted, chiefly, his immediate surroundings. The Sumerians pondered over the mystery of the sun's presence and its nightly disappearance, over the phenomenon of the moon's phases, and over the brilliancy of Venus. Their thoughts traveled beyond their world of experience into the vastness of the deep. Today, we sit in our office reading the latest news from Siberia and the South Sea Islands, and reports about the birth of a new star in the unfathomable depths of space.

The farther back we penetrate into the past, the smaller becomes man's universe, and the more absurd are his interpretations of its phenomena. Being, at first, an almost purely physical creature, only those objects and phenomena that, directly or indirectly, concerned his physical self drew his attention and eventually stimulated his thought. The plain fact is, that man's belly first discovered the universe. Prehistoric man, for instance, was deeply interested in the phenomena of wind and rain, of sunshine and clouds, of heat and cold. Such phenomena had a decisive voice in the matter of reaping a harvest or of facing a crop failure. His universe of objects was as limited as his world of phenomena. He was aware of the prominent and of the to him important features of his immediate surroundings. The soil that lifted the green blade above the surface, the bulky mountain that rose in the vicinity, the tree under whose spreading foliage he found protection from the scorching sun, the spring that generously bubbled up its cool treasure, such things naturally interested him.

There is something wonderful, we think, about the method employed by the secret Author of man in the process of developing his intelligence. Ancient man was a human brute whose senses and whose brain were almost completely cut off from the presence of a scintillating universe of law, order and divinity. He was deeply absorbed in self, and his sole concern in life was his belly. And, yet, it was this vulgar life's concern of his that compelled him to pay attention to the existence of an outside world, and that subsequently induced him to reason about it. His

explanations of phenomena observed, and his conceptions of the nature of objects perceived, were ridiculously false. Prehistoric man discovered a magical, divine power in the raindrops that vivified his perishing crop, in the earth that pushed the green blade through the surface, in the remains of his fellow man that fertilized the soil. In time, he transferred the seat of this magic power to one of his brothers, whom he carefully guarded as the "divine man" with a view to sacrificing him at the appointed time to the corn-producing soil. Absurd notions and customs, these, of course! However, existence in those days had its narrow limits, and comparatively few things occurred therein. The mind of the infant man was like that of the child which is chiefly absorbed in self and, as a consequence, incapable of being aware of the innumerable and beautiful things that constitute its surroundings. The truth of the universe is never approached by limiting thought to an infinitely small section of it. Although the ancient man's interpretation of the external world, however, was highly absurd, let us reflect that it represented the first speech uttered in a hitherto silent universe. What becomes of the ugliness of man's yesterdays when we consider his baby talk concerning his wind-swept and sun-lit home in that light? It was speech, we say, no matter how inarticulate! It marked the first awakening after an eternity of sleep, and it introduced the first conscious life in an infinite universe of unknowing life!

We remarked that developing man became to a greater extent aware of the existence of a universe as his self-centeredness decreased. His growing ability to become universe-conscious constituted his real and inner development. Poetically visioned, his original being was like the soul of a flower dwelling within the darkness of its closed petals. Seen in the light of cold facts, it was the soul of a more or less intelligent animal whose interest was chiefly centered in its physical comfort. We roughly outlined the method by which evolution caused the petals to open, as a result of which the dawning light of a universe penetrated into the human soul. We observed that the growth of the soul was accompanied by a greater freedom of movement, both as regards the body and as regards the mind. The physical world with which man was directly in touch, or was capable of being in touch, expanded in the course of time, and the world in which he thought that he lived became larger and more intricate. For

the present let us consider the growing world of immediate contact.

Nature, we observed, was man's first teacher. Her methods of instruction were more or less crude and barbaric. But it should not be forgotten that her task consisted in chipping away the coarser features of an unripe soul. Even at present, we find that life teaches the soul according to methods that fit a particular case. One man suffers physically, another financially, another spirtually. As ancient man possessed neither finance nor a spiritual nature, but a strong, hair-covered body, chiefly, nature made her appeal via his body and his stomach. We saw that her threats urged him to reason, that reason subsequently adopted the cave as a home, invented stone weapons and primitive clothes. Man became a tool-using animal. His use of tools more than anything else, eventually became instrumental in bringing about his greater freedom of movement upon this earth. At first, it was nature's threats that drove him from his cave, and made him wander over the face of the earth. Migrations of tribes and races were started by the severe cold of glacial periods, by floods, droughts, and topographical changes of the country. Travel and new surroundings involved new experiences and eventually resulted in new thoughts, new tools, new arts, new civilizations. Today, nature still remembers her ancient method of broadening the minds of men, when dissatisfied citizens emigrate to foreign lands in the expectation of "doing better."

On the whole, however, nature is no longer the cruel but kind teacher of former times. When man began to answer her with his intelligence and with his tools, her voice began to sound considerably less harsh, and man snapped his fingers at her threats. The tools slowly and gradually built a bulwark of protection against which nature vainly spent her wrath. After protection of the physical body had become an established fact, she almost completely ceased to be the chief instructor of mankind. Instead, she became slave to human intelligence. A new influence, a more or less unnatural one, began to further stimulate intelligence. That influence emanated from the particular sort of life, inaugurated by man, himself, community life. But, this new teacher of mankind we shall discuss in a later chapter.

The tools that man invented, and the objects that he created, were, as stated before, at first intended to protect the physical man from the angry moods of nature and from the dangers that

lurked in his surroundings. Eventually, however, they became instrumental in facilitating his movements upon the earth. The unconscious desire to discover the universe, in the past urged him on to explore his terrestrial home, and tempts him today to travel to the moon and to the planet Mars. Transportation facilities were first discovered in nature, in the horse, the camel, the elephant, and the ass. Then followed combinations of natural products of intelligence, such as a horse tied to a cart. And, finally, as in our present age, the horse is eliminated, and intelligence causes the cart to move itself. The less man's inventions savor of nature, the more efficient are his tools, and the more sublime are the objects that they fashion. That sounds startling to many who instinctively dislike the artificial world of man, and vainly long for the beauties of a nature undefiled by human ingenuity. The natural, however, is the original, an original which is also unintelligent. Man, the brute, nursed at nature's breast. Man, the thinker, is a member of civilized society. Man, the brute, found his tools among the rocks of the wild. Man, the scientist, fashions them from keenest imagination. The nature man tread where his physical strength permitted him to proceed. Modern man considers, to a certain extent, at least, the rights and the aims of his fellow man. We see the human being, with his tools and with his created objects, rise from the rocks and the wilds of nature, and establish himself on a higher level in a world whose foundation is becoming more and more intellectual and less and less physical. His early inventions, therefore, suggest the physical, the self. Necessity, as the proverbial saying has it, is the mother of invention. No thing was invented for the mere sake of inventing, or in behalf of suffering humanity. The self and its needs, its desires, its cravings, was the great inventor and manufacturer. The evolution of the tool, however, kept pace with that of the inner man. So did that of the objects which the tools fashioned. As man lost some of his self-centeredness, his tools became more intricate and efficient, and his creations more wonderful. It is a fact, no sufficiently realized, that the ability to be aware of not-self enables the inventor to concentrate on his subject, to thoroughly study all its details, aspects and possibilities, and to achieve success in spite of obstacles and hardships. The great inventors of the human race had little concern for self, and sacrificed its wants and desires for the sake of reaching their object.

Man's conception of what is necessary and desirable changes as he changes, and as the conditions of which he is the immediate author alter. The cave of Neolithic days became the reed and the mud hut of early Sumerian times, the tent of ancient Nomadic tribes, the villa of Pompei, the romantic castle of medi aeval times, the modern sanitary and efficient bungalow. The original animal skin evolved into a more and more intricate sys tem of covering the body, until it finally culminated in the modern stiff collar and the evening dress. The roughly chipped tool of flint which primitive man wielded in glacier covered Europe was the foundation of our modern skyscraper, propels our palatial steamer, and gives speed and wing to our flying machine. Nor can it be denied that man's material paraphernalia, at any time, are vaguely indicative of a certain existing degree of intelligence. We do not think, however, that their improvement, or their possible perfection, are the chief aims of human evolution. Particular living conditions belong to a particular degree of human development as a nice cover belongs to a good book, or as a cheap one fits a trashy novel. Clothes do not make the inner man, nor does a palatial home tell us anything definite about the quality of gray matter within the owner's skull. The truth is, that tools and created objects, although indispensable, play subordinate parts in the scheme of human progress. They are, as we have stated, to a large extent instrumental in assisting man to discover the universe. They enable him to travel about, as a result of which new experiences add to his soul. History, from 5000 B. C. to the present, furnishes a clear example of the steady growth of man's world of experience. At first, there merely was intercourse with wandering tribes. At a later period, the human world of experience was concentrated on the shores of the Mediterranean. Then it included Europe, North Africa, Minor Asia, and a part of India. The day came when imagination spurred courageous men on to discover new worlds across the oceans. World empires were founded by the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the British. Necessity clamored for new tools to adequately meet these new conditions. The railroad, the steamship, telegraph, telephone, wireless, and, last, but not least, the flying machine, responded to the call. Man's present world of experience or, rather, the world in which he is capable of experiencing, constitutes the entire earth. Quite a different world from the one of two or three thousand years ago!

And, yet, the desire in man to discover the universe is still present, more so than ever, perhaps. Being able to travel around the world in comparatively few days, to read at a glance what happened some hours ago in Moscow, London, and Sydney, does not satisfy him. He is actually considering the problem of traveling to the moon, and the one of communicating with Mars. It is difficult, at this time, to venture an opinion concerning the possibility of human extraterrestrial journeys. Considering, however, man's ultimate origin in the depths of the sea, his extremely narrow world of experience in the beginning, the subsequent life on land, the successful explorations over the entire face of the earth, the establishment of railroads and steamship lines that encircle the globe, recent journeys through the air, who can tell but the moon and Mars are waiting to be explored by a universally-minded human being of the future? The earth is indeed but a pinpoint in the immensity of existence.

The changes which man has wrought upon the earth, as we observed at the beginning of this chapter, are miraculous. He has dotted its face with cities, he has spun an intricate web of roads and railroads across its surface, he has lit its countenance with a billion electric lights, he has harnessed the power of waterfalls, diverted rivers from their natural courses, bridged abysses that separated continents, sunk shafts into the bowels of his planet, and viewed his earthly home from the dizzy heights of the sky. These feats were performed within the boundaries of the world with which he was in immediate, physical contact. But he performed other miracles, miracles that are not physical and concrete. They were performed in a world imagined, a world which in magnitude far surpassed the limited world in which his body was capable of moving. Every now and then, further exploration of the external world appeared to be a physical impossibility. His mind then proceeded to do what his body was incapable of doing. His imagination, a product of his increased ability to be aware of not-self, broke through the barriers of physical limitation, and made trips into immensity. What it saw on those trips was added to the Thoughts of Man, thoughts that were constantly revised as the trips became more extensive, and as the mind's powers of observation and reasoning became more accurate. Of course, the first human imaginings were almost identical with fancies. A conception of the true nature of immensity, if it be at all possible to acquire it, must be founded on a mental bird's

eye view of the whole. One cannot know a skyscraper by its basement, only, nor the universe by a little patch of earth. That is one important fact we modern enthusiasts are pleased to overlook.

These intellectual journeys into the universe resulted in thoughts which may be classified, in accordance with their nature, as follows: Mythology, Religion, Science, Philosophy. Of these, we hold mythology to be close akin to fancy, and philosophy to approach a fact-supported imagination. Religion, in our opinion, represents the transition between mythology and philosophy, whereas science links man's growing world of experience and the universe in which he thinks that he lives. It is in science that man's thought of self is hardly distinguishable from his thought of not-self. True, many inventions were made for the purpose of protecting, pleasing, or coddling self. But an equal number, the majority of which belong to recent history, are the result of personal sacrifice, the impersonal desire to know, and the unselfish purpose of ameliorating the struggle of human life. It is indeed difficult to draw a dividing line between the material and the intellectual paraphernalia that at present accompany man through eternity. As stated before, the origin of man lies in nature, in the physical, and his immediate destiny is an intellectual life, so that the physical and the intellectual blend in many of his expressions.

Besides material and intellectual accomplishments, man must be credited with accomplishments in the way of morals and ethics. The latter are dependent upon, and result from, his intellectual conquests. What he saw on his journeys through immensity, for one thing, was reflected in his behavior towards his fellow man, and in his activities in general.

ART AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

WHAT a fine prospect it is to look forward to that as yet promissory millenium of art and science when man will understand Nature and relish her inevitable measures of law and industry, creative power and naive beauty. The inspiring influence of such an aesthetic promise is in itself an ennobling force in the contemporary world, although any situation which offers possibilities of understanding and love and spiritual refinement is always rich in just those patterns from Nature which are worthy of our devotion. In that goodly age we will look to things truly exemplary of the Good for our action-patterns, to things really just and worthwhile for the skill-limits of our conduct as well as for the efficiency of our meditations, so that they may be broadened and validated for a more wholesome useful life.

I believe it is to be largely by an honest patronage and pursuit of the arts and sciences that the future will realize a method of social readjustment and control far more durable and efficient than the petty system now in vogue. But if failing of this last resort what hope for philosophy and religion, even though exquisitely refined and given prestige in academic arenas of conflicting aims and idealisms? There are not enough people living normally balanced and intelligent lives to make even a sufficient minority power to filibuster the actions and wishes of our vulgarian age; so how can we lay adequate plans for bringing the arts and sciences to bear on our social problems when we have not much more than staked our claim and sent a few sample ores to the refinery?

The work of the near future is not to be so vain, theoretical and controversial as it has been in the past, for even now a dynamic psychology is ruling out the inane and trivial affairs, the catch-penny wisdom of base motives, vulgar scheming and opportunist livelihood. And it is almost certain that the faith we place in the future as a time of nobler living and jubilant ethical arrangements shall not

be proven ill-advised, but will be well rewarded with realization and achievement. The arts and sciences shall supply much of the new apparatus, and the new empirical understanding derived from them shall help us to develop more and better methods of mental and spiritual application so that our energies and intelligence will be able to accomplish the work and realize the religion of the future. This work and this religion shall not be worldly but heavenly, not vulgar and mercenary but devout and free; they shall not rest wholly in material refinements, inventions or physical ministrations merely, but will look more and more to the spiritual communion and aesthetic understanding of people grown erect in just and righteous living. The future is already being prepared for and previsioned by the several courses now offered in what is called scientific education; it is being made preexistent by our very anticipations and preparations. The venerable traditions of old which were treasured and taught in what was called a classical education could not prophesy or foresee anything; such an education being more reflective and given to fond retrospects than to action and the bright prospects of enthusiasm. However, it is a sort of artificial arrangement to view human life as covering a temporal series of past, present and future, because for us either as thinking or as acting units in the eminent domain of consciousness the past only exists as a present memory or innate tendency while the future exists only as the bright visions of hope, ambition or the promised land of our dreams. Hence in either case the facts of the situation are the same. Founded in the soul's innate *gnosis aesthetikos* where all the arts and sciences really originate and find their true devotion, in the mind's intuitive response to the beautifully good and true, Art and Education stand forth as the dual affection and expression of human genius. With these to guide and counsel us such work and faith as shall be required in the future will be adequately inspired and given sanction for dynamic application to whatever personal or social problems may arise. Then will we begin to see signs of an approaching glory, a millenium of happiness, peace and worthy industry.

But let us not try to force an issue between Art and Science as being mutually exclusive or antagonistic, as has been deplored recently by John Galsworthy in an address before the New York Society of Arts and Sciences. There is justification aplenty for the view that our arts have not yet become so materialistic and mercenary as have our sciences, that they have rather been more inclined to hold aloof from the smoke and wheels and grimy overalls of the world.

Even though it is quite probable that the arts have been more open to scientific influence than the sciences have been to artistic coloring, still we cannot doubt that the former are far the more conservative of the two. Unlike the ready utility values which make Science so generally applicable to the affairs of the world, Art is more bashful, more cloistral in its plans and functions; it seeks perfection rather than utility, it functions in the spiritual rather than in the material world. Also unlike the sciences, the arts (i. e., all of the *fine* and most of the *industrial* arts) are still seductive in their subtle spiritual charms, still sweetly alluring in the naive purity, the modest beauty and the impassioned truth of which they are sacristans as well as vestal priestesses. While the sciences may or may not be gloating over any rabid post-war conquest, yet neither are the arts suffering any passive rout, although they are somewhat disorganized and suffer an appreciably decadent morale owing to the treachery of cowards and fools and spoliators in their ranks.

Both the arts and sciences, as pursued in general practice, are now in mutual carnival and presage a far more effectual companion role than even their present indispensable functions seem to promise. Their devotees seem done at last with the vandal lusts and vainglory of a vulgar creed which listed nought but greed and war and pestilence in its chronicle of specious valor. Their aims are more clear-seeing and their trumpet-call is Forward, leaving all those clutch-geared souls of past monopoly in the lurch. The tawdry garments of cheap idealism no longer clothe the arts and sciences which still remain erect and free of moral poverty, for they have been cast aside in favor of the virgin raiment of a nobler spirituelle. It might even be said that in view of the recent number of romancing accounts of scientific achievement, the gradual increase of writers, teachers, artists and other travailleurs intellectuels who are trying to be the match-makers for the future marriage between Art and Science—from this fact alone it might be argued successfully that the pure (if not the applied) sciences are growing more romantic and artistic day by day, that the arts are gradually being rendered more accurate with Nature and more constructive of the social good by keeping intellectual company with philosophers. If so, then it is only a step from this situation to the one I have already suggested, namely that the future will see not only mutuality but oneness between what are now differentiated as the two spheres, aims and ambitions of an artistic and a scientific education.

The miracles of religion are even now shaded and eclipsed by the miracles of art and science, for the latter are *getting at our souls with prods of fire and fascination* never before so implacably applied for purposes of enlightenment and ennoblement. Even the most inert brute on the levee or the most lazy vulgarian in the salons of the nouveaux riches cannot help but be slightly aroused and inspired by the vast efforts being made to redeem the world from savagery and vandal power. The robes of our spiritual night are gradually falling away and we are beginning to see ourselves in natural innocence and adolescent modesty. There is a growing demand for intellectual honesty, for moral faith, heroic sacrifice and generous aid for all the lesser peoples and less fortunate nations of the world. The greedy are openly cursed and condemned, the vicious are summarily dealt with by an arm of the law but recently given such august powers—public opinion and its penalties of social ostracism and spiritual boycott. Not even the naive indefensibleness of our clumsy inexperience can be considered culpable for what we do in face of mischiefs done by conscious vandal power, for we pass along an inexorable road, making largely unconscious pilgrimage to Helicon. From there alone can we see both the Acropolis and Gethsemane. From there alone can we make emprise upon the overworld and hope to bring back the golden fleece of future wisdom and virtue.

A few significant instances of how a superficial conflict between an artistic and a scientific education may be avoided are as follows: One is to be found in the early education and later disillusionment of William Wordsworth, a poet of exquisite power and charm whose best work was in the realm of philosophy and romantic morality. At first under stress of the French Revolution he entertained ideas aiming at a social Utopia of justice and heroism, but after the failure of the Girondists and the collapse of those powers to which he pinned his faith, he turned away from the evils of urban life and sought a wanderer's happiness by taking refuge in the hermitage of a melancholy philosophy. Just as Sir Joshua Reynolds followed the *proportionate beauty* of Pere Buffier's aesthetic theory, so did Professor Blackie follow Stewart and Payne Knight as against the associationists Aleson and Jeffrey in recognizing the all-round symmetry of Wordsworth's poetic art; but we now see that it would not have had this symmetry and pluralism of Platonic proportions if he had not taken up a recluse philosophy to offset the various uglinesses of worldly life.

Another instance is that of Boris Anisfeld whose fantastic symphonies in sympathetic oils and complementary colors recently intrigued the curiosity of American patrons and dilettantes at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. He worked through an early childhood of poverty and degradation, and now gives autobiographical accounts on canvas with just enough subjective metaphysic to make them problematic and symbolic of life in general. He confesses that many of his scenery conceptions for ballet or opera are direct pastel translations from the musical score rather than from the plot of the play. There is no actual conflict between his early recollections and the idealism of his decorative panels, but there is an effect which seems to result from a premature ageing of the imagination, and this is impressionistic but not contributory to either art or the science of art.

John Stuart Mill has laid a fairly solid foundation of analysis and argument to show the place of art in education as well as the place of education in art, holding that no one can practice virtue without loving it and giving it noble value any more than he can execute a work of art without having ideal conception and inspiration ever ready to carry it through to complete and perfect realization. It is a mistake to think that anyone can reverse the whole scheme of life and have either an artificial science and a true art or an exact science and a vulgar art; true understanding and nobility of character go together, no matter whether the subject of interest and pursuit be art or science. If people do not see the justice of this arrangement from the pattern of inward principle, then they should somehow be made to see it by virtue of the discipline of experience —and fortunately they usually do.

There is a certain artistic fascination about the romantic phases of modern science. For instance, the great struggle of astronomy is against variability and imprecision; it seeks to replace the personal equation with instrumental accuracy so that whatever is discovered can be proven free of bigotry and bias. We find that Laplace's famous nebular hypothesis was only an elaboration of Kant's speculation regarding the course and limitations of material development in the Cosmos. We find that the geo-orbital base line now gives way to the helio-orbital or solar arc base line for computing stellar distances and motions. In a century this amounts to about 400 times the geo-orbital diameter and should give us ample grounds indeed for determining the dimensions of at least this course of the Universe.

We hear much of how Lavoisier's solar biology supplements Buffon's physico-chemistry of life, and how both are antiquated in the recent controversy between Dr. Henry F. Osborne and Svante Arrhenius on the extra-mundane origin of life on this planet. But when we take a more philosophical view of the situation we find that the biological war is not between materialism and spiritualism but between mechanism and vitalism; that physical and chemical laws do not unconditionally apply to *all* the functions of our being, not to the whole life of man. Measurements of motion and matter do not apply to creative power, artistic genius, heroic sacrifice or spiritual aspiration. Osborne's term for replacing the old mechanistic theories of life is the *energistic*, meaning whatever is genetic and creative rather than what is merely motive and urgent, reactive or inert. Darwin's naive evolutionism of fortuity in the surviving fitness of the most adaptable organisms is overruled, regardless of Spencer's disciplinary elaborations and Jacques Loeb's mechanical tropisms. Count Korzybski however has recently shown that the primal purpose of all organisms is the storage of energy, the life of anything is but some phase of bionergic expression which at the same effort binds up just so much time and space in terms of instinct, memory, reflex appetite or aspiration. As we rise in the scale of life energy grows less materially expressed and formal (i. e., consciously directed), functions become more pronounced and perfect; the vital energies and functions soon become interactive in their natural process of preserving and fostering the evolution of life.

In many recent programs of scientific romancing there are certain far-fetched devices to win popular attention and approval. There is the easy and plausible explanation of the fourth dimension as being simply the temporal period which measures mass and weight in terms of motion, energy and duration. The eternal and the transitory can be reconciled only by thinking that fleeting things are still eternally existent, only they vanish out of the realm of conscious life and enter the timebound world of the fourth dimension. If they move fast enough, that is, if they are sufficiently fleeting and transitory, they will have no sensory existence at all in our physical tridimensional world.

Now that Professor Goddard has perfected his plans for launching a stellar rocket into space carrying with it a whole laboratory of automatic recording devices, and providing somehow for their safe return to earth, we can await some first hand data on conditions outside the earth's atmosphere. Even the failure of his propellant

power to carry the rocket through rarified space would be ground for many interesting deductions. Mere quantity of data in any science is not a guarantee of a closer approach to certainty of knowledge even when closely scrutinized and arranged in logical schematism of form. Such industrious gathering of facts pertaining to the nature and immensity of the Universe is still a finite procedure offering only a finite conception after all; it matches quite closely the statisticism of modern psychology which conflicts with the old established notion of philosophy holding that any majority representation, either in or out of a positive conceptual series, is yet itself only a finite type, a special part, and does not require nor give a full understanding of the *whole* condition, nature or size of a collection.

This quantitive aim in much of our modern scientific achievement has an undesirable influence on the trend, both the ideals and methods, of what is called a scientific education. The latter then by natural process of plausibility and specious intellectual satisfaction soon results in materialism, finite sense-knowledge and a pallid humanism which falls back on automorphic judgments for persuasion and support. Above all it not only lacks provender for sustained inquisitive digestion, but it lacks the very condiments which lend zest to the intellectual appetite. Such nourishment and relish are supplied in the artistic viewpoint, in the romantic morality and spiritual insights of those who are scientific by training but esthetes by nature. The love of beauty and goodness is never so forehanded and despotic as the desire for knowledge or the will-to-power; an innate spirituelle is always more a credential of philosophy than the inquisitive instincts of sense-culture and materialism. Something on this subject was the constant burden of most of the charming as well as highly instructive criticisms of Sainte Beuve and James Huneker in literature, art and music. Both were equally versatile and constructive in nearly every branch of culture, art and science; not exactly specialists, but guides and counsellors in the subtle relations and researches of man's intellectual goods. The latter especially saw the world as from a steeple and expressed his views in fascinating affirmations of noble faith and courage.

ARABIC PARALLELS TO RABBINIC LITERATURE

BY JULIUS J. PRICE

THE progress of mankind along the lines of ethical perfection leading towards the goal of a united humanity has been accomplished by two distinct processes; the process of conceiving high ethical ideals and the equally important but nevertheless distinct process of their application to life.

If the prophets and seers of mankind give us the ideals that guide our conduct from afar, like lighthouses on the promontories of life, the lawgivers and judges formulating their practical rules and decisions place in our hands the humble candles whereby we see how to make the very necessary daily steps of life, and the great journey toward the goal of a united humanity is made up of these humble steps. We can conceive of the world as an enormous theatre in which thousands and thousands of voices from time immemorial speak in confusion. (Comp. Delitzsch, *Jewish Artizan Life in Time of Christ,* Eng. tr. 26, London and N. Y., 1902.)

To distinguish between these difficult voices is often difficult and confusing. An attempt is made in this paper to distinguish and to explain away the similitude between two distinct trends of thought that have found voice in past ages—that is, some of the ethical and legal aspects of Judaism and Mohammedism.

A close study of the subject will show that while Mohammed took little of his religious system from Christianity he was vastly indebted to Judaism both for his historical narratives, as well as for his doctrines and precepts. For after all Islam is in reality nothing more nor less than Judaism plus the apostleship of Mohammedanism. For the teachings of Christ formed no part of his religious system.

It cannot moreover be gainsaid that many of the doctrines and social precepts of the Koran are borrowed from Judaism. The unity of God, the ministry of angels, the inspired law, the law of marriage, and divorce, domestic slavery, the day of sacrifice, prayer

and ablution the lextaliones, the degree of affinity, the stoning of the adulterer and many other injunctions are precisely those of the Mosaic code with some modifications to meet the requirements of Arabic social life.

We also find that the chief incidents of Jewish history are recorded in the Koran with a strange and curious admixture of Rabbinical fable.

In order to understand this better let us regard some of those comparisons.

Prayer which is a means of bringing men into a closer communion with the God of his conception, has gained a strong hold on the popular imagination through the fact of God's real and active rule in the universe. (Comp. S. Hirsch, *Die Religions-Philosophy der Juden*, p. 445ff.) This appears very evident in comparing Talmudic (Comp. Pesahim 50a; Hagigah 15b; Gitten 6b; Seder Flizyahn Rabba ed. Friedman 61) and Islamic theology (Comp. Musuad Ahmed, IV:66).

Rabbi Yochanan said in the name of Rabbi Jose: What proof is there that the Holy One blessed be He, prays? It is said (1s. IVL, 7): "I will make them joyful in the house of my prayer." It is not said their prayer but my prayer. And what does He pray for? Rabbi Zutrabar Tovyah replied that Rabbi had said: May it please Me to cause My mercy to subdue My anger, to let My mercy be revealed above My other attributes, in dealing with My children according to the quality of mercy and not according to strict judicial procedure (Comp. Ber. 7a).

Mohammed in imitation of this Judaic conception, propounded a similar tradition with regard to Allah (Comp. Margoliouth, *The Early Development of Mohammedanism*, p. 165 ff.).

It is not only the belief in the truth of Biblical account of miracles that enables us to pray to our Father, but the conviction that wonders and miracles are constantly wrought by Him. According to the Talmud "Even when the edge of the sword touches already a man's neck even then he must not abandon his faith in praying to God" (Ber. 10a), or "Hope in the Lord and pray again" (Deut. Rabba ch. 11). In this connection it is interesting to note the analogous conceptions with regard to prayer in Hebraic and Islamic holy literature.

In connection with the ritual language of prayer we note that the Mohammedans (Comp. Goldziher, Mohammed & Islam, p. 6) like the Jews, (Comp. Sabbath 12b; Megillah 1:8), were restricted

to the use of their respective native tongues. All religious formulas then in Islam, must necessarily be repeated in Koranic language just as the Talmud demands the use of Hebrew in all Hebraic ritual. Islamic like Hebrew ritual records only one example of divergent opinion namely that of the school of Abu Haniga which was of Persian origin and allowed the use of non-Arabic tongue in ritual prayers.

Both Talmud (Comp. Ber. 3:4) and Koran (Surah 4:46, V. 9) demand ablution before prayers.

It was a beautiful saying of Rabbi Jochanan (Jer. Ber. V. 1) that he who prays in his house surrounds and fortifies it, so to speak with a wall of iron. Nevertheless it seems immediately contradicted by what follows: For it is explained that this holds good when a man is alone but that when there is a community prayer must be offered up in the synagogue. We can readily understand how, after the destruction of the temple and the cessation of its symbolical worship, the excessive value attached to man attendance at the synagogue would rapidly grow in public estimation till it exceeded all bounds of moderation or reason. As a result of which the Rabbis say "that prayer which a man addresses to God has only its proper affect if offered in the synagogue" (Ber. 6a). Rabbi Josi is recorded to have laid down the rule (that unless unavoidably prevented from attending) a man's prayer is not heard outside of the synagogue (Ber. 6a; comp. also Maimonides, Hilhoth Tephilah, Sec. 8. Hal. 1). And the Talmud goes a step further in the assertion that "God is to be found only in the synagogue (Peah, 1:1; Aboth 3-3-7; A. Z. 3a; Sabbath 30a). The Talmud derives it from Ps. LXXXII:1, where in it is stated that God stands in the congregation of the might.

In a somewhat lengthy passage in Berachoth a similar trend of thought is developed; namely, (a) God is in the synagogue: (b) when God does not find ten males in the synagogue, He is angry; (c) God prays and the synagogue is His house of prayer which is derived from Ps. LVI:7, "Even then will I bring to my holy mountain and make them joyful in my house of prayer"; (d) as a corallary of the preceding the prayer of man is only heard when prayed in the synagogue (Ber. 62 ff., and 7a ff.). The Rabbis magnify this thought in the following passage: "For though the distance between Heaven and Earth is infinitely great yet when a man comes to the synagogue and prays, God listens to him, for the petitioner is like a man who talks in the ear of his friend." (Jer. Ber. 13a; comp. also Pesikta d'Rab Kahana ed., Duber Lyck, 1868.)

A passage in Numbers Rabba (XI:2), represents God as skipping from synagogue to synagogue in order to bless Israel when it prays in the synagogue (so also is Canticles Rabba 2 on verse "Skipping upon the Mountains.")

So great are the prayers in the synagogue magnified that according to Exodus Rabba (XXI:4), the angels take the prayers of the Israelites in the synagogue and weave them into a crown for the head of God.

On the other hand, if we turn to Islamic theology we find that Mohammed as the Hebrews or in imitation of them taught similar conceptions, for it is recorded by tradition that to Abu Darr for example is given the following instructions, "that a prayer in a mosque is of more value than a thousand prayers recited elsewhere."

Amongst the Hebrews special merit was assigned to an early appearance in the synagogue, so also amongst the Mohammedans.

There are several other specific injunctions with regard to the conduct of prayers that are analogous to Hebrew and Islamic ritual. The Talmud prohibits loud and noisy prayers (Meg. 18a; Ber. 61a; cf. Slav. Enoch XXIV, 13) and Mohammed repeats the same in a more concise phraseology, "Cry not in your prayers" (Sura XVII: 11).

Intoxicated persons are prohibited to engage in acts of worship (Ber. 61a) also amongst the Mohammedans (Sura IV:46).

Prayers may be performed standing, walking, or even riding both according to the Jewish (Berachoth) as well as Mohammedan theology (Sura 2:23; 3:188; 10:13).

Devotion in both religions is permitted to be shortened in urgent cases without committing sin (Mish. Ber. IV:4, and Surah IV:1-2: Ber. 29b).

It is likewise a simple matter to trace the conception of Mohammedan food blessing to Talmudic sources. The Rabbis tell us (Vayyikra Rabba, Chap. IX), "Though all prayers were to be discontinued, prayers of thanksgiving will never be discontinued." For we give expression to our feelings of gratitude towards our benefactors by acknowledging the fact that whatever we enjoy we are enabled to enjoy through His kindness.

The various blessings formulated by the Mohammedan and Rabbinic sages serve a double purpose, first they facilitate the expression of our feelings; and secondly, they remind us of the presence of the Almighty and his goodness in providing us and all his creatures. We therefore find in accordance with the teachings as found

in Berachoth a Koranic injunction (Sura 6:21), "Do not eat of that on which God's name has not been invoked for that is sin." This proves that a believing Mohammedan as a strick Jew will not eat meat which has not been ritualistically blessed at its slaughter (Comp. Bockenhoff, *Speisegesetze Mossaicher Art in Mittelalterlichen Kirchenrechts quellen.* Munster, 1907, p. 49).

The Geonic theory with regard to the creation of man in the image of God has been the foundation of all human endeavors to approximate and imitate the Supreme Being. The Rabbinic interpretation of the phrase "Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord am holy" (Lev. 19:2) is that it is incumbent upon all to imitate the King (God)" (Bacher Ag. Tan. 2:367). Philo expatiating upon this theory says that "Every man in regard to his intellect is connected with Divine Reason being an impression or a fragment or a ray of that Blessed Nature." (This is undoubtedly an unmistakeable instance of Stoicism. Comp. Philo's remark on creation of the world. Vol. 1:11.)

In the light of the stress laid upon this Hebraic conception it is not strange when we remember that Mohammed took a number of his theological teachings from Judaism inasmuch as we find analogous expression in Islamic sacred literature.

Under Sufusm it became an ethical ideal that one should strive to realize the qualities of God. The great theologian of Cordova Abu Muhammed Ali ibn Hazan (d. 1069) advanced the theory in his treatise ("Habit and Elevatim") Kitab-al-aklak walsivar fi mudawat al-nujus, which deserves a great deal of attention because the writer included in it in his "Confessions." A very characteristic and striking passage reads: Whoever strives for the blessedness of the other world and the wisdom of this, for justice in behavior and for the union of all good qualities, as well as for the merit of all virtues, he can follow the example of God and his prophet Mohammed and as far as he is able imitate their qualities and their manners. "May God help us with His grace, that we may be able to resemble the paragon" (Cairo, 1908, ed. Madmasant, p. 21). It might be well to here compare the Sifra which gives somewhat the same phraseology but perhaps more pregnant with meaning (Sifra Lev. XIX:17 and 18). On the other hand, if we turn to Ghazali we find in his introduction to the "Fattihat al ulum (Cairo, 1322) that he gives as a Hadith the almost Rabbinic phrase of the Talmudic saying: "takhallaku bi-akhalak-ill ahi," which in modern English means "to try to acquire the qualities of Allah." A similar

Jewish conception is found in the Talmud from which Mohammed directly or indirectly must have used as a source. (Comp. Sotah 14a and in Sifra Deut. 49, ed. Friedman, p. 85a, 16).

It was Rabbi Chamo ben Chaninah who said, "Walk in the attributes of God, i. e., make God's attributes rules for man's conduct. As he clothes the naked (Gen. 3:12) so do thou clothe the naked, as he nurses the sick (Gen. 18:1) so do thou nurse the sick; as he comforts the mourners (Gen. 25:2) so do thou comfort the mourners; as he buries the dead (Deut. 34:5) so do thou bury the dead. (Sotah 14a; comp. also Rabbi Eliezer of Metz Sefer Yarahim; also Maimonedes Sefer ha-Mitzroth, especially passage dealing with positive precepts, par. 8.)

As the way of heaven is that he is ever merciful against the wicked and accepts their repentance so be ye merciful against each other. As he bestows gifts on those who know him and those who know him not and deserve not his gifts so bestow ye gifts on each other (Tanad'ba Eliyahu ed. Friedman Vienna, 1902, p. 135), or better still, "If you have a chance to do an enemy a good turn and do not do it, you are guilty of revenge or hardship (Comp. Sifra Lev. XIX:17 and 18). An Islamic parallel almost word for word is found in the teachings of Ibu Arabi the Sirfi. For imitation of God demands the virtue of showing Kindness to one's enemy (Jour. Roy. As. Soc., 1906, p. 8, 9 and 10). But in spite of these five Mohammedan parallels which somehow or other must originally have come from Hebrew sources we have an example in Hebrew literature which is the boldest and most pictorial and one which I have been unable in spite of my many inquiries to find a parallel to. The boldest and most pictorial representation of these same imminent ideas of Divine activity is that of Yalkut on Exodus XXXI where the Almighty is represented as declaring "From the day of the world's creation even unto this hour I sit upon the Throne of my Glory spending one-third of the day in study of Torah, and another third in executing justice, and the last third in practicing benevolence and giving sustenance to all mundanic creatures." If this passage means anything at all it alludes to the Divine implanting of these virtues in the heart of mankind. God's day is eternity. His throne is the universe. The study of the Torah is the emblem of righteousness and truth. The Divine tendencies making for righteousness, truth and benevolence are ingrained in the world; they are the traces of God, which are part and parcel of the texture of the human soul. (See Numb. R. 94.)

The Torah was to the Jew the very expression of the mind and thought of God; and that is the evident explanation of the assertions that God looked upon the Torah when He created the world (Tanh 2b) or that he Himself studies the Torah every day. In this way God's self communing was made known to man, as a result of which "the Torah was to be made not merely in theory but also in practice a complete guide to life." (Hersford, Pharisaism, p. 95.)

The Torah arrived to control the minority by the majority or in direct quotation "not to impose upon the public what the majority could not abide by." What was always understood by the "hedge about the Torah" was the means taken to keep the divine revelation from harm so that the sacred enclosure so to speak might always be free and open for the human to contemplate and commune with the Divine. And so far as the Torah consisted of precepts, positive and negative, the "hedge" was of the nature of warning whereby a man might be saved from transgressing before it was too late (Comp. Hersford, Pharisism, p. 27).

The Halakah further emphasizes the fact that the laws of the Torah were all given in order that man might live by them and not die because of them. In the words of the Sifra the Jew is commanded that "he may live by means of the Halakah and not die because of them." The chief and central purpose of the Torah being to guide man in his labors for humanity. It would defeat its own purpose if it deprived itself of the laborers by insisting upon a too strict observance of its precepts (Comp. Sifra Ahare XIII, Weiss, p. 86b).

The same religious conception as expressed above is found in the Koran and in a somewhat more laconic form "Allah hath not laid on you any hardships in Religion" (Comp. Sura 22 V:77), or "Allah wisheth you ease and wisheth you not discomfort" (Sura 2 V:18), or better still the phrase, "We have come to make it easier and not more difficult" (Comp. Bukh. Isbn. Korans, 181). He cites it as a Koranic verse.

In view of the fact that we have here an almost verbative translation of the Hebrew command in Arabic and as is well known today to the average student of Arabic literature that "Many Jews well versed in the scriptures were won over by the inducements of Islam, and as a result had placed themselves at the service of Mohammed and his followers." We may well claim that Jewish tradition had long been well known in Medna (Muir, *Life of Mohammed*, 8, IXII) and that Mohammed had imitated the sayings of the Rabbis

as well as the rest of the Jewish lore which was brought to his notice rather than evolved the famous sayings and the high concepts of theology himself. Well does Ihn Khaldun write, "The Arabs were a people without literature or science, rude and unlearned, when the longing after knowledge which is natural to humanity arose in their hearts. They betook themselves to the people of the previous Book and sought information from them. Then were the adherents of the Tourat (O. T.) consisting of the Jews—their teachers" (Comp. Sprenjer, *The Life and Doctrine of Mohamet from sources hitherto for most part unused*, Vol. P. CIX).

The Arabic authority Mim also remarks that "most of the Arabic patriarchial geneologies are an undisguised plagiarism from the Old Testament and the legends of Rabbinical writings. Everything is derived from the Rabbins of Yemen and Syria (Comp. Muir's *Mohamet*, Vol. L, pp. lxx, cvii and cxciii).

Hell

The conception of hell as a place where certain types of the unrighteous shall go regardless of other merits, is common to both Mohammedan and Hebrew writers. Both agree that the pious follower shall not be forever condemned. The Mohammedan being taught that no believing Muslem shall remain eternally in hell (Alfred M. Kramer, *Geschichte der Herrschenden Ideen des Islam*, p. 25, Leipsig, 1868). And the Talmud is of the same opinion (Comp. B. M., 58b; Matt. V:22).

And it is written in Proverbs XI, 4, "Riches profit not in the day of wrath, but alms (righteousness) delivereth from death." Treasures of wickedness profit nothing but alms delivereth from death" (Proverbs X:2). One deliverance is from an unnatural death and the other is from the condemnation of Hell (B. B. 1-a). According to the Talmud all those that descend to Hell rise again after the year of Judgment except those who commit adultery, who cause their fellows to blush in public and those who slander (Compare R. H. 16b; Tosefta; Sanhedrin XIII 3-5; Matt. V:22). Rabbi, Chanena said, "All who descend into Hell rise again except those who commit adultery, who cause their fellows to blush in public and who call their neighbors by nicknames. Likewise Abu Hureira, the

Mohammedan, reports: "Some one was telling the phophets about a woman who was famous for her praying, fasting, and almsgiving, but nevertheless slandered her neighbors greatly with her tongue." "She belongs in Hell," declared the prophet (See Goldizer *Islam*, p. 20).

And yet giving charity and relieving the poor was positive step to advance one to a place in heaven. Turnus Rufus asked Rabbi Akiba, "If your God is a friend of the poor why does he not feed them?" He replied that we by maintaining them may escape the condemnation of Hell. Of like import is the opinion of Abn Talib who says that when a poor man takes charity from the wealthy he is thereby building him a house in Paradise (Kut al-Kulub 2:201). Another story is told (K. K. 1:95) of a man who had provided 2,000 chickens for a journey to Mecca. A saint told him that one acquired more merit by disbursing them in charity than by using them for a pilgrimage.

In the Talmud the Prince of Hell demands a supply for his domain and a similar request is made in the Koran (Othroth by Rabbi Akiba VIII:1 (Comp. also, Surah, 1:29). And in another instance the mention of seven hills as the appointed abode of the damned, and each hell with seven gates is found in representative documents (Erubin, XIX:1; Midrash on Ps. XI and Surah XV:44).

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXVIII (No. 12) DECEMBER, 1924 No. 823

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Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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VOL. XXXVIII (No. 12) DECEMBER, 1924 (No. 823)

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EDITORIAL

One of the objects for which THE OPEN COURT was founded was that of fostering the Religious Parliament Idea. Much has happened since the first Parliament of this kind was held in Chicago in 1893. At that time only a few pioneers of human unity foresaw the possibility that a new science—the science of comparative religion—might one day be born. It seemed incredible that men might achieve more light and less heat, and so reach a stage at which they could study with sympathetic understanding the beliefs of those outside their own faiths. "It has been claimed," wrote Dr. Paul Carus, in THE MONIST for 1893, "that it is impossible to study religious subjects with impartiality." But he added, "we must make it possible." To that end this magazine has been dedicated. The winning of this power of dispassionate study has not been easy; nor is the battle completely won, for all men and women, even now. Speakers at Conferences of Religions have not always been able to refrain from exalting their own religion above others; but at the London Conference of Living Religions within the Empire it was notable that no single instance of this occurred. Each of the speakers, with the utmost variety of view and belief, scrupulously confined himself to a plain statement of what his religion was, and of what he personally found in it of help and guidance. No doubt the tendency towards unity in the Christian churches has formed a basis for toleration of other beliefs, and even laid the foundation for the appreciation of the special good in other faiths; but many other civilizing influences have played their part. It is, indeed, the mark of a truly civilized society that its members possess sufficiently balanced and controlled personalities to be able to tolerate those with fundamentally different beliefs from their own. Under the variations they see the common human stuff. Nay, by their frank and unheated acceptance of difference they assert a fundamental human

solidarity. We hope that the account of the London Conference to which the greater portion of this number of THE OPEN COURT is devoted will serve as a call to action in America. Conferences have been held, since the Chicago meeting, in Paris, Basel, Oxford, Leiden, and now London. The circle would be completed by another Parliament of Religions in America. We have spoken of civilizing forces; but there are also in our modern world forces of division and ignorance. In the battle against these all men and women of goodwill must be enlisted.

A PARLIAMENT OF LIVING RELIGIONS

An Account of the "Conference on Some Living Religions Within the Empire," Held at the Imperial Institute, London, September 22nd to October 3rd, 1924.

BY WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

I. Introductory

IN WRITING about anything faintly resembling The World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, it is inevitable that one should go back in thought to that great event, even though to do so may seem to Americans like "carrying coals to Newcastle." Time, however, has brought with it a new generation, one which—if I may venture to speculate—hardly goes back in its reminiscence to 1893, and can afford to be reminded of a great historic incident. Many influences led to the attempt to hold a Congress in which, not the votaries of one faith or sect alone should assemble, but the representatives of many. The most potent of these influences was undoubtedly the general *zeitgeist* of the nineties.

The hopes fostered by the Great Exhibition of 1851 had been largely disappointed. The world of humanity had not been brought into a haven of peace by the process of buying and selling of merchandise; it had, it is true, learned more about its own psychological structure, its diverse political and commercial aims. Science, more than commerce, was uniting men who by many forces were otherwise kept apart; and religion was already fully under the speculative eyes of science, whose glance was partly critical and partly friendly.

The seventies and eighties witnessed the most notable attempt to bring before the peoples the contents of the Sacred Books of the East and the Science of Comparative Religion attained to its second birth. But there was in the nineties a popular and a moral movement towards a greater understanding among peoples—or at least a wish for mutual understanding—which was more influential than

either Commerce or Science; the amateur and the idealist as well as the specialist claimed the right to know, to admire, and to be heard. It was at this moment that "The World's Fair," as it was popularly called, was opened at Chicago in 1893. It had to be, of course, greater than anything else of its kind; and one of its marks of greatness, as of novelty, was "The World's Parliament of Religions."

The objects proposed were as follows:

1. To bring together in conference, for the first time in history, the leading representatives of the great Historic Religions of the world.

2. To show to men, in the most impressive way, what and how many important truths the various religions held and teach in common.

3. To promote and deepen the spirit of human brotherhood among religious men of diverse faiths, through friendly conference and mutual good understanding, while not seeking to foster the temper of indifferentism, and not striving to achieve any formal and outward unity.

4. To set forth, by those most competent to speak, what are deemed the important distinctive truths held and taught by each religion, and by the various chief branches of Christendom.

5. To indicate the impregnable foundations of theism and the reasons for man's faith in immortality, and thus to unite and strengthen the forces which are adverse to a materialistic philosophy of the universe.

6. To secure from leading scholars, representing the Brahman, Buddhist, Confucian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Jewish and other faiths, and from representatives of the various churches of Christendom, full and accurate statements of the spiritual and other effects of the religions which they hold upon the literature, art, commerce, government, domestic and social life of the peoples among whom these faiths have prevailed.

7. To inquire what light each religion has afforded, or may afford, to the other religions of the world.

8. To set forth, for permanent record to be published to the world, an accurate and authoritative account of the present condition and outlook of religion among the leading nations of the earth.

9. To discover, from competent men, what light religion has to throw on the great problems of the present age, especially the important questions connected with temperance, labor, education, wealth and poverty.

10. To bring the nations of the earth into a more friendly fellowship, in the hope of securing permanent international peace.

Special attention should be called to the phraseology of paragraph 5. Readers of *The Open Court* hardly need to be reminded of all that came from that memorable parliament and of the work done in America by Dr. Paul Carus and his colleagues.

Other Congresses

Although there was no constitutional connection between the Chicago meeting and any other gathering of later days it would not be difficult to trace an influence passing from America to Europe. Chicago was a great initiatory experiment from which lessons were learned by those who came to work in a different manner.

The International Congress of the History of Religions has been repeated five times. It was founded in 1900 at Paris and was designed to perpetuate itself by congresses every four years. At Basel in 1904, at Oxford in 1908, at Leiden in 1912, its members foregathered, and but for the tragedy of the war, the fifth congress meeting would, I believe, have been held in Germany. After some years of interruption the congress resumed at Paris last year.

This continuity of existence, as contrasted with the rather ecstatic and unique outburst at Chicago in 1893, indicates that the "International" had discovered a new method. Religion had at last, by common consent among the learned, become one of the hundred and one topics of science. "La science," as the French lecturers speak of her, is a cold and impartial goddess at whose shrine all may worship or at least, bow the head in respect. She asks no confession but imposes *her method* which indeed is her very essence. Henceforth religion is studied, like everything else, methodically. The data are collected with utmost care from observer and from book; history, psychology, art, institution and dogma—with anthropology and archaeology—lend their aid to science. Learned men, rightly enthusiastic in regard to their discoveries, concentrate and specialize more and more, and so an instrument of international learning is placed in the hands of students by which, every four years, or perhaps more often, the richest product of comparative religion may be displayed. To the confessor his religion is left as a personal possession of which the scientist does not rob him; all he asks is to be allowed to study it and to gain his own reward.

Having attended some of these congresses I can testify to the tenderness of "La Science" in the handling of her subjects. This

is the new manner which the congresses for twenty years or more have followed. The motives of adding to our knowledge and of casting a light on moral and social problems has been found all embracing and sufficient.

The World's Fair of 1893 and the Paris Exposition of 1900 with their attendant religious congresses were fitly followed by the latest and largest of them all—the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924. One of its features was the organization of a long series of conferences on all conceivable topics, and it is no surprise that the thought arose in several circles of calling a conference of Empire religions. The great halls were in course of construction and it was foreseen that a fine opportunity would be afforded to attract large audiences from the millions of visitors. It turned out otherwise, however. The exhibition itself revealed in the British people a taste for the visual delights which now go to make up any self-respecting exhibition. Quietly, almost solemnly, enormous crowds trooped through the galleries finishing up, sometimes exhausted, at the more lively quarter of the amusement park. They had not come here for conferences; the many that were held were exotic to Wembley and their audiences specially imported, so to speak. During the summer the exhibition authorities announced that the Conference Halls would be closed ere long. With this encouragement the committee of our conference, while grateful to Wembley for having, as it were, called us into existence, were glad to find a more favorable *venue* in the Imperial Institute at South Kensington. A most appropriate and convenient spot, with certain inconveniences arising from the sudden change.

The Organization of the Conference

I think my readers will probably wish to know something of the process by which the conference was brought to so great a success.

But here I may interject a remark on a subject which interested many of us deeply, as it turned out. We did not plan for "great success." We were unambitious, almost modest in our aims, and careful to attempt nothing which would disgrace us if it should fail. We merely took the means to see that our function should be creditably performed, in the hope that some general good—though undefined—of an intellectual, moral and political character, might be reached. Our duty was to be informative to the British people, who are mostly professing Christians, as to the nature and influence of the living sister religions of the Empire. It was not in our stars to

command success nor to claim that we deserved it. We did not lay plans for anything sensational or emotional. Yet great success was showered upon us from that inexhaustible source of good—human personality. The assembled conference from first to last, from platform to tea room, took the plans from our committee's hands and lifted them up to the level of an event of historic importance. I say this as a preliminary to a brief account of the organization of the conference which, as a topic, possesses considerable interest.

Sir E. Denison Ross, Director of the School of Oriental Studies, a branch of the University of London, was good enough to secure from his governing body the permission to work under its auspices; and, soon afterwards members of our small committee drew the Sociological Society into partnership. Thus four members on the staff of the school, three from the society and four additional experts in comparative religion together with the two honorary secretaries and the honorary treasurer, formed the committee. Under the general and wise guidance of Sir Denison Ross in whose room we met, our committee commenced its labors on October 12, 1923. Twelve meetings in all, with a sub-committee and innumerable consultations saw our program prepared and the public duly invited.

The Program

Obviously, the program was not difficult to write out on paper. We had but to make a conspectus of the chief non-Christian religions of the Empire. But to obtain native expositors was no easy task, and for various reasons. Curiously, a prophecy had been circulated in the early days of our work that the political unrest of India would render it impossible for us to obtain Indian speakers or writers of papers. We had been promised a non-co-operating boycott on account of Kenya Colony or some other obscure political grievance. But the fact is we did not meet with these as actual difficulties. The dimensions of time, space and expense were our only obstacles in the matter of getting speakers or writers of papers, and with help from all sides we did our best. The date of the conference had been long fixed and we could not postpone it until our arrangements were perfect.

Living and Dead Religions

The dead religions are in books and monuments and as accessible to students and researches, but they were not our concern. History is a vast field lying behind our sphere and was not to be explored

too deeply by our expositors. Living religions on the contrary are seldom found in books, but more among homes, communities, temples and in the hearts of living men. It was here we had to seek for them and in going in search of silver we found gold—as Dante says of his own good fortune. Naturally, we should like to have found more of it.

I will deal with the individual papers a little later in this article but desire to say a few words on the sections and sub-sections into which our program was divided.

Christianity and Judaism were excluded from our plan for several sufficient reasons—not because, as some critic had not very seriously suggested, we considered them to be "no longer living religions." To have attempted to include the Christian faith in a short conference of single sessions would have involved many difficulties, the first being the invidious choice of expositors. We could not have pleased everybody. Secondly, we should have been instructing the already instructed. Thirdly, it would have been something of an impertinence for us to set up a new pulpit amid the thousands to which people may resort already. In lesser degree the same arguments apply to Judaism, which in its main Biblical features, is very familiar. We had of course, no anti-Christian bias nor had any of our expositors, except in the most formal sense. Practically, the English and the Christian received and returned the utmost friendliness.

1. We placed Hinduism first on our program for various reasons which are apparent. Two hundred and seventeen millions of our fellow citizens deserved more than one lecture and would have had more if our time for preparation had been extended.

2. Islam came second on account of its sixty-seven million adherents in the Empire. Islam is more than a faith; it is theoretically a polity which includes and excludes the British Empire simultaneously. We did not meet it in its political aspect but in friendly and tolerant religious attitude of its three notable expositors.

In another way our conference was helped by the power of the voice. Twice the Arab Mufti of the Woking Mosque recited with great power Suras from the Quran, and twice the Sufi Raushan Ali, in lighter tones, chanted from the scriptures and poetry of his faith. The majority, perhaps, did not understand the words but everyone was affected in a strange way by this music of the soul.

Other Moslems who graced our assembly were Mr. Yusuf Ali, once of the Indian Civil Service; Lord Headly who has made the

pilgrimage to Mecca; and Mr. Nazir Ahmad, the Imam of the Woking Mosque. It was a great disappointment to be robbed of the presence of the latter gentleman's distinguished father, Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din who, though absent from the country, had written a fine paper which was read with eloquent diction by Mr. Yusuf Ali. The fez, the turban, the kaftan, the golden coat from India and the quiet robe from Arabia were symbols of variety in unity.

A second group of quiet personalities was provided by the Bahai Assembly, Mr. Ruhi Afnan, the bright-eyed living link with the founder of the movement was there a friend to all comers. Dr. Mountford Mills from Canada, Lady Blomfield and Mr. Simpson from London circulated freely and brought to our conference a quality no plan could command.

Another splendid group of Indians headed by the keen-eyed Pandit Shyam Shankar, Dr. De Silva, Malalasekera and Mr. Sen may be mentioned while the ladies of their company added an unexpected charm by their smiling faces and beautiful costumes. We had also the retiring presence of Mr. Hsü Ti Shan and Mr. Shosan Miyamoto from China and Japan respectively. Several dusky Africans flitted in and out including Mr. Albert Thoka; while Mr. St. Barbe Baker and Mr. Malcolm were often in attendance.

As we had not boycotted Christianity we were not in our turn deprived of its representatives. The clerical collar was seen most days, worn by enthusiastic friends of the conference; Archdeacon Williams and Bishop James both read papers and gave at least an unofficial benediction.

The Officers

Though the conference, out of the richness of its human elements, took possession of itself, officers were needed, and I do not propose to omit here out of false modesty, a reference to the work of my colleagues, Sir Denison Ross, one of the busiest men in the city of London, was in attendance most of the ten days, receiving and conversing as only a great linguist could, with the many foreign visitors. Lady Ross brought a band of musical friends to sweeten our first reception, and the members of the committee, decorated with green and white rosettes, performed various changing functions. The labors of my colleague, Miss Sharples, and myself, had been continuous for months; and, as the conference approached, they became intense. A host of special problems, greater and less, presented themselves with kaleidoscopic rapidity—the hall, acous-

tics, books, tickets, tea, publicity and lastly the press. In all these matters Mr. Victor Branford took a hand with great energy and resource. The gentlemen of the press from India and America were hungry for information and absorbed our careful abstracts with avidity. The leading London dailies gave admirable reports and we were continually being photographed.

Chairmen

The functions of the chair are not easy to perform at these conferences. Though we had decided to eliminate debate, and consequently controversy, we needed capable chairmen. They were asked to inform themselves of the contents of the papers to be read and to supplement those papers, either before or afterwards, with any suitable historical facts. They did their duties well, even when readers were inclined to take more time than was allowed. Dr. Margoliouth and Sir Theodore Morison were particularly helpful in their remarks on Islam, while on the other Indian religions Professor Rapson, Sir Edward Jait, Sir Patrick Fagan, and Mr. G. R. S. Mead left their official duties to assist us. Some of them were continuous in their attendance. Special thanks should be given to Miss Alice Werner, Mr. Rhys Davies and Mr. D. N. Dunlop.

II. SOME LIVING RELIGIONS

The proceedings opened on September 22 with a short speech by Sir E. Denison Ross, C. I. E., Ph.D., in the course of which he proposed that a message of loyal greeting should be sent from the conference to the king. This was done and later in the day a gracious reply was received by telegraph. Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, also forwarded a kindly letter which was read to the conference. Both telegram and letter evoked hearty applause and gave to our entirely unofficial conference both a royal and an official expression of good will. It is necessary to remember throughout that the subject matter of the conference was the religions of the peoples of the Empire and this accounts for the fact that the conference had a quasi-political orientation—in the sense, at least, of a hope that, under the stimulus of religion, our sister races would come closer together. On this note Sir Francis Younghusband, K. C. S. I., the great traveller, opened his address, of which the following is a brief abstract:

The material development of the British Empire is evident enough, and we are justly proud of the way in which we have opened up the Empire. But while visitors are drawn from all over the Empire to London we who live here wish them to know that we are interested in its spiritual as well as its material development. Included in the Empire are adherents of all the great religions; and though the government has to show strict impartiality between them, their impartiality should not be taken to mean indifference to religion on the part of the British people. . . .

The ultimate basis upon which the British Empire should stand must be Religion. Political constitution and trade agreements are merely the bones. The motive power must be the spirit—and the most exalted spirit. "Even patriotism is not enough." Above and at the base of patriotism and suffusing it through and through must be religion—love of the whole great world in which every nation and all creation are included. And that religion is alive in the world, the papers to be read before this conference will show. In all the great religions, movements are in progress, and men with fiery zeal are reaching after purer forms. . . .

In the process of regenerating and developing religion which is continually at work in mankind there is, there always has been, and there always will be clash and conflict of opinion. And always each will have his own way of worship. Differences will ever exist, and individuals will battle stoutly to maintain them. Nevertheless, there is a unity as well as a diversity—a unity of both inspiration and aspiration. And all will feel actuated by a common impulse, and all will have a common object of their worship.

In this conference agreement is not expected. Such conferences, like scientific conferences, are not held for agreement but for stimulation. And we hope that our proceedings may stir in men and in nations a spirit of emulation—of emulation in capturing more and more successfully that Divine Spirit which animates the world, and of emulation in achieving a purer holiness and a sweeter saintliness of life. We hope further that the conference will testify to our faith that religion is no waning force in human affairs, but that more than ever before it should be the vital and determining factor in human progress, the inspiring motive of all morality and all art as well as of science and philosophy, and should compact that solidarity which welds men into nations and binds nations to mankind as a whole and mankind to that great world from which mankind arose.

And I say this not as a result of abstruse study in the library but of years of work in the field—work among Hindus, Mohammedans and Buddhists as well as among my own countrymen. Unless the component nations of the British Empire can feel about each other that we are convinced of the realness of the spiritual world, and value above all else the things of the spirit, we shall not be able to pull together in the rough and tumble of the world. But if we can be sure that with all our differences we are at heart working for the best things in life, then we shall be able to hold firmly together even in the laxative times of peace.

The grounds for this belief are, I trust, intelligible enough. The nations of the Empire, like the members of any other society, hold together as long as they are pursuing a common object. They will hold together all the more firmly if the object they are pursuing is the one they value above all else. And they will hold together most firmly when what they most prize is what is truly of most value—what best satisfies the deepest needs of the soul.

Hinduism

When the time came for Pandit Shyam Shankar to address the conference he paid a tribute to the Imperial Government for "its grand lesson of religious toleration"—a fact of more significance to our Indians than to our Englishman at home.

I doubt the wisdom of a lecturer attempting to give in one discourse an account of Hinduism. It is bound to be inadequate, generalized and partial. If it be historical and literary there will surely be among the audience many impatient ones who are waiting for the excitement or romance of present-day facts—to whom the dry bones of chronology have little or no meaning. Hinduism is a social system as well as a religious belief; its history forms three-quarters of the history of India. Hence it was difficult for a strict chairman and a voluble lecturer to satisfy each other.

"The most remarkable fact about Hinduism is that it is not the outcome of the preachings of *one* self-assertive prophet, or *one* gospel giving *one* rigid conception of Divinity." In these words, the Pandit explained the origin of the religious toleration found in Hinduism.

"The central doctrine which governs the whole region of religious systems ordinarily placed under the category of Hinduism is the doctrine of *Karma*, which regulates reincarnation or transmigration of the soul, and includes the process of *Yoga* for the final liberation from the bondage of *Karma*. Here we find a distinctive feature which is religious, being concerned with a spiritual process, common to all Hindu systems of religion."

Mr. Shankar then proceeded to expound what he called *Sanātana Dharma*, or the orthodox living religion of the Hindus. In theory at least the devotee must acknowledge the following sacred books:

1. *The Four Vedas*—the Hymns and their various parts;
2. *The Brāhmanas*—the Commentaries on the hymns and accompanying rituals:
3. *The Upanishads*—the Mystical Treatises;
4. *The Sutras*—the Philosophical Systems;
5. *The Dharma Shastras*—the Laws;
6. *The Epics*—the Poetic works;
7. *The Puranas and Tantras*—the Historical and Sectarian treatises.

In the *Epics* special mention was made of the Bhagavad Gita, as the most precious gem of the collection and in the *Puranas*, we were told, was to be found the formulation of the different views of the Sects of Vaishnavas, Shaivas, Shaktas, Ganapatyas and Sauryas.

Mr. Shankar explained the doctrine of the *Gunas* at some length and then passed on to Caste or *Varna* (literally color) supporting himself by an appeal to Roman law as a parallel to the divisions of the social classes. Then came the *Margas* or various paths which alternately a devotee may enter for liberation. In his concluding sentence he said, "A popular religion is never the religion as the Prophet preaches it, but as the people make it by superimposing their own faiths or prejudices; and so long as these continue, the pure religion always remains adulterated."

I could not help thinking that these few words explained the feeling I had in listening to the lecture. "Have the critics worked in vain?" I asked myself? Has the work of Max Muller, Deussen, and a host of scholars who have almost made a cosmos of the cumulative chaos of Hindu religious scripture, gone for nothing? Apparently the "living religion" we are here concerned with is unilluminated by a knowledge of itself. My long-cherished opinion is confirmed, as I suspect, by Mr. Shankhar—that with the help of scholarship a western man may understand more clearly and appreciate more truly the beauties of Hindu religion. But in order to do so he must differentiate the good from the bad, and even the latter he may tolerate, understandingly. Yet, finally, here was a man of flesh and blood, a brother from the East, a pandit from the sacred city of Benares clothed in robe and turban, a master of our tongue; he succeeded in conveying to the mixed and sympathetic audience more than a first-class European scholar would have done.

Islam

Our Muslim day was a great success. Dr. Margoliouth, the Oxford Arabic scholar took the chair, and before the proceedings opened, the Arab Mufti from the Woking Mosque recited Sura LXVIII of the Quran, entitled, "The Announcement." Its opening words were singularly appropriate:

"Of what do they ask one another? Of the message of importance about which they differ? Nay, they shall soon come to know!"

And the closing words less terrifying in Arabic, perhaps, to the assembled "unbelievers" than if they had been in English:

"Surely we have warned you of a chastisement near at hand: the day when man shall see what his two hands have done, and the unbeliever shall say; O! would that I were dust!"

"The Basic Principles of Islam," was the subject of the paper by Al. Haj Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, who had hoped to read it in person, but who was detained abroad. The paper was read by Mr. Yusuf Ali, and consisted of a careful exegesis of the teaching of the Quran. Opening with the Muslim Theory of religion, the writer explained that man enters the world pure and untainted with the highest capacities before him, but capable of declension. Religion is therefore a guidance and a discipline to lead man aright. There are seven evolutionary stages, each one of which was explained in turn, beginning with the lowest The Commanding (*Ammarah*) passing to The Self-Accusing (*Lawwana*) on to The Inspired (*Mulhima*). Then comes At Rest (*Mutaima*), Pleased with God (*Radiah*), Pleasing to God (*Mardiah*), and finally Perfected (*Kamilah*). Islam uplifts from the first to the last; that is its function. It controls every action, illuminates every aspect of life—personal, domestic, civic and spiritual. There are five Pillars of Islam: (1) the Formula of Faith in God and acceptance of Muhammad as his Messenger; (2) Prayer, Fasting, Charity and the Pilgrimage to Mecca. Similarly the vices which obscure our progress were analyzed and refuted from Quranic authority. The social influence of Islam was set forth in eloquent passages, and the moral qualities that are generated in man by obedience to the faith—Chastity, Honesty, Meekness, Poilteness, Forgiveness, Goodness, Courage, Truthfulness, Patience, Sympathy and Kindness. The position of woman, said the lecturer, was elevated by Islam to equality with man, and the meaning of Paradise was aptly explained. Material Progress was the closing subject of an admirable, stimulating and lucid exposition of the Basic Principles of Islam, which apart from a few details may be considered characteristic of all schools of thought that have arisen within the system.

A paper of a different character by Sheikh Kadhim Dojaily came next. The Sheikh is a learned Arab of Baghdad, and had undertaken to describe something of the Shi'ah branch of Islam. Although acquainted with English he preferred that his paper should be read by Sir Thomas Arnold. The audience listened to a historical statement of the origin and development of the Shi'ah movement with the greatest interest. Forming about one-third of the Moslems, they are chiefly found in Persia, Mesopotamia, Bahrain and India.

and are now divided into three main groups, according as they adhere to "The Principles," "The Reports," or to "Revelation." The first group maintain that man can make original contributions both to the principles and the derivative matter in religion; the second do not admit of "following," but stand by the Quran. The third group show great reverence to their Imams, and allow their great claims to spiritual power on earth.

The Sheikh then dealt with opinions common to all Shi'i, the one which differentiates them from other Moslems being the special belief as to the proper succession from Muhammad. As to the Caliphate they hold that the Caliph is invisible and has appointed no deputy.

After the reading of this paper on the Shi'ah system the conference learned—or had the chance of learning—the advantage of providing itself with a chairman well versed in the subject. Dr. Margoliouth supplemented the paper with some exclusive information about certain modern sects. But he did more: he added some most valuable and discerning remarks on religion which I briefly transcribe here:

"There are particular ideas which dominate the human mind, and which the different forms of religion find expression for; and in the case of the Shi'i three things are represented perhaps more strongly than in any other system. First, they believe that someone who has passed away will come back. . . . We find that notion far and wide, but I think the Shi'i writings show that it has been attached to a greater series of persons in one family than any other system. Secondly, there is the principle of the glorification of failure. . . . Success will always be admired and glorified, but failure is another matter; and if we think of those whom the Shi'i love, respect and even adore, it is a series of persons associated with failure. Ali himself failed. . . . There is something in this devotion to a failing cause which impresses the human mind. . . . There is one-third feature which is common to all religions; that the submission of oneself to torment has something in it that expiates, or at any rate pleases, the Powers on high. This is a wonderful sight in Persia to those who witness it."

After a brief adjournment, the conference reassembled to hear the paper by Al Haj the Khalifat-al-Masih, Mirza Bashir-ud-Din, the head of the Ahmadiyya movement which has its headquarters at Qadian in the Punjab. Supported by a band of green-turbaned scholars, the Khalifat al Masiah made a fine impressive picture. He

spoke a few words in English: "Sister and Brothers: First of all I intend to put a few ideas before the minds of the members of the conference, that people may think over serious questions, and decide for themselves what religion they should accept. I should like to apologize to you for asking my friend and follower to read my paper to you, for I am not accustomed to read papers. In my own language I have spoken sometimes six hours before an audience of 10,000 people but I think it will be more difficult to read in a language that I do not know well." The Secretary of the delegation then read the paper.

The Ahmadiyya movement is about 34 years old, being founded by Hazrat Mirza Ghuiam Ahmad (hence the name Ahmadiyya) in 1890. He claimed to be Madhi and the Messiah of ancient prophecy. He met great opposition, but with increasing success. The speaker is the third in succession, to the founder. Missions have been sent to many countries. Ahmadiyyah claims to be the outcome of Islam just as Christianity was of Judaism, an inevitable and necessary development; not to be as a new law but to expound anew the teachings of Islam. The claim to be the Messiah was not a claim to be identical with Jesus, but to have received his power and spirit. The speaker gave great attention to showing that this age is one destined for the fulfilment of the promises of the ancient prophecy, and a long argument followed to prove that God still guides and inspires men as in the olden days. The speaker then gave a doctrinal discourse on what he described as Regenerated Islam, beginning with the belief in the Unity of God, upon which all other excellencies of belief and conduct depend. The speaker concluded by affirming the necessity of applying the moral qualities generated by religion to sociological and political problems. Sir Theodore Morrison, K. C. S. I., occupied the chair, and closed the meeting with a short comment.

The Islamic day was in every respect a great achievement. The three papers, separately composed, were complementary to one another: the first was lucidly doctrinal; the second valuably historical, and the third a modernist claim upon the world, to hear afresh the call from the lips of a living prophet. It would be right, I think, to say that to those who heard the Islamic papers for the first time their appeal would be more direct and easily received than that of other non-Christian religions. There is an Old Testament ring about Islam which makes it familiar to our ears. I happened, indeed, to be in the company of one who had casually dropped in that day and

heard him declaring enthusiastically, and perhaps with some exaggeration, that he had "not heard better Christian sermons for many a long day." What was so triumphant about our sessions was the entire friendliness of the three Moslem sects whose representatives abroad are often hostile to one another.

Buddhism

The sessions of September 24 were devoted to Buddhism. Mrs. C. Rhys Davids, D. Litt., took the chair and the first paper was read by Dr. W. A. de Silva on "The Status and Influence of Buddhism in Ceylon." It was listened to with great attention by the audience. It was followed by a paper by Mr. C. P. Malalasekera on "Influence of Buddhism on Education in Ceylon. The lecturer gave a short historical sketch of the early condition of Ceylon and described how in 307 B.C., the great Emperor Asoka sent out his mission to that Island; how monasteries were built as dwelling houses for the Spiritual Teachers; and how the movement was surrounded by beauties, both moral and aesthetic. The greatest service which these monasteries rendered was in the cause of education, where prince and peasant's son sat side by side to learn. The child from his very infancy learned the importance of worship, offering a handful of flowers and meditating on the Buddha, the Dhamma (Teaching), and the Sangha (the Order). The lecturer went on to describe the chief features of the Buddhist doctrine and the way in which it took hold of the life of the people. He concluded by saying: "The hall-mark of culture lies not in the possession of a university degree but in the love of service and fellowship. To give to the Sinhalese the full development of his personality, the educational policy of the country should be based on the past traditions of Ceylon, on the basis of the ancestral and national life and history of the people, for those traditions and that history furnish working hypothesis; they contain accounts of her great sociological experimentations. They embody and enshrine the experiences, the hopes, the imaginations and the visions of past generations and thus have a claim to full recognition."

At 5:00 o'clock, Mr. Shoson Miyamoto, lecturer of the Imperial University, Tokio, presented a paper on Mahayana Buddhism, which flourishes in certain parts of the British Empire. The opening portion of the paper which was read by a member of the committee, described the character of the movement founded by the

Buddha and gave an interesting picture of the various personalities who were attracted to it. Members of royal families, ministers and peasants, brahmans and servants, were brought to walk in the middle way. At length a Vinaya (Discipline) gradually came to be established as the discipline of the growing order, and later the teaching and discourses of the Buddha were recorded in memory. The coming of the Buddha synchronized with the belief in a Cakravartin or Sovereign of the World, and Asoka filled this expected role. The second part of the paper described the development of the Buddhist teaching in Central Asia and China, where it blended largely with earlier beliefs and religious practices. In Japan the lecturer thought, the Mahayana teaching has developed in many directions and exercises a great influence on the life of the people. Mr. Miyamoto was present on the platform during the reading of his paper and was accorded great applause.

If one may be permitted a word of criticism here, it would be to say that Buddhism was not so fortunate in its presentment as Islam, though this was not due to any inefficiency on the part of its expositors. By some accident each lecturer omitted to dwell sufficiently on what the audience most wished to hear—the teaching of the Buddha himself. Consequently their special concern—modern conditions in Ceylon and historical details of Mahayana—were not so valuable as they might have been if the lecturers had taken care to provide some general information. Nevertheless the audience gave great and grateful applause.

Parsism

The Parsi bear a name given to them by the Indians among whom they sought asylum many centuries ago. They are Persians by race and religion, and preserve the faith taught in the sixth century, B. C., by Zoroaster. Here again the conference was well served by a lucid paper by Shams-ul-ulema Dastur Kaikobad Aderbad Nashervan, Ph.D., first class Sardar and High Priest of the Parsis in the Deccan, Poona, India, whose simple exposition of the basic principle of Zoroastrianism, a universal religion, was much appreciated. It was supplemented by a short speech by a young Parsi gentleman visiting the conference, and the necessary historical information was supplied by Sir Patrick Fagan our able chairman. To call the Parsis "fire-worshippers" is really as offensive as calling Roman Catholics "image-worshippers" or Protestants "bib-

liolaters." For fire is with them only a symbol. Like the fire that illuminated the Burning Bush of Moses, like the fire that Prometheus stole from heaven, it is a token of the Divine Presence among men. The sun is the outward mark of that bounty which shineth on the evil and the good, and warms the just and the unjust. For the God of the disciples of Zoroaster is a kind, beneficent and impartial Being, and designs the welfare and happiness of his children. But He operates the just and merciful law. In those parts of the Zoroastrian scriptures (the Gathas) which are held to give the authentic teaching of the prophet Zarathustra. It is read: "According to Thy way of Justice, wilt Thou give reward to words and deeds, so that evil shall happen to evil and blessings and happiness to the righteous." In the future life, it is character that tells. Each individual reaps exactly as he has sown. There are as many destinies as there are individuals. And in the making of character, thoughts count as well as acts. Much stress is laid on pure thoughts, as on pure words and pure deeds. The Parsis are noted for the chasteness of their manner of life, for the nobleness of their speech, and their business integrity. The writer was once present at a remarkable ceremony in the East, the opening of a park for disabled animals. It had been given by a Parsi, who had pride in carrying out the precepts regarding kindness to animals enunciated by the great teacher of his religion.

Zoroastrianism has made a great contribution to the Western idea of a Kingdom of Righteousness, Justice and Love, the ideal of all good citizens. The idea of making the earthly imitate the heavenly, of modelling society after a divine pattern, is a favorite idea amongst them. We owe to them also the beautiful fancy of guardian angels attending the sons of men.

The Dastur's paper, though short, was simple and clear, and removed, I thought, the whole subject from the realm of controversy in which it is so often wrapped. The whole paper was interesting as evidence of the way in which the followers of so many religions nowadays, have given up the exclusive demands of their faith. For it is upon the principles that harmonize with the idea of a universal religion that emphasis is laid. Within all the faiths, as within all the nations, the desire for union is being increasingly felt. After a brief account of Zoroaster as a religious reformer of ancient Persia—or rather Iran of which Fars was one province only—he affirmed that the Zoroastrian theology was a monotheism. Ahura Mazda, the Wise Lord, had no semi-divine counterpart.

Anghro-Mainyu or Evil Mind was a human enemy to God, and was by later teachers personified erroneously into Ahriman; the worship of God rested on certain abstract conceptions or realities which later teachers called Amesha-Spenta or "The Immortal Ones" of which there were finally six, namely: *Vohu-Manah* (Good Thought); *Asha* (Truth); *Khashtra* (Divine Reign); *Aramaiti* (Piety); *Haurvatat* (Healthy Well-being) and *Ameratat* (Immortality). The ethical conceptions of Zoroaster were described, followed by a view of the hereafter; and some beautiful poetical passages were read, of which an example follows:

Ad Astra

Glory to thee, O Mazdah! Lo, I turn
From dazzling visions of Thy home of light,
And find me weary in the strife again,
To battle with the watchful fiends that line
Man's path to Heaven. Yet in the sacred Fire
I pray Thee let my waking thoughts recall
Sights that can soothe and strengthen.
I beheld,
And lo, from out the eternal House of Song,
One came and answered my unspoken prayer:
"How came I hither? Thou must tell the tale
Of what I was, a mortal, for the years
Of bliss have swept the memory away.
It may be the fell demons of disease
Vanquished my body, while the Death-fiend nigh
Waited the hour to swoop upon her prey.
What recked I? I was free.
Three days I watched
Hard by the spot whence weeping friends had borne
The demon-haunted frame that once was mine.
New light had dawned on all the earthly scenes
Where once I seemed to struggle all alone
Against the Lie; for myriad angel forms
Thronged o'er the foughten field, and silently
Strengthened the weary warrior with their aid.
And joy whose like the world had never known
Bade me forget the tears that death had drawn
And death should dry. . . .

Long time I gazed,
Dazzled at Heaven, or blinded upon Hell;
Till o'er the abyss I saw a thin bright line
Stretched up to that fair portal, and I knew
The Bridge of Judgement. Lo, an angel dread
Sat there beside, and in his hand the scales
To weigh the good and evil. At his bar
I stood, yet feared not, while good angels pled
And demons fierce accused me. till the scale
Sank with the load of everlasting joy.
So with my Angel forth I sped and passed
The Bridge of Judgement, passed the Heavens Three,
Good Thought, Good Word, Good Action, and beyond
Soared to the place of Everlasting Light,
Ahura Mandah's boundless House of Song,
A Saint's voice hailed me. "How hast hither come,
From carnal world to spiritual, from the realm
Of Death to life, to bliss that cannot die?
And from the Throne came answer, "Question not
Him that hath trod the dread and unknown path
Which parts the body and soul for aye."—*Yasht, xxii.*

(Translated by the late Dr. J. Hope Moulton.)

Jainism

Still under the helpful chairmanship of Sir Patrick Fagan the conference listened to a paper on Jainism. The subject was presented by a most learned composition from the pen of Rai Bahadur Jagmander Lal Jaini, Chief Justice of the High Court of Indore, India. It was, indeed, so full of technical detail, unsuitable for a spoken discourse, that the committee was glad of the help of Mr. H. Warren, himself a Jain, who gave an abstract of the paper in simple form. The historical introduction was given by the chairman as the paper was deficient in this respect. He said, "Its own adherents generally ascribe an immemorable, immense antiquity to that religion, and trace its existence through the lives of twenty-four great saints or Tirthankaras. Of those twenty-four the last two, whose names were Parcoa and Mahavira, were no doubt historical personages, whose names appear in documents and records which have good claim to be historical. Modern scholars attribute the foundation of Jainism in its present form to the second of these, Mahavira.

It is possible if not probable, that he was rather a reformer of a previous existing sect in which Parcoa, his predecessor occupied a prominent place; but that is a debatable question. We know, however that Mahavira lived in Eastern India in the 6th and 5th centuries B. C. He was a native of the state of Vaisali, which corresponds to the modern Tirhout, where he was born, and where he died about 480 B. C. After spending some 30 years as an ascetic, probably as a follower of Parcoa, Mahavira began his preaching and founded his religion close to his native country. It is a matter of considerable interest that Buddhism and Jainism, which were contemporary, came into existence in the very same part of India and about the same era. The Buddha died only ten years before Mahavira, and the two religions were to a certain extent rivals.

Jainism is what may be called a monastic religion. It consists of a monastic order and laity. Like Buddhism, Jainism was a definite revolt from the contemporary Brahmanic religion, from its law, from its ritual and against the ascendency of the Brahmins.

Having made its appearance in Eastern India, later on, after two centuries, it migrated westwards, and its present adherents, who number only one and one-half millions in India, are to be found mainly in West India and Rajaputana. A large number are to be found sporadically in Delhi and all over India. The Jains nearly all congregate in cities, and are engaged in commerce or one of the professions."

The subject of the paper was "Jain Theology and Ethics." The soul as inhabiting the bodies of living beings in the world is not perfect. In its perfect condition it has the infinite quaternary of infinite perception, knowledge, power and bliss. By following the proper method the soul gradually frees itself from all matter and becomes perfect, i. e., attains liberation, emancipation, salvation or godhood. Man himself, and he alone, is responsible for all that is good or bad in his life.

Ahimsa or non-injury to and sympathetic relief of the sufferings of all living beings, is the greatest characteristic of Jainism. Long before Sir J. C. Bose of Calcutta proved to Western science that plants have sensitive responses of their own, Jainism, thousands of years ago, gave plants a very high place in the scale of living beings; with this the next characteristic is essentially connected, viz., the clear-cut, well-defined division of all substances in the world into two exhaustive categories, living and non-living substances.

Man consists of body and soul and it is the soul that is the knower and not the body. The brain knows nothing, it is the soul that knows. The soul is the conscious substance. When we say of a man that he is very knowing we do not refer to his body. It is the soul that knows.

The Jains are a law-abiding people. Their criminal record is marvellously white. The proportion of criminals among Jains is the lowest in India. In trade and commerce they almost top the list. There is not a district or town where Jains are in any considerable number where they do not take a leading position as landed proprietors, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and other honorable professions. There are no Jain beggars or mendicants to be found anywhere.

But the greatest effect of Jainism upon the Jains is that it has saturated their souls with "ahimsa." Through centuries of tradition and discipline it has become impossible for a true Jain to hurt anyone in any way by thought or word or deed. Non-violence is the twin sister of pity and kindness, which is the essential heart of actually practiced truth. Thus a man or woman, Jain or non-Jain, who follows Jainism, even a little, ever resides in the heart of truth. Peace and goodwill to all!

Sufism

Here the conference was favored in a special degree by the presence of Sufi Hafiz Raushan Ali of whom some personal particulars may be given. Clothed in his long robes and green turban, Ali was seen at most of the sessions guided affectionally on account of his defective sight, by one of his friends. He does not speak English, but he responds to what is said to him by a kindly smile and handshake. It was good to see him in converse with the Arab Mufti on the day of our closing ceremony.

Sufi Hafiz Raushan Ali, is one of the leaders of Naushahi Sufis who are a sub-division of Qadria sect, which owes its origin to Syed Abdul Qadir Geelani. The Naushahi sect was founded by Muhamhad Haji Nausha, and claims a large number of followers throughout Western India. Muhammad Haji Nausha flourished during the reign of Emperor Baber and was the ninth ancestor of the lecturer. The ancestry traced upwards is as follows: Sufi Raushan Ali, son of Miran Baksh, son of Sultam Alam, son of Nizam-uddin, son of Subhan 'Ali, son of Khanalam, son of Ibrahim, son of Muhammad Said, son of Muhammad Hasham, son of Muhammad

Haji Nausha. Muhammad Said was a contemporary of Shah Jahan and that Emperor granted him a Jagir of two villages for his support, some parts of which are held even now as *Muafi* under the British Government. The home of the lecturer is in the village of Ranmal, Tahsil Phalia, Gujrat District in the Punjab. It is situated towards the northwest of Lahore. Sufi Hafiz Raushan Ali knows the whole of the Quran by heart (and is thus entitled to be called Hafiz) and also the major portion of the sayings of the Prophet. He can also recite from memory many thousands of verses from Arabic poetry. He also possesses a great mastery over other branches of knowledge, such as Unani medicine, logic and philosophy. In the domain of *Tusa-wwaf* or Sufism, he holds a high position. From early age Sufi Raushan Ali was fond of prayers and spiritual practices of the Sufis. At the age of 13 he started those of the Qadria sect, and at the age of 15 he interested himself in the manners and company of *Naqshbendi* and *Chishtia Sufis*. Sufi Raushan Ali joined the ranks of Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian, and through the blessings of his companionship he became a recipient of divine revelations, and was honored with opportunities for the service of the faith. At present Mussulmans all over India invoke his aid for the defence of Islam, when hard pressed in the field of religious disputation.

The recitations chanted in Arabic and Persian after the lecture had been read by Dr. Muhammad Din enraptured the audience and were in the following order:

(1) A few verses of the Holy Quran dealing with the love of and communion with God.

(2) Three lines of Persian poetry dealing with the love of God.

(3) A few lines of *Masnavi Maulana Rum* were recited and their translations were read out to the audience.

I am sure we all felt that the paper which was read gave a very interesting and suggestive view of the origin, development and content of Sufi thought and practice. The paper was full of information and, I think, brought out the main point of Sufism. The fundamental conception of that system seems to be that human souls differ in degree though not in kind from the Divine Spirit from which they emerge, and to which they ultimately return. The aim of the Sufi is by loss of his individual self-consciousness, in ecstatic self-abandonment, to obtain union with that Divine Spirit. Their principle is that since reason cannot transcend phenomena, it must therefore be abandoned in favor of that divine illumination, that

spirit of intuition, by which true knowledge and grasp of the infinite is to be obtained.

Sufism is, or was, in its origin an expression of the ascetism approved of in the Quran. The Quran contains elements or rudiments of mysticism, upon which basis Sufism developed.

The conditions of the first two centuries of the Muhammadan era were naturally such as were likely to encourage the spread of ascetism. Towards the end of the second century, that ascetism had advanced to some degree of agnosticism, and later contained Pantheistic tendencies, helped by internal influences. It is a practical religion, rather than a speculative system, but it gradually moved from ascetic quietism to mystical speculation.

Sikhism

The author of this paper is Sardar Kahan Singh of Nabha, Panjab, India.

Although the Sikhs are in number only some three millions they form an important factor in the Indian army; and for this and other reasons connected with their history and their character, information as to their religious belief should be of especial interest. They are not a race, but the adherents of a particular religious faith, but that faith has so united them and formed them into one type that it is reasonable to speak of them as a people. They are in the main peasant proprietors, small hardworking farmers, inhabiting the Central Punjab in the North of India; the bulk of them are in British territory; the others are in certain states governed by Sikh rulers. They have long been a distinctly martial community, but they began as disciples of a teacher, who was an apostle of peace. This teacher was Nānak (1469—1538) whose history was in many respects similar to that of St. Francis of Assisi; he resisted all the family pressure brought to bear on him to continue his father's business, and spent his life in poverty, religious contemplation and teaching. His doctrine was a comprehensive theism; there was one invisible God worshipped under many forms; his disciples were to be at peace with all men, to have brotherly love among themselves, and to live virtuous and quiet lives in their several vocations. Nanak was the first Guru of the Sikhs; the word Guru merely means "a religious teacher," and the word Sikh, "a disciple"; but Nanak instituted a permanent society of Sikhs presided over by a Guru. He had nine successors in the office of Guru, the last of whom died in 1708. The

spirit of Nanak was said to be incarnate in each succeeding Guru, but the manifestations of that spirit were not always identical, and the character of that community did not always remain the same. The spirit of the Sikhs had changed before the form of the brotherhood was altered under the influence of the tenth and last Guru, Govind, who was the head of the Sikhs from 1675 to 1708 A. D. He succeeded his father when he was only fifteen and after twenty years spent in retirement he called the Sikhs together and declared to them the new faith, which he had been commissioned to reveal. God was to be worshipped in truthfulness and sincerity, and under no material resemblance, but he would henceforth dwell in the general body of the brotherhood, to which he gave the name of the Khalsa, or the "saved" or "liberated"; and in the Khalsa the eye of faith would behold him. Their caste was to be forgotten; all were to be equal; and all must accept the rite of initiation and thereafter take the word Singh or "lion" as part of their names; thus Govind became Govind Singh. The Sikh Singhs were to be henceforth a people vowed to war; they were never to be without an iron weapon, and were never to cut the hair of the head and beard. Organized thus, the Sikhs eventually became rulers, but not all the followers of Nanak accepted the teaching of Govind Singh, and this apparently has something to do with the present troubles about the Sikh shrines.

Sir Patrick Fagan was in the chair for this paper and in the course of his remarks said, the author of the paper is Sardar Kahan Singh. He is well-known to many British officers and others in that part of India as a leading Sikh scholar, well versed in the language and contents of the Sikh scriptures, so much so that he was a leader among the group of six scholars who early in this century carried out a revised translation of the part of the Sikh scriptures known as Adi Granth, a work that took many years to complete. His efforts in that work were acknowledged publicly by Mr. Macauliffe in his book on *Sikh Religion* published in 1909. He is in India, and unable to be present, but the task of reading it has been undertaken by Mr. Loftus Hare, whom it is scarcely necessary for me to introduce. It has been suggested that it would be convenient if I tendered a few brief remarks on the history and tenets of the Sikhs.

First, the word Sikh is not the name of a race or nationality or caste, but a term which signifies the followers of a religion.

As regards the Sikh scriptures, the most important is known as Adi Granth, compiled by the fifth Guru about the end of the sixteenth century, and it contained compositions of Nanak and his successors, also of Hindu saints and Muhammedan saints. The writings of Guru Govind were after his death compiled into a supplementary Granth; these two Granths constitute the Sikh scripture, and contain the Sikh system. One of the last injunctions of Guru Govind was that he was to have no successor; he would henceforward dwell in spirit with the Khalsa, and would be present when two or more of his followers were gathered together.

After the death of Govind Singh, the history of Sikhism and the Khalsa becomes inextricably mingled with the history of Northern India, with war and bloodshed. Political chaos ensued in the Punjab of the most diastrous kind, and conflict with the British power. There followed the two Sikh wars. Nine years later occurred the great Indian mutiny; in that great trouble the Sikhs as a whole rallied to the ranks of their conquerors, and remained loyal throughout.

In dealing with the short paper I felt grateful to the chairman's useful historical information, for in this respect the learned author had left us without that essential background for his otherwise lucid and well-arrayed account of his religion, to which the audience listened with great sympathy. The Sardar claimed that Guru Nanak was preceded by movements of dissatisfaction and reform.

The paper was divided into a large number of sections, each supported by texts from the scriptures, as follows: The abolition of caste, pilgrimage and begging; the sanctity of the ordinary domestic life; the prohibition of ascetism and self-torture; the seeking of special bathing places. Polytheism was rejected in place of Monotheism and of course idols had no part. Equally, religious costumes and marks were put aside by Nanak, and the simple life sustained. "Untouchability" was rejected: "Pious persons who know God have no impurity." On the subjects of prayer, humility, philanthropy, superstition, fidelity in marriage, wine, etc., simple clear ethical teachings were given. Transmigration and Karma, the two central Hindu doctrines, were accepted, and salvation was looked for as the goal of religious and moral obedience. Singularly beautiful were the Guru's teaching on gratitude and loyalty to the ruler and military commander.

Taoism and Confucianism

The first lecture was on Taoism by Mr. Hsu Ti Shan, and was probably a surprise to the English audience. Mr. G. R. S. Mead, the well-known scholar, took the chair. Taoism as a religious movement was given a great impulse by Lao-tze and Chwang-tze, two mystic philosophers living in China in the fifth and third centuries B. C. It was designed to oppose the social and political ethic of that date, which in the view of the Taoist philosophers imposed restrictions upon the natural manifestations of human impulses. The Taoists saw in nature everything that was beautiful and desirable, and they conceived that the life of man was controlled by the mysterious power which they called Tao, and which may best be described as the Order or Law of the Universe. The man of Tao consequently was one who was controlled by this power and put aside all hard and fast ethical construction of his own.

Confucianism, on the other hand, was the elevation of social and political ethic to the level of religious duty, and the great sage Confucius and his followers conceived Heaven to be the realm of the departed ancestors, and of a rather shadowy Divine Being. Life was to be controlled by what they called propriety and righteousness, the one being the correct attitude towards Heaven and the other towards our fellow-men. It penetrates with the greatest minuteness into the details of daily life, it regulates family and personal ritual, and prescribes the duties of every conceivable situation. It had been hoped that the conference might also hear a paper on Confucianism, which is to China what the Mosaic system was and is to the Jews or what Anglicanism is to England; but the distinguished Chinese Confucian scholar who, it was hoped, would read a paper on it, was unable to accede to the request.

Mr. Hsu Ti Shan's paper was read for him by a Peking friend and colleague, Mr. R. K. Evans. The author is a former student of Peking University who, after a year at Columbia University, New York, has come to pursue the study of Comparative Religion in Oxford and London. He is a Chinese, not a British subject, but had kindly agreed to prepare and present the paper on Taoism in view of the number of adherents of that religion to be found within the British Empire. Nor is he himself a Taoist, but a member of the Chinese Christian Church. But his paper left nothing to be desired in the way of scholarly and sympathetic interpretation of the

Taoist faith, its early philosophical origins, its varied history, and its present practice and significance.

He pointed out that Confucianism and Taoism both sprang from one source, viz., the "Yi Ching" or Book of Changes, the earliest of all Chinese philosophic and mystic writings; Confucianism developing the ethical and political sides; while primitive Taoism, under the genius of Lao Tze, the contemporary of Confucius, developed the mystical and religious elements. Later Taoism was not only deeply influenced by Buddhism but also incorporated the primitive animistic worship and magical practices of the old Folk-Religion of China. The Taoist "Pope," the sixty-second in the direct line from Chang Tao Ling, the founder of Taoism as an organized society, resides today on Lung Hu Mountain in Kiangsi province; but his powers and influence are no longer such as his predecessors enjoyed. Taoism still exercises considerable influence upon the daily life and habits of the people, especially in the domestic and social spheres. The whole paper deserves to be studied carefully in order to appreciate the labor which has been involved in its preparation. I can only say here that it is quite impossible to transform its rich contents into a few short paragraphs such as any present space allows.

The subject of Divination was explained to us first and attributed to the pre-Chinese races. At length came the *Yi-Ching* and the organization of the spiritual intercourse with nature and her various powers. There were eight in number.

"As far back as 2513 B. C.," said Mr. Hsu, "there were two departments of government, *Wu* and *Shih*. The former embraced magicians, astrologers and diviners, and the latter scribes and statesmen and historians. Both contributed elements to the *Yi Ch'ng*, the classical "Book of Changes." The *Shih*, however, produced results of its own in Confucianism and Motism. Primitive Taoism of the Sao-teh-ching came direct from the *Yi* with certain Wu elements incorporated in it. Later Taoism received into its body a graft of Motism and a greater volume of various magical doctrines and ideas. From this a further *Wu-Taoism* was derived, and finally its modern form. Put into simple language this seems to me to state that the most ancient form of magical cult plus a social and ethical impulse combined to produce the two most ancient Chinese philosophies. The one (Confucianism) remained pure; and the other received into itself various old and new superstitions so that it now is in a degenerate condition.

After that we had a very good account of the quietest teaching of Lao-tze and Chwang-tze, *Wu-Wei*, non-action, as it was called by the first translators; and (as I think myself it should be) non-willing. The content as described bears a wonderful resemblance to the Christian quietism of the later Middle Ages, and, as Mr. Mead remarked at the end, it means no more than "Thy will, not mine, be done." On this *Wu-Wei*, as an ethical impulse, Chwang-tze sought to reform the empire. Brave man! Perhaps one day we may have to say "Wise man."

Some Modern Movements

The Baha'i Cause

The first paper was read by Mr. Mountford Mills, Baha'i delegate from Canada. He began by referring to an address given by Abdu'l-Baha in the City Temple, London, on September 10, 1911, in which he said: "There is one God; mankind is one; the foundations of religions are one. Let us worship Him, and give praise for *all* His great prophets and messengers who have manifested His brightness and glory." Thus there is no need to assert the fact that the Baha's cause seeks no competitive victory among the world's religions and lays no additional frontiers among the boundaries already dividing mankind into different creeds but rather its ideal is unity consciously binding the hearts of men.

The origin of the Baha'i cause coincided in point of time with the beginnings of what is considered the opening of a new era in human development. In Persia between May 23, 1844, and July 9, 1850, occurred that remarkable series of events known to history as the "Episode of the Bab," though prior to this period the teaching had already spread in that country that a new spiritual leader would arise. Mirza Ali Muhammad, who took the title of the Gate (Bab) was this new leader, and within the short six years which elapsed between his declaration and his martyrdom, he had succeeded in shattering the age-long inertia of Persia and in enlisting a large following. But he always asserted that he was but the forerunner of a greater than himself. This greater messenger of truth was Mirza Husayn Ali, a scion of a noble and wealthy Persian family, who was one of the foremost supporters of the Bab, and after suffering much in person and possessions at the hands of the

priests of the established religion, was exiled to Baghdad and subsequently to Akka. It was just previous to his departure from Baghdad that Baha'u'llah as he had come to be known, declared that he was the one foretold by the Bab. His teachings were largely by letters, as all direct communication with his adherents was cut off during his forty years' imprisonment. These teachings reflected no acquired learning, but were the immediate experience in the soul of one who turned wholly and directly to God. According to them religion is not one of life's aspects, but the predominant spirit expressing itself through all aspects, and again he teaches that all the founders of religion are successive, co-related expressions of the Will of God, identical as to purpose and function, diverse only in that each founder adapted the one divine teaching to the particular needs of his time. A brief summary of these teachings is that they comprise almost equally an interpretation of the fundamentally true in all religions and encouragement and exhortation to respond with spirit, mind and soul to the newer and greater possibilities of this age.

After the passing of Baha'u'llah, May 28, 1892, his eldest son, Abdu'l Baha Abbas succeeded as executive head of the Cause and expounder of the teachings. These two duties Sir Abdu'l Baha Abbas, K. B. E., carried out with such success that the Baha'i Cause not only continued to progress in the land of its origin, but was carried far and wide over the earth, notably in the United States of America, and it has been through the words and writings of Abdu'l Baha that the essential principles of the Cause received their direct applications to problems peculiar to Western civilization. These essential principles are twelve, viz., the oneness of the world of humanity; independent investigation of truth; the foundation of all religions is one; religion must be the cause of unity among mankind; religion must be in accord with science and reason; equality of men and women; abandonment of all prejudices; universal peace; universal education; solution of the economic question; a universal language, and international tribunal.

The second paper was read by Mr. Ruhi Afnan, grandson of Abdu'l Baha. This dealt more particularly with the profound changes wrought by the Baha'i principles in the lives of their followers. Baha'u'llah to reconcile the religions laid it down as a guiding principle that the purpose of religion is to provide a social bond, to create a new force in mans' life, to infuse in him the love of all his fellow creatures. In order to eliminate the root cause of all

forms of class hatred he proclaimed, "Do ye know why we have created you from one "clay? That no one should exalt himself over another." Critics unable to deny the beauty and the force of Baha'u'llah's teachings have yet maintained that they were but lofty ideals incapable of practical application to mans' everyday life. This has however been abundantly proved not to be the case, as is evidenced by the progress which has been made in many directions in the amelioration of social conditions and the increasing tendency to consider many questions from an international rather than from the narrower national point of view. In the East, especially in Persia, the achievements of the Baha'i cause have been great. In all Baha'i communities where the means could be found, schools have been opened for the education not only of boys, but more especially of girls, since Baha'u'llah has stated that the latter must receive preferential treatment in the matter of education being the prospective mothers of future generations and thus the first teachers of their offspring. In the West, where more progress had already been made by legislation its influence has been mainly to create the spirit of international brotherhood and to wipe out religions, social and economic prejudices. The evidence from all countries where the Baha'i cause has gained followers, and they are many, goes to prove the realization of Abdu'l Baha's words "the spirit of the Cause is pulsating in the arteries of mankind."

Brahmo and Arya Samaj

The two papers which followed, excited great interest, each in its own way. The Brahmo Samaj was appropriately represented by Mr. N. C. Sen, the son of the famous founder of the New Dispensation branch of the Samaj, Keshab Chandra Sen, and brother of the Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar. His dignity and charm added to the power of his lecture. Mr. Sen is employed at the Indian High Commission, London, in regard to the education of Indian students; he speaks our language perfectly and understands our ways of thought. Professor Pherwani unhappily could not be present, but he had an excellent reader in the person of Bishop James of London who confessed in his exuberant way to having been converted to seven different religions already before having undertaken to expound another. We learned from these two informative papers the different and legitimate aims of the two Samaj, which I will briefly outline now.

The original Brahmo Samaj was founded by Raja Rammohan Roy in 1828, with the help of certain wealthy Bengali friends of whom the most notable was Dwarkanath Tagore, the grandfather of Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. After the Raja's death in 1833, Devendranath Tagore, the son of Dwarkanath and father of Rabindranath, became recognized as leader of the Samaj. It was during his leadership that the Samaj formally surrendered its belief in the infallibility of the Vedas. In 1857, Keshab Chandra Sen joined the Samaj and soon acquired great influence. He was more radical in his views and more sympathetic towards Christianity than Devendranath. In 1865 a party led by Keshab separated from the parent society and took up a much more advanced theistic position. Gradually, Keshab Chandra introduced many Vaisnava and Christian practices into his section of the Samaj. Moreover he began to teach that besides the truth which comes to us from God through intuition and through the teaching of nature, truth might also be communicated to man through the life and teachings of great men, foremost among whom in his own thought was Jesus Christ. He claimed however that he himself also was the precipient of divine commands which he was to promulgate, and in 1878 a section broke away from him. From this date until the present day, there have been three distinct sections of the Brahmo Samaj:

(1) The right wing, known as the Adi Samaj or Original Samaj, which has of late years become practically a family affair of the Tagores; (2) the center party or Sadharan Samaj; (3) Keshab Chandra Sen's party, the left wing, generally known as the Church of the New Dispensation. The avowed followers of all three sections together form only a comparatively small body, but their influence is out of all proportion to their numbers, and they have rendered and are still rendering signal service to the cause of social reform, especially in such matter as the education of women and the improvement of marriage customs.

The founder of the Arya Samaj is known among his followers as Davanand Sarasvati, though the name given him by his parents was Mul Sankar. He was born in 1824 in Kathiawar, of Brahman parents who were worshippers of Siva. When as a boy of fourteen he was initiated into the Siva sect, he spent a whole night in vigil before the image of Siva, and the sight of rats running over the image and defiling it, filled him with a disgust for idolatry which remained with him to the end of his days. At the age of twenty-one he ran away from home in order to avoid getting married, and

so being prevented from devoting himself entirely to the pursuit of religious truth. In 1860 he chose as his spiritual guide, or garu, Svami Viryanand Sarasvati and after four years, instruction under him he began to travel over the whole of Northern India preaching against idolatry, and against sectarian and caste divisions.

It was not until 1875 that he established the first branch of the Arya Samaj at Bombay. He was indebted to the Brahmo Samaj for the idea of such a body, and he copied the constitution of the older movement but in spirit the two differ widely. The Brahmo Samaj had definitely declared against the inerrancy, or final authority, of any sacred book and had developed on eclectic lines, whereas Dayanand and his followers while rejecting the authority of all later scriptures, maintained that the Vedas are the books of true knowledge, and that it is the paramount duty of every Arya to read or hear them read, to teach and preach them to others.

Before the Swami died in 1883 over 300 branches of the Samaj had been formed. By 1911 its total membership was nearly a quarter of a million; at the present moment there are probably some 500 000 persons who owe more or less strict allegiance to it. The most remarkable product of the movement is the famous Gurukul at Hardwar where lads and young men are being trained under a kind of monastic discipline to become preachers of the faith. The Samaj is by far the most aggressive non-Christian religious movement in India at the present time, and it is making a vigorous effort to check the rapid process of Christianity amongst the depressed classes, by accepting untouchables as Aryas after making them go through a process of Suddhi or purification.

The paper referred to above was written by Dr. S. N. Pherwani of Shikarpur, Sind, himself a representative member of the Samaj.

Some Primitive Religious Beliefs

In view of the claims of our conference, it would have been impossible to omit consideration of some of the smaller and less known faiths of its humbler citizens. At the same time it would have been equally impossible to give an adequate exposition of the religions of the primitive races, which after centuries of unhappy strife have now, for good or ill, been incorporated in our system. The African for special reasons which can easily be appreciated, does not present to us the same sort of problem as the American negro. And our conference did something at least to bridge the gulf of history

and nature. Our four "primitive" lectures were chosen to be typical of the subject.

Mr. St. Barbe Baker, late assistant conservator of forests, Kenya Colony, was the first lecturer and was introduced by Mr. D. N. Dunlop. In his paper on "Beliefs of Some East African Tribes," Mr. Baker said that the old conception of Africa as a great dark continent, peopled with savages, "dwelling in the shadow of death," is extravagantly false. It may be that in the past we have failed to understand because we have not taken pains to study things from the African point of view.

The simple inhabitants of the Highland of Kenya live very close to nature. They have a very real belief in that mysterious power or personality which is greater than human or natural forces, though when asked to give their conception of this Deity they naturally find it difficult. As far as I understand it, he continued, the A-Kikuyu believe in a great spirit who lives above the snows of the great mountain which gives its name to the Colony. This great spirit has no beginning and no ending but is an independent being who never alters. He is sometimes addressed in solemn sacrifice and prayer as Mwininyaga, or "Possessor of Whiteness," while the mountain where he dwells is Kirinyaga, meaning "Place of Whiteness"; this in fact is the Kikuyu name for Mt. Kenya. The sun and the rain, the moon and the lightning are all manifestations of N'Gai (The High God). There are also sacred trees under which prayers are offered up and at which sacrifices are made. These people have no temples other than clearings in the forests with blue sky over all. Their prayer is nonetheless effective for all this, for they have a profound belief in prayer. The object of sacrifices was not to propitiate the Deity but to coax him, as it were. "God is not angry, therefore does not need to be propitiated; but like all of us he does love a present." Such a present makes it possible for the worshipper to ask for something really worth while in return—"O God, you who have many things, give me some, please. Listen, I want goats, I want sheep, I want children. Listen, I want plenty of them, O my father, that I may be rich. Do you hear, O God my Father?" The Kikuyu ascribe the ordinary ills of life to the spirits of the departed. If a man has done evil in life he is liable to continue doing harm after death.

Judged from the European point of view these Africans present a very curious mingling of qualities, both good and bad. Physically brave but morally feeble, they are easy to lead but hard to drive.

They dread the unknown unless placed under the immediate guidance of one whom they trust. Self-indulgent by custom, habit and nature, they are liable to hanker after the flesh pots rather than the higher things of civilization. Moral through fear, when controlled by tribal custom and use, they are prone to be anything but moral when brought under the comparatively mild jurisdiction of Western civilization. Superstitious and credulous but quick to learn and eager to understand, they are readily imbued with the wish to advance, though their instability of temperament often causes them to lose interest before the goal is reached. With vivid imagination as regards things supernatural, they are slow to visualize the possibilities of material change, and reforms can only come about by ocular demonstrations of improved results. Naturally idle they can only be assisted to improve their conditions by having the result of study and systematized labor brought directly before them. Withal a lovable and trustful people for whose welfare we have assumed responsibility, and to whom we therefore owe the care and guidance which is in our power to give.

Professor Alice Werner took the chair for the second lecture which was on "Maori Beliefs." She said, "I have great pleasure in introducing Archdeacon Williams, who is the greatest living authority on Maori life. He was the grandson of the first missionary bishop to settle in New Zealand almost a hundred years ago. He was brought up and educated in New Zealand, and took his B. A. degree at the University of New Zealand, and his M. A. at Cambridge. After his ordination he for some time did clerical work in England, then returned to New Zealand, and became Vice-Principal first, then in 1888 Principal of the Maori Theological College at Gisbourne. I am sure we could not have an abler and more sympathetic interpreter of the Maori mind, since we are unable to get a real Maori for this conference."

The paper was a very suggestive one and took the line that primitive religion, as yet insufficiently investigated, takes different shapes and includes several elements, as to whose nature, and the constitution of the various combinations into which they enter, students are by no means at one. It seems probable that the Polynesian religions (including that of the Maoris) are by no means of the most primitive type; this is more nearly approached in Africa, though even here we find considerable variety. Among these elements we must reckon the belief in human survival after death, resulting in the recognition (perhaps not in all cases amounting to worship) of

the *Ancestral Ghost*, which is the most definitely marked feature in the religion of many primitive people. Another element is *Totemism* which, whatever interpretations may be suggested by its later developments, seems ultimately to rest on an instinctive sense of the kinship of all living things. There seems to be, in some cases at least, a belief in non-human spirits inhabiting, but not inseparably connected with, natural objects, such as rocks or trees, and this belief is probably at the root of what is called *Fetishism*, a system of magic by which a spirit is attached to some object and thereby endows the latter with occult powers. (In some forms of primitive religion it is difficult to draw the line between religion and magic, in others they are clearly distinguished.) What is known as *Animism* (a term introduced by the late E. B. Tylor) may be interpreted as meaning, either that all objects in nature—inanimate as well as animate—have an inherent life of their own, or that they are animated (as aforesaid) by a spirit. Possibly both views may be held (more or less consciously, for we must remember that people in the most primitive stages of thought would be unable to formulate their beliefs articulately). It seems, also, as if more Africans (perhaps stimulated by questioning, to define what is vaguely present in their minds) had arrived at the idea of a Universal Spirit animating the whole of nature. There also, frequently, seems to be present the more or less vague notion of a High God—sometimes, if not always, identifiable with the sky or the sun. Where anything like polytheism prevails, the gods are usually found to be either personified nature-powers or deified ancestors, especially chiefs or heroes, and it is even possible that, in some cases, the latter may have become identified with, or developed into, the former.

The third paper which was on the "Bantu Religious Ideas and Beliefs" was prepared by Mr. Albert Thoka of Pietersburg, South Africa. He is a member of the Bapedi tribe, better known as Sekukuni's people, a branch of the Basuto nation. The paper embodied a brief survey of the religious aspect of the aboriginal races of South Africa. The substance of this paper is that these people have in the main, common religious conceptions and in some cases similar religious rites and observances. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being or God, to whom they attribute the establishment of the universe and the exercise of divine dispensations over it. God is a Being who lives in perfect knowledge and wisdom; a Being whose character is revealed in the elemental attributes of the universe and who is, in effect, the essence of all attributes. Every

created object manifests therefore, both the knowledge and character of God.

The Bantu regard God as an Indwelling Being within His universe and they hold that He has, in His supreme wisdom, established peculiar laws for the organizations of the course and motions of the universe; these laws are the causes of the mutual influences of the element of nature and their existence point to the existence of an object which God had in view in the initial establishment of the universe. Their observance by man, in so far as they effect his existence, is thought conducive towards the attainment of that object: but their disregard exposes man to the operation of their sanctions. It is the great law among the Bantu therefore to live agreeably to nature by yielding to the operation of its laws; to study nature in order to ascertain the Will of God. For this reason nature has influence with man although he has no influence with it. It serves as a guiding light in the regulation of his conduct in life. Their native idea of religion is that it is a principle of nature which resides within man for the correct regulation of human conduct in all walks of life. It does not require any special institution of a detached character for the purpose of giving formal instruction in its doctrinal requirement. It is conceived that its chief object is to bring into active life all the good within human constitution.

The idea of good and unselfish conduct prevails in both the social and religious walks of man, and this is an ideal which must be religiously observed of all men; it is one engraved on their inmost consciousness.

The last of the four lectures on primitive religions was that by Mr. Malcolm. It was long, informative and unemotional, but gave the impression of being authoritative and reliable. I will select one or two topics for special mention.

The Bantu of the Cameroon consider that there are two types of Deity—the good principle, called by various names, and the bad which is the personification of the soul of the tribal ancestors; this leads to the necessity of the propitiation of the evil power and the rites are numerous. Other tribes worship a multiple Deity, a number of souls. The Efik tribes of Calabar confess to several Deities but one high god, *Abasi*, is above them all. The high god created the world and deputed it to men to rule; and death came about as the result of disobedience.

The home of the dead is under the earth and the ghost takes nine days to reach its home; much of the religious practice of the tribes is to prevent the ghost's return.

The West Africans do not believe in natural death but that it is due to sorcery and supernatural sources; hence their endeavor to secure themselves against it. Mummification is in frequent use. The belief in immortality is universal, and curiously enough there is also the belief in re-incarnation. Those who, by reason of their importance, are remembered remain in the spirit world; but others who are forgotten quickly are reborn, thus providing an agonizing paradox: we remember our friends in order to prevent their return.

III. TOWARDS A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

The general form of the sessions of the last two days was the work of Mr. Victor Branford, one of the vice-chairmen of the committee. It reflected the attitude of sociologists towards religion as a human phenomenon and was described in the program as "Psychology and Sociology of Religion." On reflection, in spite of its general interest, I should be disposed to regard the effort as a partial statement of a philosophy of religion, though some of the elements of such a statement were necessarily lacking.

Mr. Branford conceived of the subject-matter of our closing sessions as being "approached" from several viewpoints—by a traveler, a biologist, an economist, a geographer, a psychologist, a historian, a scholar, and a synthesist—if such there be. The experiment was, on the whole, a great success and the conference exhausted itself in dealing with particulars, turned at length to the generalities of religion as a whole. The scheme was deficient in some respects—at any rate regarded as a philosophy. There could have been more psychology, more ethics. Institutions are a vital element in historical religion and we failed to include them; governments, too. Nature was finely handled by Sir Francis Younghusband in language as powerful as it was beautiful. Professor J. Arthur Thompson restricted himself to the biological part of nature, and gave a memorable lecture. Mr. Branford went back to the times of the hunter and the shepherd and discerned the origins of two types of religion: purification and self-sacrifice on the one hand, and on the other, nature-cults in which life's temptations overmaster its ideals. Thus the symbol of the good sportsman seems to displace the good shepherd!

The manner in which as a merchant and adventurer sanctified certain caravan tracks and stopping places was told in a learned paper by Professor Fleure; while to Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor was given the task of specializing on the Sacred City—a fine theme, treated poetically rather than historically. Mr. Christopher Dawson dealt wisely with the irreligious movement of modern times as a culture force in contrast with the earlier potent religious impulses

in the making of civilizations, and warned us to beware of turning away from religion in the search for material progress. My own special task in this system was ethical, and I was privileged to depict the ideal man, as I see him, in the many religious systems we had been considering. Professor Geddes really was synthetic in that he knit together our separate specializations with one of his own: from acts and facts we pass to greater dreaming and from thence to greater deeds. Here for him the middle term is religion, intellect and poesy.

Did the conference understand? After twenty lectures on specific religions and nine on general topics, besides help from a bevy of learned chairmen, it can hardly be doubted that the conference was ready for the synthetic moral to be pointed? I think it understood.

I. "Man and Nature," by Sir Francis Younghusband

A traveller comes to regard mankind as a whole and as part of nature as a whole. And by nature he does not mean physical nature alone. In actual life the physical cannot be so separated. Nature has also a psychical side, and the physical and psychical are correlated with one another. Nature is body and mind together—not apart. And the traveller looks on nature not as static and fixed but as dynamic, as an incessant activity ever throwing up new and varied forms of which the highest is man.

The traveller, therefore, looks upon nature as a kindred spirit and meets her soul to soul. And when he has travelled in tropical forests and realized the conditions in which man first appeared, the contests and competitions he must have had with beasts and insects and climate, he sees that man from the first must have been a highly competent being—no insipid simpleton, but the triumphant victor in a million centuries of struggle. And even when he had established his supremacy he still had to struggle with nature or he would lapse back and disappear. He still had to compete with animals, birds and insects for his food and clothing. Everything he had to work for. He got nothing for nothing.

But as he wrestled with nature for her gifts he discovered that the harder he struggled the stronger he became. By exercising his faculties they became stronger and tenser. The more he tried the more he was able to do. He has to keep his body pure and fit, his mind alert and keen, his spirit fine and firm. But if with the whole of himself, body, mind and spirit, all at their best, he gets to grip with nature, he finds to his delight that he rises to the occasion, surpasses himself and sees undreamed of possibilities ahead. This struggle with nature not only sharpens his mind, it quickens his spirit. A fellowship with nature springs up. He develops needs for his soul just as urgent as needs for the body. But here again he has to work for the spiritual gifts which nature will shower on him if only he will earn them—though if he works his capacity increases.

Just as it was by his wits, and not by brute strength, that man gained his ascendancy over the beasts, so it may be by his spirit rather than by his wits that the higher man of the future will gain ascendancy over man of today. And in future when nature selects

it may be men of soul she will choose as the fittest not merely to survive but to carry out her purposes. High sensitiveness and activity of soul may be of more importance to man in his dealings with nature than acute mental capacity. The one may be needed as well as the other. But man may have to put the chief stress on refining the soul within him.

A traveller sees much of the terrible severity and apparent callousness of nature. But he goes forward in full confidence in nature. He puts his trust in her and, in spite of her severity, he loves. There is the traveller's religion. There is his faith in God. For to him nature and God are one and the same and of a lovableness beyond all possible power of expression. And, in his view, this love should be the foundation and the goal of all social effort.

II. "Harmonies and Disharmonies in Animate Nature," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson

Historically regarded, religion has always been an appeal to a spiritual order of reality—an appeal made when man strained at the limit of his practical, emotional, or intellectual tether. Its expressions have varied according to the nature of the limit reached; thus, practically, men have sought throughout the ages for "lifegivers"; emotionally they have worshipped; intellectually they have ventured on a theology.

But the common feature has always been a tendril towards the Absolute. Likewise the religious activity has varied according to the field of experience in which man found his strain-limit. It might be in connection with Folk (e. g., family, tribe, and nation), or in connection with Work (e. g., balked endeavor), or in connection with Place (e. g., mountains, woods, sea, nature). Our problem is with religious activity that arose and arises in connection with man's experience of nature.

In the religious attitude to nature it is necessary to distinguish (1) a projection of religious experience otherwise reached, on nature, which is not in itself much appreciated, as with most of the Christian Fathers; (2) a mingling of religious experience, otherwise gained, with a strong feeling for nature, in which religious emotions may be enhanced; as with the nature-psalmists; and (3) a religious activity which springs out of the thrills and strains of nature-experience, as in the Japanese at their best.

There are many fundamental impressions of nature which prompt religious activity, whether practical, emotional, or interpretative. Thus man reacts to the forces of nature and their grip of him to the beauty of nature and other wordless voices; and to the fundamental mysteriousness of nature that remains even when he has reduced everything to the irreducibles of the day. Along these three pathways men have always become religious.

The most prominent representatives of those who have denied the possibility of a religious interpretation of nature are John Stuart Mill, William James, and Huxley, who have arraigned nature for ruthlessness, capriciousness, cruelty, a-morality, immorality, meaninglessness. It is not difficult to show that the pictures of nature

drawn by Mill, James, and Huxley were misleading; but it is more important to make a fresh picture for ourselves.

Science discloses order, unity, simplicity, and advance in nature; the scientific description becomes more and more congruent with a religious interpretation. There is a cumulative suggestion that nature is nature with a purpose. Best of all, there are certain great trends which are in the direction of what man at his best has always regarded as Progress.

III. "The Primitive Occupations: Their Ideals and Temptations," by Victor Branford

The specialism of anthropology is concerned with primitive man as he once was, as he is today in remote parts of the world and in the heart of all of us. In his natural state, this primitive man is a wild-game hunter. But the wild-game hunter inevitably becomes the man of imagination. The strenuous vivid life of the chase creates a vivid dream-life, and a realistic sense of the other world. As war-lord, the hunter comes to have his chaplain, a priest. To him is committed, as a sacred office, the task of unveiling the mysteries of that strange and alluring world glimpsed in the dream-life. There results from the meditative interplay of war-lord and chaplain a theory of religion relevant to their impulses and interests. A corresponding interpretation of the ideals that stir the inner life of shepherd and peasant emerges. What these ideals are we discover by observing that survival and success in the pastoral and agricultural regime are, of necessity, in terms of quantity and quality of life. In pursuit of life-fulfilment, first for herds and flocks and crops, and next for children, families and communities, the shepherd, and to a less extent perhaps the peasant, is ready to sacrifice things of immediate concern. Remoter aims tend to replace present interests. And that, in the language of spirit, signifies *the birth of idealism.*

The hunting interpretation of these pastoral and peasant ideals is that all such ideas and longings are matters of the dream-world,

and may very likely be realized in that life after death which is regarded as closely related to the realm of dreams.

Into our world of western humanity revolving about the twin poles of war and sport, with industry as an irksome third alternative, and religion put aside as sentimental or negligible, comes the newer anthropologist. With a freshening breath of realism he affirms that, as a matter of fact all religions are practical, and that the best of them spring from the actual life and work of shepherd and peasant, when these, in comparative freedom, develop their own mentality and express their own ideals. From the hills of Palestine for example came the pastoral ethic visioned forth as "The Lamb of God," and "The Good Shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep." And this Good Shepherd of tradition is, to the anthropologist as to the religious believer, no mythical personage but real, actual and contemporary, as one may learn from fresh gravestones, to be seen in many a hill community.

All the rural types have, each of them, their natural ethic, rising into natural religion. But it is only in the religion of the pastoral life that self-sacrifice can be seen to develop directly from the occupational disposition, into an impassioned vision of life at the full, personal and social. In other types this tendency runs less strong, indeed in a descending ratio from peasant to hunter.

Hence, two complementary systems of worship supremely represented in Hebraism and Hellenism. The Hebraic ideal looks upwards to a transcendent deity enthroned in the heavens. The Hellenic ideal looks inward to an immanent divinity quickening in the heart. These two godheads meet and mingle in the pure air of temple-crowned hilltop, whether of Hebraic Zion or Hellenic acropolis. Common to both types of worship is the religious concept of a city made sacred by long tradition of ennobled life, personal and communal.

Modern science, like ancient religion, seeks answer to the question, What is Man? Each specialism of social science if true to itself, has its own particular reply. The answer of anthropology is becoming plain. Man is a countryman. He is what he is by reason of age-long addiction to certain rural occupations. Of these the hunting occupation is one main focus and the other is that of shepherd and peasant. Round the latter there gathers and concentrates a religion of purification, ennoblement and self-sacrifice; round the former a nature-cult in which the temptations of life tend to over-master its ideals.

IV. "Holy Ways and Holy Places," by Prof. Fleure.

The paper opened with an appreciation of the work of the newer school of archaeological geographers. These researchers have revealed a story of long-distance maritime as well as terrestrial intercourse affecting the Eastern Mediterranean long before 2000 B. C., and the Western Mediterranean and Atlantic shores for almost as long. Since that remote time there have been many changes in the fortunes of routes and stations but some have persistently held men's feelings in one way or another, and it is largely from among these that the "holy ways" and "holy places" of our quadrant of the world have grown. If we try to glimpse facts relating to holiness in sites and ways we begin to find something beyond vague surmise as we come to the end of the Stone Age. Far, far back in the Stone Age men already had some dream of the personality's survival of bodily death and one stage later, still in the old Stone Age they had what must have been holy places enriched with bold frescoes and sculptures. But this has left us no tradition; it belonged to an ancient phase of life that was associated with the cold grass lands of ancient Europe. When the climate warmed up to its present condition and forests spread over the land, that old life almost vanished and another, a forest tradition evolved probably in Southwest Asia took its place.

In the old Stone Age men could ship effectively but few kinds of stone save flint and chert; when they learned to grind stone many hard rocks became valuable and questing journeys came to have great importance.

In the East we read of Abram's journey, probably as a shepherd-trader from Haran through Sichem, Bethel, Hebron, and Beersheba, and we read of the setting up of a memorial pillar in Bethel. Later on Schechem and Hebron were made sanctuaries or cities of refuge and soon afterwards Shiloh, on the same road, became a sanctuary. We thus have the *sanctity of stations along a route* and one at least has a memorial stone linked with its fame. These considerations help us to understand Mecca, a special station on the trade way northward from Arabia Felix, the land of gold, frankincense and

myrrh. To avoid some very rough areas of rocky lava north of Mecca travellers from the south descended the edge of the Arabian plateau at Mecca and reascended farther north to get to Medina. We know that the sanctity of Mecca is far older than Islam and that Islam has had to compromise here with its ideals by sanctioning reverence to the great black stone of Kaaba.

These cases have analogies with that of Santiago da Compostella, the famous shrine in the hill country of northwest Spain, the center of Santiago. St. Davids and Canterbury may be called *culture-entries from the sea.* Among other *culture-entries from the land,* may be named Kief on the way into the forest lands of Muscovy from the south or west; Sian (Si-ngan-fu) and Peking in China, and Taxila at the foot of the passes of the Indian northwest frontier. More in analogy with Mecca than with these other cities is Lhassa, the important station on the caravan route from Kashmir to China. Benares is, in part, somewhat analogously a center of Indian tradition. Indo-Aryan tradition from the bare lands of Northwest India became Aryo-Dravidian as it reached the wealth of the warm forest lands of the Ganges and the blend spread through the forests of Central India southward. Religious teaching helped to make the blends, and Benares became associated with religious tradition.

Of Rome, one may say that she attracted peoples and creeds from the ends of the earth and became a center on a far greater scale than Moscow and eventually even Christianity was captured and, as it were, domesticated there.

In the Dark Ages men recalled memories of Peace and Law, due to Rome, and churchmen who looked to Rome were then the only repositories of remnants of the ancient learning. When the light began to return in the Middle Ages the prestige of Rome was enormous and it still remains a center of sanctity to millions of men of many languages.

In such a uniquely important case as that of Jerusalem many factors have operated and the tradition of sanctity goes back at least to Melchisedek. He ruled the fortress at the side of the trade routes from Hebron to Bethel or from Bethel to Jericho, or northwards along the west side of the Dead Sea. As soon as David held Jerusalem he became interested in the building of a great temple, thus showing that the notion of its sanctity survived. These are but the groundwork of the ideal men built, especially after they were taken into exile. It became the sign of all that kept them from merging

into Gentile peoples. But just as they were getting beyond a tangible to an abstract God in their ideals, so the actual city of Jerusalem led them to the idea of the city not builded with hands.

A place may become holy through the working of many factors, spiritual and material but the appeal has to be largely a spiritual one if it is really to last. The idealization of the holy place is a general feature so that the actual place is less and less considered and its name comes to stand for such dreams as that of the new Jerusalem.

V. "The Sacred City," by Rachel Annand Taylor

The persistence and omnipresence of the idea of the Sacred City is one of the outstanding facts of history.

From the very beginnings of religion, we watch the growth and development of Sacred Cities. The necessities of worship and sacrifice created the altar and temple, and the demands of the temple in turn created the city.

The practice of magic and the influence of ritual have played a notable part in the evolution of Sacred Cities. But behind magic and ritual, the idealizing forces of imagination are ever constructively at work. Geographical factors, material conditions, as well as psychic instincts like the craving for beauty and divine romance, also play their part. The complex nature of the Sacred City and the interplay of its gods, heroes, and muses, have all to be observed, worked out, and synthesized by the student of this vast subject.

The Sacred City is a culture-city, where all sciences and arts begin, both directly as evolutions of magic and medicine, and indirectly as criticism. But it is the unity, always symbolic, though never as yet fully realized, of all these elements that imparts to a city its quality of sanctity.

Individual minds of great intelligence have tried to build the Sacred City in Utopia, altering it to the Ideal City. Both in literature and in actual experiment they have failed; because they have yielded too little recognition to the gods, heroes and muses, and to the "unconscious" in humanity. The business of those interested in the future of humanity is to sublimate its unrest by the rediscovery of the Sacred City, either by consecrating the Ideal City, or by releasing the holy places that still exist from the profanities of greed and fear.

To do this it is imperatively necessary to conspire with the principle of imaginative ecstasy, which is the equal of all religions, whether Eastern or Western. All mystics are invaluable to this social-regeneration, especially young people, women and poets, these being instinctively given to adoration and to the higher kinds of myth-making without which there is no progress, but only arrest or retrogression in the arts and the sciences upon which the life of religion supremely depends. For visionary speculation concerning the Sacred City of the future is one of the main factors of human evolution as spiritual progress.

VI. "Religion and the Life of Civilization," by Christopher Dawson

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, modern thinkers, and especially sociologists, such as Montesquieu, Condorcet, Buckle, and Herbert Spencer, failed to realize the vital part that religion has played in every development of human culture. It is only since we have begun to study with understanding and sympathy the life of peoples alien in culture to ourselves, and especially primitive peoples, that we have come to realize the full importance of religion for the history of the human race.

For it can be maintained not merely that religion is one of the principal ways in which a culture manifests itself, but that it is the dynamic force by which civilization came to be.

This is true above all of the first civilization of the world, that of the Sumerians and their neighbors, the worshippers of the Mother Goddess and her divine son Tammaz, but it also holds good of the other great archaic cultures, such as Egypt, whose whole civilization was an ordered religious ceremony, centering in the worship of the Sun God and his child, the god-king, Pharoah.

Turning away from nature, man turned away from the life of nature in search of an absolute eternal reality, of deliverance from the limits of time and change and material existence. This attitude is characteristic of all the great religions of the East, of Hinduism and Buddhism and Islam, and it gave birth to a new type of civilization, a new ethic and a new art, which have endured almost unchanged down to the present day. In the West, however, the last few centuries have seen the rise of yet another type of culture, which has attained to unprecedented power and knowledge, and

which bids fair to conquer the world. It is the first purely non-religious culture that the world has known, for it is essentially rational and humanistic.

Yet it may be questioned whether the victory of this secular culture is as certain as the scientists and philosophers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries believed. The greater the material advance of our civiilzation, the greater has seemed the danger of spiritual bankruptcy. For when the religious impulse finds no expression in the dominant culture, it is liable to turn against society and to become destructive and negative. A civilization which loses its religious foundations, and is contented with a purely material success, pays the price in the spiritual alienation of its own children.

If our civilization is to survive, a renewal of contact with the religious impulse is necessary. For if the purely religious civilization of the ancient East was lacking in the elements of progress, the material civilization of the modern West lacks the element of stability.

VII. "The Ideal Man," by W. Loftus Hare

Two main species of the ideal man were distinguished: one who occupied himself primarily with worldly affairs, the moralist, the reformer, the philanthropist and the great statesman; while the other was concerned rather with spiritual aims, some of which might even lie beyond the borders of the world. A distinction was also made between the ideal man and "real men of flesh and blood," the heroes and leaders of great causes. The real men were generated by life, the ideal man is generated by reflection on life by thought and aspiration. He is made up by the abstraction and extension of the virtues of real men and the elimination of their vices. Decorated with the jewels of perfection he radiates an influence upon the society that has uplifted him from the mass of ordinary men. His function is to uplift them in their turn. The lecturer then gave short sketches of ideal men as constructed by the great philosophies and religions taking them chronologically and passing from the Far East to the West.

The first portrait was that of the Superior Man of Confucius and the lecturer read some beautiful passages in which he is compared with the "ordinary man." Confucius argued that the life of the Superior Man is the manifestation of the universal moral order,

but he sadly confessed that in his day there was little real moral order in the world.

The less familiar man of perfect virtue was then described, who is depicted in the writings of the Taoists. He lived so close to nature that all artificiality was unknown to him, he fraternized with the animals, had no distinction between good and bad, exercised no property rights, had no fear, suspicion, memories or anticipations, was devoid of abstract knowledge, wisdom and benevelonce. All these were, according to the Taoists, the inventions of man. The man of universal love, described by Mo-tze was also referred to and the brave and patriotic Samurai of Japan. Mr. Hare also gave extracts from the Hindu scriptures describing in beautiful language the Yogi and the Sannyasin, passing on to the Buddhist "Virtuous and Well-conducted Man," who is like a medicine destroying poison of human corruption, and radiates his compassion through the world for the advantage, welfare and happiness of gods and men. The righteous man of the Ol Testament was then referred to; the word righteous must be understood in the sense of "innocent," he must have clean hands and a pure heart. The Patriarch Job is the type. Passing on to the Greeks, the lecturer gave a sketch of the just man, as drawn by Socrates and Plato, and followed with Aristotle's good man, who walks the middle path between extremes. A few words about the Roman Stoic followed and then attention was drawn to the distinguishing marks of the Christian saint. Brotherly love and labor belong to him, especially the love that disregards antipathy and triumphs over obstacles. Mr. Hare concluded the series with reference to the True Muslim, one who turns his face to God. He read from the book of Ibn Tufail, wherein is described the way in which the hero of the story, without ever having heard the Quran or any teaching from man was brought up on an uninhabited island by animals and passed through the seven centenaries of his spiritual evolution, spontaneously with no other guidance but the inner light. The romance shows therefore, that it is man's nature as created by God to seek and find. Thus in all the series of cameos, the same idea is present that religion is the assimilation of the soul of man to the universal order.

VIII. "Religion on the Map of Life," by Prof. Patrick Geddes

In this vast and varied world of phenomena which press upon us, we are emerging from babehood. In this we know enough of place, work and people to take our part; and we appreciate this, mentally also, in the measure of our senses, our experiences, and our feelings. These of course may be variously combined, as in the inherited "instincts," and the acquired "habits." In briefest summary, our everyday world may be described as that of our acts and facts.

But beyond these we have dreams, and those not only by night. Here we are concerned with the "Greater Dreams," as the everyday world calls them, and cannot but think them, since seeming so far apart from its simple world of facts and acts. And, beyond all, what of religion, with its profound and transformative emotional experience, its renewed life, its veritable "second birth," its "regeneration" as so many faiths have agreed in calling it?

Yet while this new psychic world of emotions, ideas and images tends to remain so distinctly apart from the factual folk-feelings, function-experiences and sense-impressions of the everyday world, our spiritual dreamers do not necessarily always remain retired and self-communing (or inter-communing) in hermitage or cloister. The most intensely devoted to their inner life may decisively have to leave his hermitage, his retreat of the subjective life, and go forth anew into the objective world. Yet not by any means as a mere reversion, but now to transform it, more near his heart's desire. Here then stand the religious founders from highest to simplest, even to reformers in detail. And that this endeavor is not without effect, the religions testify, as here in this conference.

The everyday life of acts and facts is thus not simply forsaken for that of "dreams"; the Great Dreams emerge into a new objective world of "Deeds."

Whatever was the final intellectual residuum left in the minds of the members of the conference, there can be no doubt that on its personal and emotional side it was a great success. The prolonged daily intercourse in the outer gallery and at tea was carried into three official receptions; one at the Imperial Institute arranged by

Lady Ron, a second by Lady Bloomfield at Claridge's Hotel, and a third by His Holiness the Khalifat al Massiah at the Ritz Hotel. There were speeches of welcome full of friendly sincerity, and we realized what a varied company we were. Hindus, Buddhists, Samijis were there in goodly numbers; there were Chinese, Japanese, Syrians, Jews, Indians, Arabian African and European Moslems, a group of Persian Shi'i and a fine body of Baha'is, Parsees, Negroes, and Egyptians drifted in. Of religionists we had all sorts: Anglicans, Roman and Old Catholics, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Theosophists, Theists, Quakers, Ethicists, Rationalists, and probably disbelievers of various types. There were French and German visitors also.

With the minimum of ceremony, Sir Denison Ross presided over our final farewell session which was memorable for its impressiveness and enthusiasm. Two speeches from Mrs. Branford and the Rev. Tyssul Davis, five religious recitations, and a benediction from the Khalifat sent us away thankful for "something attempted" and rather more than "something done."

JESUS AS A MENTAL THERAPEUTIST

BY REV. EDWARD DAY

MANY during recent times have come to feel that the narratives of the so-called nature miracles, attributed to Jesus in the gospels, are not to be taken literally, that wonderful as he was as a man, highly endowed as he seems to have been, he could not have walked on the water of a lake, could not have stilled a tempest, could not have satisfied thousands with a few small loaves, could not have turned water into wine and fermented wine at that, and certainly could not have raised the dead. They call attention to the fact that narratives of his most stupendous marvels are found in that last late fabrication, known to us more correctly as the Fourth Gospel, which manifestly was written by one who revealed no wish or effort to reproduce the actual life and thought of the Master; and they ask if it is not evident that with the passing of the years, ere the synoptic gospels reached their final phase, there was a growing disposition to attribute to him marvels of this character and if the narratives of these nature miracles do not belong to a period long subsequent to the date of his benign ministry and in consequence are purely imaginative? At the same time they remind us that most of the works of healing with which Jesus was credited in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke are such as are wrought by mental therapeutics in our time and that in consequence they are not to be classed in the same category as the supposed miracles because they reveal no supernatural influence. Even Schmiedel in his article on the *Gospels, Encyc. Biblica*, col. 1884, in speaking of miracles which he is unwilling to believe were ever wrought by Jesus says: "This power (manifested in miracles of healing) is so strongly attested throughout the first and second centuries that, in view of the spiritual greatness of Jesus and the imposing character of his personality, it would indeed be difficult to deny it to him."

Hence it seems that a more careful study of everything which throws light upon the narratives of Jesus' works of healing is

demanded in the interests of sane thought in this time of exhaustive and searching criticism. It is possible, so chary have most scholars been in their handling of the biblical sources of the life of Jesus, that the full significance of certain gospel statements has been overlooked; so that we who are less hesitant and are possessed of a wider knowledge of the claims and achievements of the mental therapeutists of today are able to understand and elucidate them and in so doing may serve the cause of truth, and in serving it may reverently render the Christ himself a real service.

It appears, so we must conclude, that Jesus, much as he accomplished in this direction, was unable at times to heal the unfortunate among whom he moved. In at least three directions his work was circumscribed. This statement need surprise none save those readers of the gospels who have failed to give them the serious thought which they deserve and demand. Failing here, and taking certain general statements concerning his works of mercy to which he gave but fragments of his time not needed for his more important work as a propagandist of the glad tidings, they have thought of him as one who devoted himself almost wholly to the healing of the sick and the restoration of the maimed. So to conceive of him is to grasp very imperfectly his prophetic evangel and to give scant credit to the intelligence, common sense, and spiritual appreciation of the crowds who thronged him.

It should be evident that unless Jesus could evoke faith on the part of those who came, or those who were brought to him, or those whom he encountered as he got about he could do nothing for them. Often, if not always, faith on the part of the one in distress was manifested or was evoked. Upon one of his visits to his home town he was able, we are told, to heal but a few sick because of the want of faith on the part of his old neighbors and friends. Their want of faith in him appears to have been shared by most of the sick and the maimed themselves. As Gould in his commentary on *Mark* (*I. C. C.*, p. 105), says in this connection: "Jesus required faith for the performance of his miracles, and that was wanting here; nay, there was positive disbelief, no mere doubt. He found elsewhere a poor wavering faith, but not enough to hinder his work of physical healing, though it kept him out of men's souls. But here the general unbelief of the nation reached its climax and prevented even this one good that his countrymen generally permitted him to do them."

Some came to Jesus so confidently, with such absolute faith in his power to heal and in his grace and willingness, that there was

immediate and glad response on his part. There was no period of probation as there was no effort to increase confidence or to seem to make sure that the one benefited would become in turn a benefactor of others. In the case of a certain blind man who lustily besought Jesus as he was entering Jericho to have mercy upon him and who in answer to the Master's query as to what he wanted replied: "Sir, I want my sight," there was the happy response, "See, your faith has healed you," followed by the immediate restoration of the man's sight.[1] When an individual leper came confidently to him, saying, "If you will, you can cleanse me," Jesus we are told stretched forth his hand and touched him, saying, "I do will it; be cleansed." Here it would seem the faith of the man was sufficient, the stretching forth of the hand and the touching of the unclean leper being in the nature of a mere act of friendliness and compassion. The woman with the hemorrage, in the plenitude of her faith in Jesus sought only to touch his clothes, for she said, "If I can touch even his clothes, I shall be healed." Having touched and knowing "in her body that she was healed of her infliction," she scarcely needed the assurance of Jesus that by reason of her faith she was made well, "Daughter, your faith has healed you."

References to the diseased as crowding about him and touching him or the fringe of his garment and being made whole must be taken as evidence of unquestioned faith on their part. When, however, the faith was wanting, or lay dormant, Jesus seems, if he found the unfortunate worthy, to have put forth effort to evoke faith. In restoring Peter's mother-in-law Jesus is said to have taken her by the hand and lifted her up, whereupon the fever left her and she ministered unto them. In healing the man with the withered hand in the synagogue there was the command to the unfortunate, "Stand up in the center," which was calculated to create a state of expectancy; then there was the question addressed to the hostile sabbatarians who were watching him, a question which secured no response on the part of the hardened Pharisees, and the further command to stretch forth the hand ere a cure was wrought. Even greater care was exercised to evoke faith on the part of the deaf and stammering man who had been brought to him. Taking him aside from the crowd, Jesus put his fingers in his ears, touched his

[1] Here and elsewhere in this paper the author follows in the main the translations of Dr. W. G. Ballantine's *Riverside New Testament* (Houghton-Mifflin Co). He does so not only because of the scholarly character of the volume, despite its modernness of phrase, but also because, being true to the original, it strongly reinforces the conclusions of this study.

tongue with spit; and looked up to heaven and sighed before he cried, *Ephphatha* (be opened), all extremely suggestive and all done apparently with the purpose of evoking faith on the part of the poor unfortunate. Quite as painstaking were his efforts to bring the blind man of Bethsaida to the point where he could heal him. In this instance he led the unfortunate outside the village and after spitting in his eyes and laying his hands on him he asked him, "Do you see anything?" Then after his reply that he saw men as trees walking, he put his hands on his eyes ere he restored him. The ten lepers who appealed to him were told to go to the priests, presumably that if they thought they had been healed they might be examined and certified to as sound of skin. It was not until they in obedience to his charge had started that they discovered they had been freed from their leprosy.

In a number of instances it would seem to have been the faith of those who stood in a paternal attitude toward the unfortunate that moved Jesus to acts of healing, though we cannot be sure that the child or servant for whom healing was sought was not in an attitude of expectancy which was favorable to restoration to soundness. However that may be, it was the faith of the one appealing to Jesus that at times seems to have greatly pleased him, as in the case of the Syrophoenician woman who came to him and begged him to cast the demon out of her daughter and in the case of the Roman centurion whose bondservant, dear unto him, was sick. In these and kindred cases it would seem, such is the character of the narratives, so fragmentary are they and so wanting in exact physiological data, that we cannot safely say that the ones restored were themselves without faith in the Master. Even the daughter of Jairus may have known why her father had left home and may have fallen into a sweet, trance-like sleep in the full confidence that the dear Teacher and wonderful Healer would soon stand by her cot.

Again it should be evident that Jesus must have conditions fairly favorable or he could not, or would not, heal such sick and maimed as came, or were brought, to him. In Nazareth upon occasion, as we have seen, he healed but a few. The very atmosphere of his native village was hostile to him. Those whom he did heal may have appealed to him because their faith rose so superior to their environment. His heart was touched. In the home of Jairus he would do nothing until the noisy hired mourners who wailed and beat their breasts were gotten rid of. Here one of the world's greatest exegetes simply notes that Jesus was *irritated* by this clamor and

wailing by those who had got on the job before Jairus could get back; while Farrar notes that this tumult "would be very repulsive to the soul of Jesus." This is true unquestionably; but it is not enough if Jesus' work was conditioned, as we believe it was, by the character of his environment. The blind man of Bethsaida was led out of the village away from its distractions ere he was restored. Jesus is said to have healed many who were in crowds who thronged him; but it is altogether probable that these crowds were largely made up of those most friendly in their attitude toward him and most desirous of seeing these works of mercy wrought. The fact is not to be overlooked that after a day spent largely in the synagogue in worship and instruction, or one spent in teaching in the open air by the sea or among the hills, Jesus had brought to him, as we are told, at evening after the sun had set, those sick and those possessed of demons whom he healed. Thus, it would seem, the Master found in the quiet and peace of the twilight hour, after the restless and hostile ones had gone, a fit time for many of his works of mercy. Fitter time could not have been found for such works. Nature herself must have conspired to assist him in this blessed ministry.

Then, finally, it should be evident that Jesus himself was not always in fit physical condition for such works of mercy. Unquestionably the gospels plainly intimate that the power by which he wrought was from God. Luke in dwelling upon the beginnings of his Galilean ministry prefaces the account of his healing a paralytic by remarking, "The power of the Lord was with him to heal." This power, as Plummer in his Luke (*I. C. C.*, p. 152), remarks, was "for Jesus to employ in working miracles." This thought of reliance upon the power of God appears most emphatically in what Jesus had to say in his defense when charged with doing what he did under the inspiration of Beelzebub. "If I am casting out demons by the finger of God," which is in substantial agreement with Matthews' report of what he says, "If I am casting out demons by the Spirit of God." In these passages in which in the English we have the word "power," the Greek has δύναμις; but in another and kindred passage in which there is allusion to Jesus' wonderful achievements as a healer, "They were all amazed at the *greatness* of God," we have in the original another and more unusual word μεγαλειότητι, which the R. V. renders "majesty": but a word which nonetheless attributes the power through which Jesus wrought his works of healing to God. Nevertheless these works were regarded very nat-

urally as wrought by Jesus himself. We are told that at a certain time "the whole crowd tried to touch him, because power (δνύαμις) went out from him and healed them all." When the woman who had a hemorrage came up behind and touched the tassel of his cloak and was healed, Jesus exclaimed, "Some one touched me, for I know that power has gone forth from me." Hence we are forced to conclude that where there was consciousness of loss there must have been some weakening of the physical energy; and that where there were many such outputs of power there necessarily was such exhaustion as to force the Master to secure reinforcement through retirement and rest.

We are not to forget that in such a study as this we have to do with one who after all that is said of God's reinforcement of him had only a man's resources with which to face the demands which life made upon him. The use which God made of him must have depended almost wholly upon his native resources and the ways in which he conserved and augmented these. We should also keep in mind the fact that nothing which the Master did could have proved more exhausting than the cures which he wrought. Hence it is that we are not surprised to find him not only resting with his disciples at night after the labors of the day but also going to his home in Capernaum after a prolonged Galilean tour or trying to get away from the crowds by passing with his disciples across Galilee's lake into the uninhabited regions beyond, though that the crowds sometimes followed him and denied him the rest which he sought is manifest. Such power as was needed for this work, the impoverishment of which at times he seems to have felt, could not have been wholly physical, what we are wont to designate as "vital force"; and because it was not something more than rest was needed in order that he might in the plenitude of his resources face the sick and the maimed. There was the spiritual element to be taken into account. Hence his need of seasons of prayer, secured in the lonely regions about the cities and villages in which he labored.[2] Our pictures of the Master as thus engaged in prayer are as truly suggestive just here as those in which we visualize him as sleeping upon a boat's cushion while the disciples are making their way with him across the lake of Galilee.

[2] It is a significant fact that after the disciples had miserably failed to rid a boy of a deaf and dumb spirit and had appealed to the Master to learn why they had failed, he who had restored him replied, "This kind cannot come out by any means except by prayer."

So imperfect was the understanding of disease on the part of the gospel narrators that it is impossible to say in just what condition many were who are said to have come to Jesus for healing. The terms used are general and vague rather than specific. The term "fever" (πυρετός, burning heat) as used in one instance is vague, coming as it does from πῦρ (fire). It may have been used of any of several varieties of fever, or presumably of the overheating of the body through fatigue which might easily have been mistaken for a fever. Those mentally unbalanced, whether the type of insanity was mild or severe, were thought to be possessed by a demon; but it is impossible to determine from the different accounts in just what condition any given unfortunate might have been. There are types of mental aberration that are very responsive to the magnetic influence of a strong personality. Such may have come under the influence of Jesus. Some of those alluded to as possessed by demons seem to have been epileptic. Only the milder cases of such are deemed curable; but even in the severer cases the seizure may be so short that its passing may have seemed like the ridding of the sufferer of his demon. If what is needed in curable cases is as Doctor Cabot declares the "simplification of environment with the diminution of every kind of strain and interest and stimulus" then Jesus may have put some such unfortunates in the way of health by engendering a state of mind conducive to a cure.

We read of those palsied who were brought to Jesus and were healed by him; but our N. T. Greek term for palsy, παραλυτικός, comes from a verb which conveys the thought of a palsied person as one "loose on one side." Hence we are left in doubt in the gospel narratives as to the extent to which the afflicted of the palsy suffered. Even in the case of him who is said to have been borne of four the condition of the palsied may have been far less severe than the friends who brought him surmised it to have been. It is natural for a simple folk to suppose their afflicted to be in worse state than they actually are. But if we are left in doubt as to the nature and extent to which these and other diseases had progressed, no less are we as to the nature and extent of the misfortunes of those alluded to as the lame, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind. Yes, even in the case of the latter, for where eyes become infected through filth and neglect, as they often do in the East those who pass for blind may not be wholly so.

Another thing which cannot in the interests of honesty be overlooked is the fact that we have no positive assurance that the cures

wrought were in all cases permanent. We know enough of mental therapeutics to be sure that in not a few instances, even where unusual power is manifested by the healer, there is bound to be a relapse, owing either to the nature of the disease, which has been but temporarily checked, or to the character of the afflicted, a period of responsiveness and elation being followed by one of depression and physical lassitude in which all that has been gained is lost. Though Jesus' ministry was confined almost wholly to Galilee and its environs and Perea, east of the Jordan, and continued but a single year, as the synoptic narratives reveal, it would seem that his works of healing were quite extended and that there was little chance of many of the relapses becoming widely known; and this is the more apparent from the fact that in most instances such as did sink back would themselves be blamed, their relapse being supposed to result from a want of faith and consecration rather than from any remissness on the part of Jesus. As another has said after remarking that, "It is also necessary to bear in mind that the cure may often have been only temporary." "If there was a relapse, people did not infer any deficiency in the miraculous efficacy of the healer."

Three things should be admitted even by the most searching critic of the gospel narratives. One is that Jesus never treated disease and physical infirmity as illusions. To him they were most manifestly and painfully real, misfortunes to be deplored and to be wrestled with heroically and persistently. No small part of the work which he delegated to his disciples, as he sent them forth on their evangelistic tours, was that of restoring the sick and the maimed; and the thing which seems to have most elated them upon their return as they rendered their report was that they had given sanity to some possessed of demons. It has become customary for the leaders of one of the Christian cults of our day who deny the existence of disease and infirmity, who declare that they are illusions, to claim that their positon here is the same as that of the Nazarene. That such have helped thousands is unquestioned; but it has not been because they teach that sickness and infirmity are illusions that are to be gotten rid of but rather because they create for such unfortunates an atmosphere of good cheer, provoke confidence, despite the falsity of their fundamental concepts, and because, perchance chiefly because, they bring their own personal energy and magnetism to bear upon the unfortunate. They help

and often cure not because of their denial of the existence of disease but in spite of it.

Another thing which must be admitted is that Jesus did have unusual power over certain types of disease and infirmities. After all allowances are made for the distortion of facts and the growth of legends there remains a considerable residuum that in all fairness should be recognized and that indeed seems to be increasingly recognized today as we witness mental therapeutists doing many of the things the Master himself did.

The third thing which must be admitted is that far more important than any cure wrought by Jesus was the daily revelation of his thought, his love, and his sympathy. His life was lived among a people most of whose teachers were arrogant and selfish. They promulgated their thought and expected men to accept and follow it. Never did it occur to them to win their hearts, to love them, perchance, into a kingdom of love. As leaders they aroused the hostility, if not the contempt, of those whom it was their business to help and encourage. Jesus won men and at the same time provoked to sane thought and to loving service. If the narratives of his work as a mental therapeutist went beyond fact those who shaped them must have known that they did not exaggerate the love and compassion of their great Teacher.

As man comes to understand himself and to care for and rid his body of disease and infirmity he may think less of the therapeutic side of Christ's ministry and will exalt him more and more in thought as a Teacher and Friend. This it would seem is what the Master himself must desire. Great as was his love and sympathy while he lived and labored he did not fail to endeavor to make men see that his ministry of healing was not his greatest nor most characteristic contribution to the life of the world. Wonderful as are the humanitarian undertakings of the Master's followers in our time they must cease as the need for them ceases; but the memory of the sane thought and sympathetic life of the Master will remain as the norm of the world's thought and life after the last sightless one has come to see, the last deaf one has come to hear, and the last fevered brow has cooled.

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Substance and Function

and

Einstein's Theory of Relativity

By Ernst Cassirer

Translated by

WILLIAM CURTIS SWABEY, Ph.D., and MARIE COLLINS SWABEY, Ph.D.

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